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Orations
Addresses and Speeches
OF
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

EDITED BY
JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN

VOLUME IV
CLUB AND SOCIETY ADDRESSES



NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED

1910

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE HONORABLE THOMAS L. JAMES
Late Postmaster-general of the United States

SENATOR DEPEW served as president of the Union League Club of New York City for seven years, none of his predecessors or successors having served for so many years as president of this organization. It was Senator Depew's custom, once a year, at the annual meeting, to deliver an address, which, under his treatment, became a political review of the year, not only of important events in the United States, but throughout the world. The earliest of these addresses was, I think, the first formal annual review made before the members of any club in New York City, and probably in the United States. These addresses, read by anyone who desires to obtain a consecutive history of great world events for the period during which Senator Depew was president of the Union League Club, will gratify that desire. They constitute a most important and valuable historical service.

Senator Depew was not, in the ordinary meaning of the term, a club man; but he was called upon by various organizations of this kind from time to time to deliver addresses, until at last he became recognized by the more important clubs of the United States as an especial exponent of the opportunities and meaning of club life. The addresses were, of course, varied as the occasion demanded.

For a number of years, it was the custom of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn—a custom which will not be discontinued as long as Senator Depew lives—to receive him as its guest of honor, upon his birthday. His addresses upon these occasions have been of more than local club interest. They have attracted attention all over the United States, and have been invariably published practically in full.

As a member of the Transportation Club, for years its president, Senator Depew has delivered addresses upon economic questions, which have attracted wide attention. It was before

this club that the address was delivered by him in honor of Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, an address in which Senator Depew summed up concisely, and yet lucidly, the whole history of Arctic exploration and what the meaning of this has been upon our civilization. Upon another occasion, Senator Depew was invited to deliver the address before the American Automobile Association, at its annual meeting held in Washington. This address compacted into marvelously brief, and yet lucid, statement, the stupendous figures telling the growth of the automobile industry in the United States.

Therefore, in his various club addresses, Senator Depew has touched upon politics, history, social questions, economic and railway transportation subjects, and the romantically scientific subject of Arctic exploration. All the subjects treated by him in this special or particular form of public address, of which he is the recognized exponent, are of historic value; and it is a service, not only to this, but to future generations, that these have been collected and published in permanent form.

New York, June 30, 1910.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "H. G. Munro". The signature is written in black ink on a white background. It consists of a stylized "H" and "G" followed by "Munro". A long, sweeping flourish extends from the end of the "o" in "Munro" towards the bottom right of the page.

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SOCIETY AND CLUB ADDRESSES

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1875, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "WOMAN":

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."
—*Love's Labor's Lost*, iv. III.



M. PRESIDENT: I know of no act of my life which justifies your assertion that I am an expert on this question. I can very well understand why it is that the toast to "Woman" should follow the toast to "the Press." I am called upon to respond to the best, the most suggestive, and the most important sentiment which has been delivered this evening, at this midnight hour, when the varied and ceaseless flow of eloquence has exhausted subjects and audience, when the chairs are mainly vacant, the bottles empty, and the oldest veteran and most valiant Roman of us all scarce dares meet the doom he knows awaits him at home. Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his beautiful verses upon our Western World, and penned the line,

"Time's noblest offspring is the last,"

described not so nearly our prophetic future as the last and best creation of the Almighty—woman—whom we both love and worship. We have here the President of the United States and the General of our Armies; around these tables is gathered a galaxy of intellect, genius, and achievement seldom presented on any occasion; but none of them would merit the applause we so enthusiastically bestow, or have won their high honors, had they not been guided or inspired by the woman they revered or loved. I have noticed one peculiarity about the toasts of this evening very remarkable in the New England Society: every one of them is a quotation from Shakespeare. If Elder Brewster and Carver

and Cotton Mather, the early divines of Massachusetts, and the whole colony of Plymouth could have been collected together in general assembly, and have seen with prophetic vision the flower of their descendants celebrating the virtues of its ancestry in sentiments every one of which was couched in the language of a playwright, what would they have said? The imagination cannot compass the emotions and the utterances of the occasion. But I can understand why this has been done. It is because the most versatile and distinguished actor upon our municipal stage is the President of the New England Society. We live in an age when from the highest offices of our city the incumbent seeks the stage to achieve his greatest honors. I see now our worthy President, Mr. Bailey, industriously thumbing his Shakespeare to select these toasts. He admires the airy grace and flitting beauty of Titania; he weeps over the misfortunes of Desdemona and Ophelia; each individual hair stands on end as he contemplates the character of Lady Macbeth; but as he spends his nights with Juliet, he softly murmurs, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." You know it is a physiological fact that the boys take after their mothers, and reproduce the characteristics and intellectual qualities of the maternal, and not the paternal side. Standing here in the presence of the most worthy representatives of Plymouth, and knowing as I do your moral and mental worth, the places you fill, and the commercial, financial, humanitarian, and catholic impetus you give to our metropolitan life, how can I do otherwise than on bended knee reverence the New England mothers who gave you birth. Your President, in his speech to-night, spoke of himself as a descendant of John Alden. In my judgment, Priscilla uttered the sentiment which gave the Yankee the keynote of success, and condensed the primal elements of his character, when she said to John Alden, "Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?" That motto has been the spear in the rear and the star in the van of the New Englander's progress. It has made him the most audacious, self-reliant, and irrepressible member of the human family; and for illustration we need look no farther than the present descendant of Priscilla and John Alden.

The only way I can reciprocate your call at this late hour is to keep you here as long as I can. I think I see now the descendant of a *Mayflower* immortal who has been listening here to the glories of his ancestry, and learning that he is "the heir of all the

ages," as, puffed and swollen with pride of race and history, he stands solitary and alone upon his doorstep, reflects on his broken promise of an early return, and remembers that within "there's a divinity that shapes his ends." In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish, and heroic in the spirit and life of man. It was for love that Antony lost a world; it was for love that Jacob worked seven long years, and for seven more; and I have often wondered what must have been his emotions when on the morning of the eighth year he awoke and found the homely, scrawny, bony Leah instead of the lovely and beautiful presence of his beloved Rachel. A distinguished French philosopher answered the narration of every event with the question, "Who was she?" Helen conquered Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down through all time. Poetry and fiction are based upon woman's love, and the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. Semiramis, Zenobia, Queen Elizabeth, claim a cold and distant admiration; they do not touch the heart. But when Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or Ida Lewis, unselfish and unheralded, peril all to succor and to save, the profoundest and holiest emotions of our nature render them tribute and homage. Mr. President, there is no aspiration which any man here to-night entertains, no achievement he seeks to accomplish, no great and honorable ambition he desires to gratify, which is not directly related to either a mother or a wife, or both. From the hearthstone around which linger the recollections of our mother, from the fireside where our wife awaits us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life. The man who is not thus inspired, who labors rather to secure the applause of the world than the solid and more precious approval of his home, accomplishes little of good for others or of honor for himself. I close with the hope that each of us may always have near us

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1879, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE STATE
OF NEW YORK":

"Our voice is imperial."—*Henry V.*

MR. PRESIDENT: It has been my lot, from a time which I cannot remember, to respond each year to this toast. When I received the invitation from the committee, its originality and ingenuity astonished me. But there is one thing the committee took into consideration when they invited me to this platform. This is a presidential year, and it becomes men not to trust themselves talking on dangerous topics. The State of New York is eminently safe. Ever since the present able and distinguished Governor has held his place I have been called upon by the New England Society to respond for him. It is probably due to that element in the New Englander that he delights in provoking controversy. The Governor is a Democrat, and I am a Republican. Whatever he believes in, I detest; whatever he admires, I hate. The manner in which this toast is received leads me to believe that in the New England Society his administration is unanimously approved. Governor Robinson, if I understand correctly his views, would rather that any other man should have been elected as Chief Magistrate than Mr. John Kelly. Mr. Kelly, if I interpret aright his public utterances, would prefer any other man for Governor of New York than Lucius Robinson, and therefore, in one of the most heated controversies we have ever had, we elected a Governor by unanimous consent or assent in Alonzo B. Cornell. Horace Greeley once said to me, as we were returning from a State Convention where he had been a candidate, but the delegates had failed to nominate the fittest man for the place: "I don't see why any man wants to be Governor of the State of New York, for there is no one living who can name the last ten Governors on a moment's notice." But though there have been Governors and Governors, there is, when the gubernatorial office is mentioned, one figure that strides down the centuries before all

the rest; that is the old Dutch Governor of New York, with his wooden leg—Peter Stuyvesant. There have been heroines, too, who have aroused the poetry and eloquence of all times, but none who have about them the substantial aroma of the Dutch heroine, Anneke Jans.

It is within the memory of men now living when the whole of American literature was dismissed with the sneer of *The Edinburgh Review*, "Who reads an American book?" But out of the American wilderness a broad avenue to the highway which has been trod by the genius of all times in its march to fame was opened by Washington Irving; and in his footsteps have followed the men who are read of all the world, and who will receive the highest tributes in all times—Longfellow, and Whittier, and Hawthorne, and Prescott.

New York is not only imperial in all those material results which constitute and form the greatest commonwealth in this constellation of commonwealths, but in our political system she has become the arbiter of our national destiny. As goes New York so goes the Union, and her voice indicates that the next President will be a man with New England blood in his veins or a representative of New England ideas. And for the gentleman who will not be elected I have a Yankee story. In the Berkshire hills there was a funeral, and as they gathered in the little parlor there came the typical New England female, whomingles curiosity with her sympathy, and as she glanced around the darkened room she said to the bereaved widow, "When did you get that new eight-day clock?" "We ain't got no new eight-day clock," was the reply. "You ain't! What's that in the corner there?" "Why, no, that's not an eight-day clock, that's the deceased; we stood him on end, to make room for the mourners."

Up to within fifty years ago all roads in New England led to Boston; but within the last few years every byway and highway in New England leads to New York. New York has become the capital of New England, and within her limits are more Yankees than in any three New England States combined. The boy who is to-day plowing the stony hillside in New England, who is boarding around and teaching school, and who is to be the future merchant-prince, or great lawyer, or wise statesman, now looks not to Boston, but to New York, as the El Dorado of his hopes. And how generously, sons of New England, have we treated you!

We have put you in the best offices; we have made you our merchant-princes. Where is the city or village in our State where you do not own the best houses, run the largest manufactories, and control the principal industries? We have several times made one of your number Governor of the State, and we have placed you in positions where you honor us while we honor you. New York's choice in the National Cabinet is the distinguished Secretary of State, whose pure Yankee blood renders him none the less a most fit and most eminent representative of the Empire State.

When the Yankee conquered New York, his union with the Dutch formed those sterling elements which have made the Republic what it is. Yankee ideas prevailed in this land in the grandest contest in the Senate of the United States that has ever taken place, or ever will: in the victory of Nationalism over Sectionalism by the ponderous eloquence of that great defender of the Constitution, Daniel Webster. And when, failing in the forum, Sectionalism took the field, Yankee ideas conquered again in that historic meeting when Lee gave up his sword to Grant. And when, in the disturbance of credit and industry which followed, the twin heresies Expansion and Repudiation stalked abroad, Yankee ideas conquered again in the policy of our distinguished guest, the Secretary of the Treasury. So great a triumph has never been won by any financial officer of the Government before as in the funding of our national debt at four per cent., and the restoration of the national credit, which has given an impulse to our prosperity and industry that can neither be stayed nor stopped.

When Hendrik Hudson sailed up the great harbor of New York, and saw with prophetic vision its magnificent opportunities, he could only emphasize his thought, with true Dutch significance, in one sentence—"See here!" When the Yankee came and settled in New York, he emphasized his coming with another sentence—"Sit here!" And he sat down upon the Dutchman with such force that he squeezed him out of his cabbage-patch, and upon it he built his warehouse and his residence. He found this city laid out in a beautiful labyrinth of cow-patches, with the inhabitants and the houses all standing with their gable-ends to the street, and he turned them all to the avenue, and made New York a parallelogram of palaces; and he has multiplied to such

an extent that now he fills every nook of our great State, and we recognize here to-night that with no tariff, with free trade between New England and New York, the native specimen is an improvement upon the imported article. Gentlemen, I beg leave to say, as a native New Yorker of many generations, that by the influence, the hospitality, the liberal spirit, and the cosmopolitan influences of this great State, from the unlovable Puritan of two hundred years ago you have become the most agreeable and companionable of men.

New York to-day, the Empire State of all the great States of the commonwealth, brings in through her grand avenue to the sea eighty per cent. of all the imports, and sends forth a majority of all the exports, of the Republic. She collects and pays four-fifths of the taxes which carry on the government of the country. In the close competition to secure the Western commerce which is to-day feeding the world and seeking an outlet along three thousand miles of coast, she holds by her commercial prestige and enterprise more than all the ports from New Orleans to Portland combined. Let us, whether native or adopted New Yorker, be true to the past, to the present, to the future of this commercial and financial metropolis. Let us enlarge our terminal facilities and bring the rail and the steamship close together. Let us do away with the burdens that make New York the dearest, and make her the cheapest, port on the continent; and let us impress our commercial ideas upon the national Legislature, so that the navigation laws, which have driven the merchant marine of the Republic from the seas, shall be repealed, and the breezes of every clime shall unfurl, and the waves of every sea reflect, the flag of the Republic.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1880, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE STATE
OF NEW YORK."

MR. PRESIDENT: For the tenth time, and under so many administrations that my politics have become mixed, I respond for the State of New York. In looking around this hall to-night, my Dutch imagination has been wondering, and trying to solve the problem whether it was in view of the future of such a scene as this for his descendants, that the Puritan poet said that man is "a little lower than the angels." I attended with General Grant that extraordinary meeting of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn last night, and the speeches were so long that I had just time, with the facility afforded by the bridge, to reach your dinner here to-night. I discoursed there in its full force and vigor that peculiarity of the Yankee that makes him such a valuable friend of every community that it loses nothing from his view of it. As I understood the Yankee-Brooklyn idea, that city is the metropolis and New York is the suburb. I heard so much there last night, supplemented by some remarks here to-night, that all education, civilization, progress, and liberty sprang from the Puritan, that I confess I am overloaded on one side, and it will take me a week or more to adjust the claims of one and the other races to the sphere in which we live. I go to my own Dutch dinner, and there believe that civil and religious liberty and toleration came alone from us. I go to the Irish dinner, and find them ciphering up the offices they have held, and exhausting their arithmetic to ascertain how many they will hold in the future. I go to the English dinner, and find the loyal Briton proclaiming that England would be the greatest nation in the world if Ireland would only stay conquered. I go to the Scotch dinner, and there I ascertain that the quality of Scotch wit is like Mumm's best champagne—extra dry. And when I come to the New England dinner, as I did last night and again to-night, I ascertain that all the cargo in the human ship that is worth saving was put there

by the Yankee, and I appreciate as never before the full force and beauty of the line:

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.”

New York is the foremost in all the elements which constitute a great commonwealth, and second only in power among its sister States to the State of Ohio. If Shakespeare had lived in our time, the familiar line that some men are born great and some have greatness thrust upon them, would have been written, “Some men are born great and some are born in Ohio.” But there never yet has been an Ohio man who filled fully the national eye, who didn’t descend from New England ancestors. The State of New York—what would have become of the Yankee but for us? In the Revolutionary period New York prevented the union of the British forces in Canada and on the sea-coast, which, if accomplished, would have enabled Great Britain to crush the Yankee out. In the Constitutional period, old George Clinton, with three-fourths of the members, thought that New York, holding the channel between the East and West, would be greater and more independent by not surrendering to the Central Government; but those great statesmen and patriots, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and Chancellor Livingston, by force and genius and logic won over that Convention, so that New York came into the great compact; the nation was created and the Yankee was safe. Prior to that time he had a place in which he might be born and where his bones could be deposited, but ever after he had a place where he could live. Other States may claim to be the mother and the creator of Presidents, but New York alone elects them. And when I circulate among my brethren who were defeated and disappointed in this contest, and who are looking around with such vengeful earnestness to find somebody who was responsible for the results in order that they may sacrifice him on the spot, I am reminded of a New England story. There are certain portions of Vermont where the only recreation and pleasure of the inhabitants is attendance upon funerals. A friend of mine up there last summer engaged in the diversion of the neighborhood, and went to one of these gatherings. After the preacher had concluded, he was startled by the undertaker, who got up and announced this notice: “Friends will be patient; the

exercises are briefly postponed because the corpse has been mislaid."

There is a relationship between the Yankee and the Dutchman very remote. It is true the connection would never have been found out, but the Yankee discovered it, for the reason that, beyond all other races, he is agile in climbing the genealogical tree and plucking a relationship from the topmost branches, when it suits his purposes and when it is for his profit to do so. The original stock settled in Holland, diked out the sea, and raised a nation. One part remained there, and the other went over into England and became Puritans. But the original stock, remaining in Holland, living by themselves, resisted the powers of oppression, dispersed darkness all about them, gave unity to the states, created civil and religious liberty, and discovered that these great principles could only be secured by promoting a sound education. For a century Holland remained the sole spot in the world where the liberties of mankind were secure. Over in England the Puritan was surrounded on all sides by ecclesiastical and civil oppression. He resisted manfully and sustained his independence and his faith, but the pressure narrowed him down, so that after a while he sought a spot where he might have the largest room for the free exercise of his own opinions—a spot where there would not be any room for the exercise of anybody else's opinions. The Dutchman received him, when he came, as a long lost relative, with traditional hospitality; but after he had remained for many years, he said to his Dutch entertainers, "I can practice my own religion, it is true, but there are too many religions among you for my comfort—I must emigrate"; and so he emigrated to New England. There the seeds of liberty and toleration, planted first in Holland, have, in these sons of Dutch and English, flowered and fruited into men of the best quality any nation has ever seen. When there were less than twenty thousand persons in New England they thought they were too closely settled, and looking over into New York, found it fair and fruitful. There they saw the Dutchman prosperous and happy, and coming in upon him, cried out, "My long-lost cousin Diedrich; how do you do?" They came as guests, but they remained with him for a hundred and fifty years. Fortunately for us, there is a dispute among the Yankees by which one celebrates the twenty-first and the other the twenty-second as Fore-

fathers' Day, and I, as the representative of Dutchmen, attend both dinners; and that is the only return we get for a hundred and fifty years of hospitality.

Another reason why we come to this dinner, when we get an invitation, is best stated in the story of a temperance lecturer who was caught by a disciple after he retired, taking a hot whisky punch. Said his shocked follower, "I thought you were a total abstainer." "So I am," said the lecturer, "but not a bigoted one."

These Yankees, when they came over here a hundred and fifty years ago, married the best Dutch girls, and they brought with them bright and handsome sisters whose quick and active minds captured the more sluggish intellects of our Dutch boys, and that stock, as Dr. Storrs has well said, has made New York the Empire State of the confederacy. If John Alden and Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, should come into this room to-night, neither of them would recognize their sons upon the floor or their daughters in the gallery; and if they should partake of the dinner furnished to us here, the indigestion which would follow would impress upon their minds, as nothing else could, the ideas of a Puritan hereafter. But although there has been a large departure from the standard of two hundred and fifty years ago, they would recognize in their descendants the best elements of the original stock, conforming themselves to the civilization of the times, and they would find the Yankee of to-day, like the Yankee of all days, the only one of any race who becomes, even when a tramp, a beneficent addition to the region in which he settles.

The *Mayflower* sailed to Plymouth; the *Half-Moon* sailed to Manhattan Island. Each bore a valuable contribution to humanity and civilization, but in the completeness in which they were united upon the soil of New York they have created those elements that have crystallized into all time that which we enjoy and intend to pass down to after-ages, known as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1882, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE HALF-MOON AND THE MAYFLOWER."

MR. PRESIDENT: It is embarrassing for the representative of a conquered people to have devolve upon him at the great festival of the conqueror the duty of placing the crooked pin in the hero's chair, to remind him when he sits down that he is mortal. The Yankees have swarmed into the fair land of the Knickerbockers, filled its places of business and trust, held the few offices left unoccupied by the Irish, married the daughters of the house, and as the disinterested brothers-in-law administered upon and absorbed the estate. And yet upon the principle of the old epitaph that "he who saves loses, he who spends saves, and he who gives away takes it with him," the Dutch are a thousandfold richer for their loss. The garden in which they vegetated in peaceful content has become an empire; Puritan bigotry spiritualized and humanized by Dutch tolerance, Dutch inertia vitalized by Yankee energy, Dutch frugality fired by Yankee thrift, Dutch steadfastness enthused by Yankee patriotism, Dutch babies crossed with Yankee blood, have conquered the world. We are never luminous after four o'clock except at our Knickerbocker feast. You must visit us there. The tenor of one of our city churches, whose pulpit is occupied by a famous preacher, said to me recently: "You must come again; the fact is, the Doctor and myself were not at our best last Sunday morning. We artists cannot be always at our best."

The questioning character of my sentiment is indicative of the resistless inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness which are the rudiments of Yankee success. Wandering with other tourists over the splendid estate of the Duke of Westminster, near Chester, and admiring the palace he was decorating for his bride, I heard a Berkshire man say to the gardener, who acted as guide: "What; you can't tell how much the house cost, nor what this farm yields an acre, nor what the old man's income is, nor how much he is worth? Don't you Britishers know anything?"

History, poetry, and eloquence have immortalized the few voyages freighted with humanity's hopes. The Grecian *Argo* has inspired fable and epic—the great steamship traversing the ocean in seven days, between the Old World and the New, with her tons and passengers numbered by thousands, is the unnoticed commonplace of the hour. But of greater moment than fabled *Argo* and the combined fleets of commerce were the sailing and the landing of the *Mayflower* and the *Half-Moon*. They carried the principles of a new and higher civilization, and bore a charter of liberty broader and better than was ever known before.

The compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, guaranteeing to all the protection of "just and equal laws," after two hundred and fifty years of strife, humiliation, and civil war, found a permanent home in the fundamental law by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, pledging, without regard to creed or color, the universal blessing of just and equal laws. The Puritan, worsted in his battle with the Cavalier in 1620, fled to the wilderness; the Puritan, triumphant over like elements in 1665, broke down the barriers of caste, and welcomed bondman and freeman alike to equal liberties with himself. And yet this splendid record of matchless achievement, the inspiration of every orator to-night, would have been impossible without the Dutch. The men who wrested a country from the sea were of the same stock with Pym, Sidney, Hampden, and Cromwell. Fighting for their homes and lives against the invading ocean on the one side, and the hosts of despotism and darkness upon all sides, they learned the lesson that freedom rests upon education, and education begets and fosters civil and religious liberty. They provided for the Puritan both an asylum and a university. The Puritans landed in Holland with a fierce purpose to find a place where there should be full liberty for their own religion and no liberty for anybody else. They left, applauding the parting words of Robinson, that neither to Calvin nor Luther, nor to any man, has God revealed all of His truth. The two most potent factors of modern liberty were William of Orange and Oliver Cromwell, but the triumph of "William's beggars of the sea" made possible the victory of Naseby and Marston Moor. In an age of force their Grotius had laid the foundations of international law, the peaceful arbitration of states; in an age of dense ignorance they had invented types. The Union of Utrecht of 1579 was the model

of colonial confederation; the Declaration of Independence at the Hague of 1581 was the seed carried by the *Mayflower* and the *Half-Moon* to America, from which grew the immortal sentiment of 1776.

New York has always illustrated the cosmopolitan and hospitable character of the Dutch. Her first and most famous Governor, Clinton, was an Irishman; her first and most eminent statesman, Hamilton, a Scotchman; her first and ablest jurist, Jay, a Huguenot; and only her first and most chivalric soldier, Schuyler, of the household of her founders. And in the last election we had the choice for Governor between two Yankees of pure blood, one by way of Connecticut and the other from Connecticut around by way of New Jersey. So far as the returns have come in, the Jerseyman appears to have been elected. It has been said that the Pilgrim Fathers would disown their royster- ing descendants were they introduced to this annual revel, but their banquet on the eve of their departure from Delfshaven lasted all night, though history is silent upon the speeches of the guests or their condition in the morning. The Puritans who came afterward burnt witches, hanged Quakers, and banished Baptists, but the Pilgrims who had spent eleven years in Holland strug- gled against this bigotry and intolerance. They were the leaven liberalizing their brethren with such mighty success that in this year of grace Massachusetts elects Ben Butler Governor, and New England professors and divines in this hall welcome Herbert Spencer and illustrate the practical processes of evolution by smashing the patriarchs and knocking out of the Bible prophecy and hell.

The *Mayflower* was not the first ship that anchored in Ply- mouth Harbor; the Dutch had been there, but they were equal to neither the climate nor soil. Eighteen years before, Captain Pring had landed there, and says he was hospitably entertained by the savages with steaming dishes of peas and beans. This traditional and frugal fare at the dinner at Plymouth last night has prepared the representatives of that society for a Delmonico banquet to-night. I state this fact with timidity, because a stray remark of mine at the Brooklyn dinner last year, about the relations between New England progress and pumpkin-pie, drew down upon me a famous assault from the leading newspaper of Massachusetts. It seemed to me to mark that decadence of a

race where the enervated descendant blushes for the robust and homely virtues of his ancestor. The sentiment of to-day was freely expressed by the New England girl who mistook the first milestone out of Boston for a tombstone, and reading its inscription, "I M. from Boston," said, "'I'm from Boston.' How simple, how sufficient!" The farmer's shot at Concord which echoed around the world was the inevitable expression of the ever-expanding principles of Plymouth. They have overleaped all artificial and natural boundaries. They plant the school-house and the church in every new settlement. They maintain and finally vindicate the purity of the ballot from every peril. They extend the suffrage in Great Britain, nationalize Germany, republicanize France, and imprison the Czar. While we laugh at the claim of every one of the twenty million of descendants of the Pilgrims, that in his house is a chair and table that came over in the *Mayflower*; while we know not which to admire most, the ability of the forefathers to compact furniture on a sixty-ton ship, or the capacity of their heirs to expand facts to meet the needs of a continent, it is a weakness and pride more noble than that which boasts of the armor and weapons in feudal castle and baronial hall—relics of carnage and courage for territory and power.

Of the kings, princes, generals, statesmen, preachers, who filled the world's stage in 1620, few men in this audience can name one. They rest in forgotten graves; while on this anniversary night fifty millions hail with gratitude the names of Miles Standish and his army of ten men, of Brewster, Carver, Winthrop, and their broad statesmanship, of Robinson and his tender piety and toleration of all creeds, as the founders of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which shall not perish from the earth.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1884, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE STATE
OF NEW YORK."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It marks the evolution of your race that a Brooklyn man¹ presides over the New York Society. When he attends the annual meeting of the Brooklyn branch, he says he comes as a vassal bringing the subject city across the bridge with him, while here he claims the autocracy of the world. The solution of this paradox is, that with the citizens of Brooklyn modesty is purely a domestic product and never carried abroad. I have responded so often to the sentiment you have given me, that when it came again I felt like the good brother in the class-meeting of a Methodist church in a Pennsylvania town, who, when the experiences had all been told and the exhortations lagged, and the prayers grew feeble, remarked: "My brethren, as the regular exercises to-night seem to halt a little, I will improve the time by making a few observations on the tariff." The gentleman who answers for the State is supposed to speak for the Executive, and as I have done this during every administration for twenty years, I have discovered that when trying to feel as the Governor of the hour, whether he be Morgan, Hoffman, Fenton, Dix, Tilden, Robinson, or Cornell, might under similar circumstances, my mental and moral conditions have been rather remarkable.

It is one of the present distinctions of our State, that its Capital has become the Mecca of half the nation. It is a safe prediction to offer to both confident and hopeless patriots that the Cabinet the President-elect thinks he will select in December is not the one he will send to the Senate in March. New York, always imperial and original, settled in the late campaign, in a grand way which startled the world, the effects as factors in politics, of gastronomy and theology. None of us who with hurts and wounds are trying to look cheerful will ever, when

¹General Stewart L. Woodford.—*Ed.*

recalling the feast or the sermon, have any doubts as to the distinction between a boom and a boomerang. But while recognizing the right of the victors to rejoice, the vanquished have the happy privilege of extracting comfort from the fact that in the ultimate assortment and assimilation upon policies and principles of all the elements which carried our pivotal State, the experiences may be repeated of the lady who astonished the quiet citizens of the Dutch hamlet of Peekskill when I was a boy, by introducing a coach-dog. The first rain-storm washed off the black spots, and when the purchaser remonstrated with the dog-merchant, he said : "Beg pardon, ma'am, but there is a mistake; there was an umbrella went with that dog." It is the misfortune of our State that she is big enough to be careless and contented, and not sufficiently large or small to be opinionated and aggressive.

The natural highway between the ocean and the lakes was utilized by De Witt Clinton to construct the waterway which created empires in the West and a metropolis on the coast. Alexander Hamilton formulated the National and our State constitutions, and constructed a financial system which has survived the first century of the Republic, while with Jay he formed two of the triumvirate who carried through the Federal Union. Any other State would have been filled with the images of these men in marble and in bronze, and the whole country deafened with their fame, and illuminated with the light shed on the capacity of their commonwealth for leadership; but we have erected no public statues or monuments to perpetuate their memories. It is not pleasant for us to note that ten thousand billions of invested and active capital cannot see the plate which begs the dole to pay the expenses of receiving the grand emblem of Liberty contributed by France to cement, by the triumphs of peace between a young republic and her elder sister, a compact of friendship signed in blood a century ago, between an old monarchy and a young republic. If the metropolis knew as much of, and took as deep an interest in, the great centers of activity and intelligence in the interior like Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, as they do in the metropolis, it would promote healthful State pride, cordial good-neighborhood, better legislation, and home-rule in local government.

But with large opportunities for criticism come far greater elements for praise. When the heroes of the Boston tea-party

were in their cradles, New York started the Revolution which ended in independence. The Erie Canal created a new era in the commerce of the globe. Irving solved the Edinburgh reviewer's riddle, "Who reads an American book?" New York's great journalistic quartette, Greeley, Raymond, Bennett, and Weed, made the newspaper the arbiter of our laws and our morals. The Brooklyn Bridge is the eighth wonder of the world, and the Capitol at Albany surpasses in size and solidity those of all the other States together. The Empire State houses her Legislature in a palace which rivals any parliament house in the world, and with surroundings fit for the loftiest eloquence and most masterly statesmanship. She has made the annual dinner of the New England Society an event which suspends the operations of governments and commands the attention of the universe. I never was more convinced of her boundless hospitality than in a recent survey of our contest for United States Senator. I found that our Governor was a Jerseyman, the Mayor of our city a Vermonter, our local government and metropolitan judiciary Irish, and the candidates for Senator all Yankees, and concluded that a native of the State had better not intrude.

The Pilgrim planted beside his meeting-house the Dutch common-school, and inaugurated with his scanty fare the custom which he had found at Leyden, and in which his descendant revels, under the name of Thanksgiving Day. The Puritans, direct from England, who landed twenty years after in Massachusetts Bay, burned witches, hung Quakers, and banished Baptists, but all sectaries fleeing from those persecutions found hospitable welcome at Plymouth. The men who stood on this famed rock were the leaven of American liberty.

The Puritan exhibited his religion in the cut of his coat and the style of his hat; the Dutchman wore the same clothes, no matter what his creed. The Puritan sang with the nasal twang and stormed the gates of Heaven through his nose; the Dutch offered their petitions in the natural way, and the only Dutchman whose facial ornament has become historic was Antony Van Corlear, who with it defied the mossbunkers in Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and attracted the sturgeons off Antony's Nose—but it was not for him or his an instrument with which to pry open the doors of Paradise. But as a descendant of the vanquished race, I freely admit that the best thing which ever happened for them,

their State, and the country, was their conquest by the Yankees. The Dutchman was too easily content with earthly ease and comfort to be a pioneer and statebuilder; he needed the stimulus of a people who are never satisfied, to whom acquisition increases appetite in earthly matters, as the church fence breeds an irresistible inclination to climb over it in things spiritual.

One of the most eminent of New England divines, himself the son of a Puritan clergyman, told me that when a boy he heard the deacons at his father's house discussing the merits of their respective ministers. After many had spoken, one old elder said: "Waal, our minister gives so much attention to his farm and orchard, that we get pretty poor sermons; but he is mighty movin' in prayer in caterpillar and canker-worm time." It is this spirit which held the town-meeting in the church; which made God a partner in every honest calling, useful pursuit, and perilous enterprise; that made possible the victories of Grant and of Sherman, that moved Mason and Dixon's line into the Gulf of Mexico, that with telegraphs and railroads has developed new commonwealths and liberalized governments to meet all the needs of expanding empire, and that gave to the second century a Republic so much grander than the forefathers planted in the first.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1890, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE STATE
OF NEW YORK; THE CITY OF NEW YORK."

MR. PRESIDENT: It has been my experience for the last twenty-five years to speak to you on the State and City of New York. But it remains as fresh as the ever-flowing stream of Yankees into the metropolis to seek their fortunes, and as varied as the kaleidoscopic changes in the questions and spirit of the times. This celebration is the most widely read of our national banquets, because of its broad liberty for plain speaking as well as high thinking. It is the most significant of New York's many festive gatherings, but is seldom graced by the presence of either the Governor or the Mayor. The Governors of the Empire State, of either party, have rarely been in accord with Puritan principles or Puritan practices. Some of them have been emphatically and ostentatiously hostile, because the Puritan wants too much thoroughness in legislation upon the liquor traffic and too many safeguards about the ballot. The Pilgrim is in favor of Civil Service Reform, of open party methods, and honest money. This makes him for others of our chief magistrates that most disturbing element in the harmony—the Sunday-school politician. Nevertheless, the Yankee keeps on making trouble, and he always will. He permits absolute quiet and rest neither to the wicked sinner nor the weary saint. He is the policeman of the Republic, sternly ordering the loafer in politics and self-seeker in office to "move on." The history of our Governors is one of the most interesting examples of the theory of evolution. The first Governor passed his term of office at the front, in command of the State soldiers and fighting the British. Then came a line of constructive statesmen, building the Commonwealth upon foundations which would make her imperial among her sisters.

Afterward, through the reigns of Marcy and Silas Wright, we had the era of martyr Governors, who ran for office to carry

by their personal strength New York for the presidential nominee of the party, and now for several terms we have had the presidential Governors who wanted to carry the State for themselves. In this last stage our Governors became famous athletes and high jumpers. Our six millions of people applaud their favorites as the heralds cry: "Governor and ex-Governor will leap for the prize!" The Puritan owns much property and has a great influence in this city, but he cannot be its Mayor nor an Alderman. The Irish, with higher genius for municipal government, beat him every time.

But he is an exceedingly lively critic of his rulers. He does not like Tammany Hall, and is against hall government generally. He has lofty ideals for public office, and does not approve of the appointment of Patrick Divver as a Judge. In season and out of season, for the last twenty-five years, I have pleaded with the Yankees to acknowledge the debt the Pilgrims owed to Holland. I did not ask for the payment of their twelve-years' board bill, with two hundred and thirty-three years' interest, but simply a general confession of judgment that nearly all the principles of civil and religious liberty which they have embedded in our institutions and planted in every new State were learned in Holland. The day of truth is dawning. As a New Yorker of New Yorkers, the rivers of Huguenot-Dutch blood in my veins calls exultingly to the Yankee current in the same veins: "The sons of the Pilgrims will rear a monument of commemoration and gratitude on the site at Delfshaven from which their forefathers embarked upon that perilous voyage, so insignificant with its little vessel and limited company, but fraught with such tremendous consequences to civilization and liberty." This event demonstrates that, while the Yankee has been charged with claiming everything worth preserving in American freedom as having been contributed by himself, if you will only give him time he will come out all right in admitting the part which other races have played in our National drama. He is always slow in recognizing merit in others. But now the reproach that he never does is removed—and we know how long it takes—he rises frankly and generously to the occasion, after two hundred and thirty years. The world is full of grand memorials. But most of them are monuments of personal vanity or national pride. They teach no lesson and prompt no inspiration. Grecian temples tell us of

religions which have vanished, Egyptian pyramids and obelisks of dynasties that are dead, Roman remains of empires dissolved. The Column in Trafalgar Square, London, perpetuates the victories of Nelson on the sea, and the Vendome in Paris those of Napoleon upon the land. They signify limitless human misery and limited results. But the Pilgrim monuments at Plymouth, Mass., and at Delfshaven, Holland, are inspiration and aspiration. The mystic currents which unite them are the treasures of mankind and the hopes of humanity. They overtop all the monuments of ancient or modern time, and are seen by all men. They typify the union of all races in universal liberty, the demonstrated triumph of self-government in the New World and its possibilities in the Old. Well might Dean Stanley, as he stood in Leyden Street, Plymouth, and contemplated the majestic results of the combination of Puritan faith and pluck with Dutch liberty, exclaim with enthusiasm, "Truly, this is the most historic street in the world."

The contrasts between the New Yorker and New Englander are happily exhibited in the methods and issues of the early Colonial elections. The New York qualification for voters was ownership of land; in Boston it was membership in the Church. The Dutchmen had settled all their differences of creed by tolerating them all, and their contests were upon local questions and for the spoils of office. But while the Pilgrims of Plymouth, who had spent twelve years in Holland, were the apostles of religious liberty, the Puritans of the Massachusetts Colony were banishing all faiths but their own, and waging fierce battles over the construction of their own doctrines. The famous fight for Governor between Winthrop and Sir Harry Vane was made upon the burning question of faith and works. All the appliances at the modern polls were used for the success of the candidates, except the Australian ballot. The one side shouted and labored for Winthrop and grace without works, and the other for Vane and grace with works.¹ Transferred to our own times, the followers of the doctrine of grace with works were in favor of the McKinley bill, and the supporters of the theory of grace without works are for the free coinage of silver. But the election was an

¹Mr. Depew refers to the second election in which Henry Vane (he was not knighted until 1640) figures, in 1637, when he failed on account of his support of the views of Mrs. Hutchinson. But it was the Hutchinson party that stood for grace without works, while denouncing their opponents as being "under a covenant of works."—*Ed.*

object lesson in Puritan characteristics. The Puritan settled one thing at a time, and concentrated his whole mind upon it. He was then hewing a straight path to heaven, and temporal matters and state questions could be laid on one side. He had risked life and fortune in contests with crown and hierarchy in England, and braved the perils of the sea to enjoy liberty of his own conscience and to prevent the souls of his neighbors being lost by their fooling with their consciences. He cared naught for material things—money, property, business, the things of this world. In the same spirit he fought at Bunker Hill and triumphed at Yorktown, threw his life and home into the contest for free soil in Kansas, and for the freedom of the slave on John Brown's scaffold at Harper's Ferry; marched with the Sixth Massachusetts through Baltimore to save the Capital, and, closing his shop and bidding farewell to his family, went with Sherman through Georgia to the sea, and stood by Grant at Appomattox.

Pastor Robinson had fully absorbed the spirit of Dutch tolerance, and his parting sermon to the Pilgrims was the most important utterance from the pulpit of those times. "The Lord," he said, "has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights of their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you, be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you." This was the hammer which broke the shell of Puritan bigotry. It was the yeast which fermented in the Puritan Church and filled New England with a multitude of creeds. It has taken from the Puritan the hell he loved to contemplate—for others—but it has brought him in goodly company nearer to heaven. The Dutchman was easy-going, prosperous, and contented. He was a good citizen, but not a State-builder. The restless energy of the Yankee disturbed him, and the New Englander's persistence and inquisitiveness aroused his distrust. But it was these qualities which made New York, peopled the West, created new States, built railroads, opened mines, founded cities, and made these United States a nation. The Dutchman was quite willing to admit his infirmities, for they did not trouble him. He never cared to know the reason why. The merit of the Yankee, as a piece of human dynamite, was that he is never satisfied.

"This is heaven," said Saint Peter to a newcomer, who did

not seem to appreciate his surroundings. "Yes," said he, "I suppose so; but I am from Boston." The Puritan is quick to see the faults of others, either in Church or State or individuals; but he never admits his own, unless it be to his Maker. I remember, when a boy, my mother always made me attend Friday evening prayer-meetings in our village church at Peekskill. An old Yankee deacon, who had sold me a pair of skates which were of dull edge and soft metal, was reciting his short-comings and offering a fervent petition for mercy. He summed up the catalogue by saying: "O Lord, I am morally and spiritually a man of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." As we were leaving the church, in my rage about the skates, I said: "Well, Deacon, you told the Lord the truth about yourself to-night, anyway." I bear to this day the scars resulting from this frank comment upon the deacon.

The Dutchman was happy in his home, his Church, and his party. Others might wander far and do worse or better; but his physical wants fairly supplied, he did not quarrel with his creed nor with his politics, nor troubled himself about those of his neighbors.

But the Puritan had always an interrogation mark before his face as large as the pothook which hung from the crane in the ample fireplace of the colonial kitchen. He was and is in faith an original thinker, and in politics a Mugwump. He accepts the truths of Scripture and then puts upon them his own interpretation. He is in thorough sympathy with the

"John P.
Robinson, he
Said they didn't know everything down in Judee."

Against the Stuarts and the Episcopacy in the Old World, against Democratic subserviency to the slave power and Whig fear of attacking it in the New; against party idols without souls, and bosses without principles, he was and is always a kicker. The Dutchman, with his mild tendency to superstition and fondness for legends, would have joined in the ghost dance; but the Puritan would have examined the ghost. The Yankee stops a panic or restores confidence by going like a rifle ball straight for the mark. "Where was Starvation Camp located?" said a Hartford man through his nose, to the great explorer, Stanley.

"On the banks of the Congo," answered the traveler. "Waal, then," said the Yankee, "why didn't you fish?" But the crucial distinction, two hundred years ago and to-day, between the New Yorker and the New Englander is that the latter thinks his birthplace a good starting point from which to emigrate and the former, wherever he may roam, longs and hopes to pass the evening of his days and die in New York.

The Yankee returns once a year, on Thanksgiving Day, to the Green Mountains or the Berkshire Hills, and then goes back to his distant activities with an impaired digestion, a torpid liver, and serene satisfaction with the accident which made him a citizen and a power in a distant community. The first thing a Yankee does on settling in a new town is to buy a family plot in the cemetery, and the first act of a New Yorker is to arrange for a pass back to the metropolis. The rudest and most pathetic lament in the language was that of the exile of the Tweed days, who, living in lavish luxury in Paris, said: "I would exchange all the palaces and opportunities of Europe to be a lamp-post in New York." The New Yorker has no State pride which would subordinate his loyalty to the Republic, to his duty, to his Commonwealth; he has no municipal public spirit which would induce him to make sacrifices for her supremacy, but he loves New York, and his morning and evening prayer is to live and die within her borders.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1891, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE
CRANKINESS OF THE PURITAN."

MR. PRESIDENT: An eminent authority in Europe on diseases of the mind declares, in an article in our newspapers of yesterday, that everyone who displays unusual intellectual activity and superiority is insane. Accepting as true the diagnosis of this distinguished French alienist, I am now addressing an exceptional crowd of selected lunatics. The crank has become the most prominent feature of our civilization. The newspapers are incomplete without daily chronicles of his achievements. He possesses one advantage over ordinary mortals in that he has never been interviewed. The editor of "The Century Dictionary"—a Yankee of the Yankees—is compelled to admit that the word "crank" is not to be found in the Anglo-Saxon or Early English, but, like the most of the good things which the Puritan possesses, it came from the Dutch. While Dr. Charcot claims that Shakespeare and Milton were insane, we, with true American progress, have advanced much further. As we have "evolved" the theory, it threatens to empty our prisons. The old-fashioned way was to lock up people who endangered life or property, or did deeds of violence on either, for a statutory period, but the new idea sends them to an asylum, to come out in a few months to the glory of the professional gentleman who have wrought a wonderful cure and the terror of the community who are the victims of these experiments. The man who tries to assassinate an eminent divine, or to dynamite a millionaire, or who makes "ducks and drakes" of other people's money is, of course, on the present theory, insane, and therefore irresponsible. The Puritan was not that kind of a crank. The most important article of his faith was individual responsibility. He believed in roasting the sinner here as a preparatory course for matriculation into that lurid university below, where, according to his view, no superiority in athletics would ever secure graduation.

The Dutch definition of crank was a person who, when possessed of an idea, never failed to keep it before the world, and if necessary be very disagreeable in urging it upon his contemporaries, and who never doubted himself. The Dutchmen invented the word after Puritan settlement in Holland.

Nothing has contributed so much to false history as the misuse of words. The Stuart kings persecuted the Puritans because they would not accept the religion of the throne. But these royal personages had no religion as the devout Puritan understood the word. They were dissolute in morals and depraved in conduct. They arrayed all the power of the State on the side of forms, whose substance was that the king ruled the Church; but the Puritan placed against their authority his conscience, which held that God governed the king. The established order of things was loyally accepted by the classes and the masses; and for the aristocracy and the gentry, for the men in the professions and in business, for all which with us stands for capital and vested rights, it seemed both heresy and treason to preach reform. The prayers of the Church at that time were like the affidavits of candidates now as to election expenses, the margins were larger than the texts.

The Puritan who was ready to fight and willing to die for the privilege of worshiping God as he thought right was the phenomenal crank of the period. He was a perambulating can of moral dynamite, whose explosion might liberate the souls and minds of men. He was beyond dispute the most disagreeable of human beings to all that constituted the social and political power of his day. In the unequal contest of the hour he and his coreligionists were persecuted, imprisoned, executed, or exiled. But his fight was not for time, but for eternity. Stuart kings are dead; their thrones have been taken from their sons, and their power transferred to a house alien in blood and faith; but the sons of the Puritans govern half the world, and their principles are the vital and energizing forces with the other half. When the *Mayflower* sailed from Delfshaven there were thirty sovereigns governing Europe, whose names filled all the requirements of contemporary fame.

The departure of the *Mayflower* and her one hundred and twenty passengers made no more impression upon the affairs of Europe than did the parting of the waters beneath her keel upon

the Atlantic Ocean. For two hundred and seventy-one years the fight has been hot between the cranks and the kings. The monarchs are forgotten, and their kingdoms and principles merged or lost; but the leaders of the Pilgrim band are for the New World the canonized saints of civil and religious liberty.

The Dutchmen saw the splendid quality of the raw material which came among them for refuge. They understood that crankiness indicates surplus energies, and determined to prepare it for power by opportunity and education. They gave the free school to the Puritan children, the free press to the Puritan writers, free churches for the Puritan religionists, and opened the trades for Puritan artisans. The Dutch declaration of independence was a liberal education in liberty, and the Dutch Republic a model for state sovereignty and national power.

After Pastor Robinson and Elder Brewster and their flocks had been five years in the kindergarten of freedom and toleration, the Pastor and the Elder were admitted to the University of Leyden. The college authorities apportioned to each of them, according to the custom of the University, two tuns of beer every month and ten gallons of wine every quarter, or forty gallons of wine and twenty-four hogsheads of beer each year. Such was the hospitality of the Dutch, and such the capacity of our Puritan forefathers. The orators who every year at this banquet indulge in pleasing fictions of the amazement and horror of the forefathers, if they should drop in on these feasts, have not studied history. By the time the ancestor had laid his degenerate descendant under the table, his own mind could only have reached the period of severe meditation. In an age when trading companies were apportioning the New World and colonizing it for commerce and profit, for the Pilgrims to select the most inhospitable section of the Atlantic Coast for settlement, solely that they might enjoy freedom of conscience in the wilderness, seems heroic now, but was esteemed folly then. According to the standard of the time it might be fanatical, but it was not business.

The charter they framed on the *Mayflower*, for the first time in the construction of government, proclaimed an organization upon the basis of just and equal laws. For that they would have been executed for high treason in any country in the world except Holland. The tremendous success of their experiment is the strongest lesson to us not to fear the truth because of its advocates

or our prejudices. These men were the stoned and derided prophets of their period, and the accepted guides of ours. Pastor John Robinson was not only the broadest-minded preacher in that bigoted age, but he had the elements of cranky heresy even of our day. The words of his parting sermon to the Pilgrims the night of their departure from Delfshaven might disturb an ecclesiastical convention now. He said: "And if God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as you were to receive any truth in my ministry; but I am confident that the Lord hath more light and truth yet to break out of His Holy Word. The Lutherans, for example, cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther says; and whatever part of God's will He hath further imparted to Calvin they will die rather than embrace; and so the Calvinists stick where He left them. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were precious shining lights in their times, God hath not revealed His whole will to them."

This glorious recognition of progress and declaration of open-mindedness to research and revelation, this courageous confidence that light, more light, purifies the atmosphere and illumines truth was not the expression from Faneuil Hall of yesterday, but the utterance of a Puritan pastor of nearly three centuries ago. It might have been both the text and argument of the defenders of Phillips Brooks and Dr. Briggs.

The forefathers did not comprehend then the full force of their liberal leader's teachings, but his lessons have blossomed and fruited in their descendants until New England has found as many paths to heaven as there are Yankees on the earth. The trials, persecutions, and isolation of the Puritans so centered their thoughts in and upon themselves that they could die for their own liberty; but the devil was their enemy, and all who disagreed with them were his followers. When at Lexington the farmers fired the shot that echoed round the world, they had exorcised the devil and could fight and die for equal liberty for every man. They hanged Mrs. Rebecca Nourse at Salem for witchcraft; but two hundred and sixty years afterward they erected a monument to her memory. The Puritan could always be relied on to compensate and satisfy anyone he had wronged—if you gave him time.

The Puritans were not traders or men of commerce, but state-

builders. In their straits for money they sent Captain Miles Standish to London. He succeeded upon the pledge of all New England as security, including, of course, Plymouth Rock, in raising £150 sterling at fifty per cent. interest. Now, whether money is wanted to build a railroad or to help prevent a financial cataclysm in England, the sons of the Pilgrims are the lenders of the cash. They return good for evil by reducing the rate of interest and charging a commission. The acknowledged head of Yankee bankers is the President of your Society. He has established the high rule of honor, based upon Puritan principles, that if millions of railroad bonds agreed to be taken at a price cannot be marketed when the company is ready to deliver them, though the engagement is only a verbal promise, not enforceable at law, the word of a Yankee banker is a contract under seal.

"These quarters are very pleasant," said an inmate of Bloomingdale Asylum, "but I do not like Dr. Brown, because he called me a fool."

"Oh," I replied, "Dr. Brown is a perfect gentleman, and you must be mistaken."

"Well," argued the lunatic, "I overheard the doctor say that I had a congenital and abnormal development of the cerebellum, and if that isn't calling a man a damned fool, I would like to know what is."

The Puritan has enjoyed the largest repute as a fanatic and the highest distinction as a crank; but whether it was the king or the Church which encountered him they never, after the battle, thought him a fool. He never threatens the life of an individual or attempts to confiscate or appropriate private property, but if commerce or business or vested interests are intrenched in moss-covered wrongs, he attacks the wrong, no matter whom or what it hits or hurts. He shakes the business world by throwing the tea into Boston Harbor; but by that act he vindicates an immortal principle and creates a nation. He throws conservative pulpits into convulsions of terror when he proclaims that bleeding Kansas needs not Bibles, but rifles. He knows that when the question is whether a great territory shall be dedicated to freedom or slavery, the border ruffian requires discipline with Winchesters before he is prepared for the Bible lesson. He believes slavery is a violation of Divine law and an outrage upon the rights of man.

Four thousand millions of dollars are invested in slaves, but

he says there can be no property in man, and he enlists, fights, and dies to break the shackles from the slave. Our polite conditions have not removed his crankiness, and I hope never will. He can become unpopular with party leaders and office-seekers by laboring for Civil Service Reform, and can still arouse dormant consciences and fears by boldly charging that an attempt to defeat the popular will, as expressed in the votes of the people, by quibble or trick in order to carry a Legislature, is an assault upon the suffrage and a subversion of the ballot. All hail the Puritan cranks, the Miltos, the Cromwells, the Hampdens of the Old World, the Otises, the Adamses, the Lloyd Garrisons, the John Browns, the Abraham Lincolns of the New! They are for humanity the leaven of light and liberty.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 22, 1893, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "OUR
ADOPTED SONS."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: For more than a quarter of a century I have been the skeleton at the annual dinner of the New England Society. When the Puritan orators had proved your descent from the saints, it has been my mission to show that, after all, the forefathers were human, and from them you have descended pretty far. Charles Lamb, once spending an hour in a country churchyard, and reading the inscriptions upon the tombstones, gravely asked the sexton, "Where are all the bad people buried?" If that great genius and wit had ever attended a New England dinner, and listened to the speeches, he would have learned that there were among the Puritans no bad people to die and be buried.

But my twenty-five years' service as mentor has brought me the rare and distinguished honor of becoming an adopted son. It is in that capacity I am here. Our next Senator, Murphy, is said to have made a remark to Mr. Cleveland at the now-famous and historical dinner of reconciliation—I do not refer to the Reform dinner and Speaker Crisp, and the speech which he was not even allowed to present—but to that banquet at the Victoria Hotel prior to election, where the candidate fed the tiger. The language was, "You are now one of us." That sentiment seems to fit my case to-night. The difference between the prodigal son and the adopted son is as great as that which separates pauperism from prosperity. The adopted son is expected to pay for his veal.

I was never so much impressed with the countless numbers and universal pervasiveness of the family as I have been since I became one of its members. The bank and the factory, the store and the counting room, every standing-place where energy, faculty and thrift can get a foothold, is occupied by a Yankee. He can both build and climb. No depth discourages and no height dazes him. He will earn a living where the keenest Hebrew

would starve, and grow rich where all other races can only plod. It is only in great cities like New York, where Europe and Asia combine to keep him down, that he can be prevented from running the government. I was not adopted because it was necessary to increase the family. As I looked around the crowded table, I was forcibly reminded of the Connecticut minister who was striving, on \$500 a year and a garden, to bring up and educate his ten children, fitting the boys for Yale or Harvard, and the girls for Wellesley or Vassar. When the eleventh was added to the household, the tired and serious-minded maid-of-all-work indignantly remarked, "Well, if my opinion had been asked, I could have mentioned a good many things this family needs more than another baby." It is well known that the New York Dutchman feeds his family with olecooks and krullers, and such healthy and digestible food. As an adopted son, I have been endeavoring to be satisfied with pie and Boston baked beans. After many trials and much suffering, I have added to my admiration for the Yankee mind a profound respect for the Yankee stomach.

As foster fathers, the Puritans have surpassed the record of the peoples of the ages. Their methods have improved with time. They tried to assimilate the Indians, and, when that was found impossible, they massacred them. In accordance with the fashion among all sects of the Middle Ages and the succeeding centuries, when the new-comers differed with them in faith or creed, they banished or hanged them. Though they left comfortable homes and braved the hardships and perils of the inhospitable wilderness to enjoy liberty of conscience and freedom of religion for themselves, it took them a hundred years to discover the great truth that progress is only possible in the clash of opposing opinions and the unfettered practice and expression of beliefs. They came first to this favored land, not to be adopted by the aborigines but to prepare the institutions under whose beneficent and blessed influence the oppressed of all countries could find refuge, liberty and home. They were ideal immigrants. They possessed those qualities of purity and probity, of industry and thrift, of intelligence and adaptability, which made them invaluable settlers. Their departure impoverished the land of their birth, and their settlement enriched the land of their adoption.

The Pilgrims who came over in the *Mayflower* were mainly equipped with ideas and household furniture, but the twenty thou-

sand Puritans, who came after, brought £500,000. It has been estimated that the equivalent would be in our time not less than \$15,000,000. The history of immigration may be searched in vain for any parallel. These people were led by graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. They were educated and prosperous beyond the mass of their countrymen. There were no idlers nor paupers, nor lepers nor anarchists among them. They were one and all workers. They came to found homes and build a State. The Puritans, more than any other of the original factors in our beginnings, rescued this continent from the savages and from Europe. To enjoy the benefit of the liberties which they established, there have come to us in the century now closing 20,000,000 of immigrants. They were of every race and of all creeds.

They have been cordially welcomed and adopted into the equal rights and inheritance of American freedom and opportunity. The superb and unequal development of the United States is largely due to their energy and industry. Now, in the plentitude of our prosperity, power and resources, with the duty of protecting the purity and health of 65,000,000 of people, and of preserving order and law and liberty, we must guard our ports against undesirable immigration. As the standard of what we require rises, the quality of what we receive deteriorates. Neither our hospitality nor our domain is exhausted. We have room and opportunity for intelligence, integrity, thrift, for ardent and worthy apprentices for the priceless privileges of American citizenship. But the time has come to inform emphatically all the governments and municipalities of Europe that the refuse of their populations cannot have refuge here. The first principle of international comity upon which we must insist is, that each nation shall care for its criminals, its paupers, its diseased, and its social pests. The higher law of our hospitality is, that we will cordially receive all those who flee from oppression, who seek to better their conditions, who, by their industry and character, will strengthen our industrial and social position, and who loyally accept and will patriotically support our institutions. But we will put up the bars so that only the vigorous and healthy can climb over, and we will close the meshes of our sieve so that only the worthy can get through.

Education was the Puritan's solvent for the problems of

Church and State. Education, liberal and free to all, is the force which must assimilate these adopted children from foreign lands to our civilization, and make them useful citizens of the Republic. The Puritan founded the university first, and the common school afterward. We are required to build upon the common school. The Puritan boys apparently came here prepared to enter college, but then those were heroic days. If not the father or the mother, the minister was always equal to the task of giving in the parsonage an equipment for Harvard or Yale, as good for those times, perhaps for all times, as any now furnished by St. Paul's at Concord, or Phillips at Andover.

The characteristics of the Yankee, in his intercourse with the world, are known of all men. The Yankee at home is still more original. He succeeds with others by always trying to get the best of himself. His curiosity is a social irritant and a national blessing. My foster brothers have questioned me as to my birth and genealogy, religion and politics, assets and debts, and income and expenses, where I intend to die and expect to be buried, and the style of monument I have selected for my grave. When Chief-justice Coleridge, of England, was here, I took him up to New Haven in a private car to visit Yale. A typical Connecticut man jumped on the car in the New Haven depot and I said: "My friend, this car is private."

"Oh," said he, "funeral?"

"No," I answered.

"Wedding?"

"No."

"Excursion?"

"No."

"Well, then, would you mind telling me what it is here for?"

I explained, and pointed out the Chief-justice. "Fine looking man," he said; "got a good head; by the way, what might his salary be?"

But this faculty of the Yankee is of value: it fortifies weak integrity by fear, and promotes efficiency in the public service. It is eternal vigilance by cross-examinations. It probes corruption and exposes fraud. If a party comes into power through promises, it wants to know if that party intends to keep its pledges. If a candidate predicts a millennial period, and is elected upon his prediction, it demands that the time shall be set when the lid shall

be lifted from the horn of plenty and the shower of manna begin. If a law compelling the buying and hoarding of silver by the Government, having fulfilled a temporary purpose, becomes a peril to credit, a menace to sound currency, and deranges exchanges at home and abroad, it asks why Congress does not repeal that law at once. It uncomfortably inquires what blocks the way, and asks if there is any more important business at Washington than to check panic and restore confidence. If the Yankee wants to cheer and hurrah for his favorite, he does not shout and invite apoplexy and sore throat, but speaks up in meeting and wants to know, "What's the matter with Harrison, or Cleveland, or Blaine?" and answers the question himself with the confident assertion, "Oh, he's all right!"

Well, gentlemen, the most interesting problem of the hour to the subject is, what are you going to do with your adopted son? There is one honor the Yankee covets beyond that of Governor, Senator, Cabinet Minister or Ambassador, and that is to become President of the New England Society of New York. But your constitution permits that distinction only to those who are to the manner born. So my aspirations in that direction are barred. I cannot be secretary, because Mr. Hubbard has held that office ever since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and will undoubtedly be found still keeping the records of the society when Macaulay's New Zealander makes up his mind to leave his seat on the broken pier of London Bridge and the ruins of St. Paul's to take a day's excursion over the Atlantic with his flying machine for the purpose of inspecting the Rock of Plymouth and the *Mayflower* teapot. I once asked a New England clergyman, a classmate of mine—who was stationed at Peekskill—what were his intentions for the future of a vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," said he, "my wife and I believe in natural selection, and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was, we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar and an apple. I said: 'If, when we come back, he is reading the Bible, I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar, I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple, I will put him on a farm.' When we returned he was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand, and clutching the dollar in the other, and

I remarked: 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician out of him.'

But, unfortunately, recent events have put me out of politics. Modern investigations and merciless criticisms have murdered our heroes and exploded our myths. They have taken away from us Pocahontas and William Tell. They have destroyed the romantic environments of Mary, Queen of Scots, and undermined the greatness of Queen Elizabeth. But the closer we study their lives, and the better we know their deeds, the more profound is our admiration and the greater our reverence for the Pilgrim Fathers. Between the drafting of their immortal charter of liberty in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and the fruition of their principles in the power and majesty of the Republic of the United States of to-day, is but a span in the records of the world, and yet it is the most important and beneficent chapter in history. To be able to claim descent from them, either by birth or adoption, is to glory in kinship with God's nobility.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
OF NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1902. SUBJECT, "IF MILES
STANDISH WERE HERE."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The most striking figure in Macaulay's writings is the New Zealander who, coming from that center of civilization ten thousand years hence, reflects upon the past while he stands upon a broken arch of London Bridge and views the ruins of St. Paul's.

You have assigned to me the reverse of that picture. It is that doughty old Puritan warrior, Captain Miles Standish, reincarnated and judging the America of to-day from the stand-point of the Pilgrim.

He finds that the one hundred and one people who landed on Plymouth Rock only two hundred and eighty-two years ago have become a nation of eighty millions of people, that their wealth has increased from the *Mayflower's* total of £2,400 or \$11,600, to a thousand billion of dollars, that the Plymouth boundaries, extending a few miles into the then unknown wilderness, now reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle, and that the whole of this vast domain is filled with great cities, thriving villages, prosperous farms, manufacturing centers and a self-governing people, the most intelligent, the most prosperous, happy and wealthy of any nation in the world. He finds that this Republic is recognized as one of the foremost of the great powers which decide the destinies of the inhabitants of the earth, that it is more respected and more feared than any other nation, that it has no king, no nobility, no classes, no privileges, but that all are equal before the law. He discovers that by the unanimous judgment of historians, philosophers and statesmen this marvelous structure and these miraculous results have come from the open Bible of the Pilgrim and the compact entered into in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, by which the forty-one men of that little company decided to create a nation and found a government upon a principle never yet recognized in the affairs

of the world—a government of just and equal laws. Constitutional liberty was born on that little ship on that epoch-making day. The United States is the example of its creative power. Not only American citizens are enjoying its blessings but they are extended to possessions in distant seas in many climes, wherever floats the flag of the Union. The spirit of constitutional liberty set free from the cabin of the *Mayflower* has penetrated the remotest parts of the earth. It has undermined thrones, tyrannies, superstitions and traditions. Under its influence humanity has been lifted and advanced in two hundred and eighty years more than in all the preceding ages of the story of man.

When Captain Miles Standish has grasped this situation, he will go into particulars, for he was a soldier and disciplinarian. His first inquiry is about the Indians. They were the ever present peril of the new settlement. Expansion and existence were equally dependent upon the solution of the Indian problem. Our answer would be that we have got rid of them by the process learned from him. "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian" was a motto ascribed to General Sherman after the wars on the plains, to General Jackson after the Seminole War, to General Harrison after the fight with Tecumseh and his tribesmen, and to Anthony Wayne after the battles with the Indians in the Ohio Valley, but its real author was Miles Standish. He made friends with Chief Massasoit, through him discovered the plot to end the colony, enticed the two chiefs into a room and killed them and then attacked and destroyed their tribes. For that period the most humane of men was pious John Robinson, the pastor of the Puritans at Leyden, and when he heard of this exploit he wrote to the Governor of Plymouth "to consider the disposition of their Captain, who was of a warm temper," and concluded his criticism and rebuke with this remark, "But how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you had killed any!" The justness of that mild rebuke has been appreciated by all the generations succeeding Standish who have dealt with the Indian problem. We have converted them first.

The excellent Captain, born and bred a soldier, would naturally look for the American Army. He enrolled sixteen of the forty-one able bodied men of the *Mayflower*, and that was the nucleus of the Army of the United States. Every man, with his musket, sword and corslet, had followed to successive victories

in innumerable battles his gallant commander. It would astonish him to know that, while in his time every third man was a soldier, the United States has reached such a position of law and liberty within itself and of peace with the world, that a large proportion of the citizens of the United States have never seen a soldier of the regular Army, and that the Army, representing eighty million, consists of only seventeen thousand men.

He would naturally stop over in Boston on his way to New York. The Pilgrims differed from the Puritans, who came afterwards. They were not learned men. Literature was not in their lives. They did not have behind them a long line of distinguished ancestors. Lineage was not their stronghold, and so I am afraid the Captain will find the atmosphere of Boston too rarified for his rough ways and language. But while in Boston he would ask about the Puritan Church. The Captain was the most liberal minded of those early settlers. He had not only lived in Holland, but he had fought through many campaigns in the Netherlands. The Puritan brethren called him a dissenter, which meant that he had his own views, his own interpretation of sacred writ and had built up his own standard of a spiritual and material life. It would therefore rejoice him to find that Massachusetts had repudiated the narrow theocracy which governed her for fifty years; that Boston was the seat not only of liberal learning, but liberal thought; that the largest liberty of conscience resulting in many creeds, many sectarian divisions of the Christian body, had not weakened the power and membership of the Church; that on the contrary, in meeting the wants of all aspirants and all intelligences it had, to the uplifting and glory of our country, carried out the parting instructions of Pastor Robinson in his peerless sermon before they embarked at Leyden: "The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. None have yet penetrated into the whole counsel of God."

We would find him when he came to New York and after having been released as a harmless lunatic from the clutches of the "finest police in the world," contemplating the banking house at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. There is a banker of Puritan descent, who values beyond all other distinctions the fact that he was once President of the New England Society, who is a representative banker of the United States and a financial power of the first class all over the world. The Captain

would say, "I must meet him, for I was in my time something of a banker myself." He would then tell Mr. Morgan of that famous excursion of his into the realms of finance when he visited London to secure \$10,000 for the colony and finally succeeded in raising \$1,250 at fifty per cent. interest a year. And then the old warrior would say, "How does that compare with the financial transactions of to-day?" The railway mergers with ten thousand million dollars of capital, industrial combinations with a billion and a half dollars and earning over a hundred millions a year, ship combinations unifying and energizing the maritime transportation between the old country and the new, would flash before the bewildered eyes and startled brain of the Puritan Commander until he would exclaim, "I see a revelation as wonderful in its material aspects as the spiritual one which came to the Apostle St. John."

He had lived in Amsterdam, at The Hague and in London. He would want to know how this great city was governed. It would surprise him to learn that our rulers were selected occasionally by civic pride and civic intelligence, but generally by civic indifference and ignorance. It would be gratifying to know that when evils culminate in any of our cities the reform is usually originated and led by a descendant of the Puritans. Wherever they go and settle, no matter how small their numbers compared with the rest of the population, they form that body so uncomfortable to the municipal authorities who are always in the interrogative and the objective. They want light, more light, and with light comes reform. But is reform a success? Taking all the difficulties it has to contend with, all the limitations that are placed by law upon its work, I say unhesitatingly, "Yes." A bad administration always leaves to a good one accumulated debts hidden in the mysteries of bookkeeping, public improvements, for which money has been appropriated and spent, uncompleted or so badly done that the work must be gone over, wasteful and extravagant contracts, difficult to break, given to party favorites and the whole employment, through whom alone the Mayor and his appointees can work, hostile to that discipline, that efficiency, that rigid accountability, that extirpation of favors, "grafts," and licence which are the essence of reform. Whenever it has been tried, and I have seen it done several times in the last forty years, it has required two full years to clean house before the new occu-

pant could show us how he could keep house, and because he does not keep house at once the impatient public usually fires him out.

Rocheſoucauld once said—and because he is given as its author I suppose he was the discoverer—that there is a vast deal of human nature in the world. The United States Senator who wishes to please his constituents becomes impressed with this discovery. On moral and ethical questions he will find them unanimous, but when he comes to tariff and revenue reform, to currency, to public improvements, to the theories against paternal government and the practice of governmental assistance to education and to foreign policies, he finds himself hopelessly lost in the various degrees of commendation, none very vigorous, and of condemnation all very strong, whichever side he may take. When it comes to discussing the situation with an individual, the larger information of the Senator or Congressman upon the subject will usually convert the friend to whom he applies for assistance. Judge Collamore, who for many years was a distinguished United States Senator from Vermont, was wont to illustrate his troubles by this story: He said that he was sitting on the porch of his law office during a recess of Congress when a farmer drove by and said: "Judge, my conscience troubles me so I cannot sleep about keeping four millions of fellow human beings, with the same souls and the same Creator as ourselves, in slavery. With all this wealth I am sure that we, as a nation and as a people individually, will be cursed unless slavery is abolished. Now, it is hardly fair to destroy the property of the Southerners, who are not directly responsible, and so I think we ought to all bear our share and buy them out." Senator Collamore replied: "Well, in part I think you are right. Now let's see practically how it works out. The estimated price is four thousand millions of dollars. It would have to be raised by a direct tax proportioned among the States. Vermont's share would be so many millions, this county so many hundreds of thousands, this town so many tens of thousands." Sitting in the same place the next afternoon and greeting friends as they passed to and from the market, the old Puritan farmer reappeared. Reining up his horses, he shouted: "Judge, I have been thinking over that question. Crops are poor, taxes are high. I do not think we need bother just at present about them infernal niggers."

The good Captain would be deeply interested in the character and quality of the immigration to our shores. In his time, though

it started upon a high level, it was constantly improving during his life. The immigrants were men of substance, had independent means and self-supporting occupations, and were led by learned men from universities. A visit to Ellis Island would shock and startle the gallant Captain beyond all his experience. Character and equipment, which would make the immigrant a beneficent contribution to the country, were the first requisites of his period. There must necessarily be also, if not culture, a certain measure of education, so that they could at least read the Bible in their own tongue. He would be told that it is only within a few years that our immigration as a whole has deteriorated. The less we need of foreign importations for the development of our industries the poorer grows the quality. We are now eighty millions of people. There are those living who will see 200,000,000 within our boundaries by the natural growth of population. We should not put up any impassable barrier, but we should raise high the bars. European governments which are unloading upon us by assisted emigration their undesirable inhabitants should have their intellectual, moral and physical paupers returned to them. The enemies of government and society should be excluded. We do not want our labor demoralized and society endangered by such dense masses of ignorance that it is almost impossible to absorb them into and make them worthy citizens of our body politic. To be able to read our Constitution in their own tongue is not a hard requirement, and to be sure that those who come will make good citizens is essential to the welfare of the Republic.

This mighty progenitor of a virile race, having finished his tour of the United States, having crossed the continent and witnessed the wonderful settlement, development and progress of the country, left a parting message from which I make these extracts:

He said: "I have studied your great combinations of capital and of labor and have come to the conclusion that both organizations will continue to grow in strength and power. I have attended the meetings of the Civic Federation and listened to its various remedies for the difficulties between capital and labor. I have attended the convention of the Federation of Labor and heard their case as presented by their leaders. I have been to the Stock Exchange and in contact with the cynicism of Wall Street as to the future. I have heard the destructive threats of anarchists and the distributive theories of socialists. I was at a meet-

ing of the Anti-Imperialistic Federation at Boston and heard the gloomy predictions of the destruction of the country from expansion beyond its continental limits, and then I was strengthened, refreshed and energized by an interview upon these same subjects and the future of the country with President Roosevelt. Every age and country have their problems. Those people alone survive and prove their right to live who hopefully and courageously solve them according to their best lights. Yours seem insignificant before the difficulties we, your ancestors, faced. Savage nature and savage man had both to be overcome before we could have safety in our settlements or opportunity for family, public and religious life. The musket, with the plow, was the necessity of our existence. We suffered the greatest hardships and privations and lived in perpetual peril of our lives while we were laying the foundations and building the institutions and liberties you enjoy. The humblest of your generation have comforts we never knew and luxuries of which we never dreamed. You can only doubt or despair when pampered effeminacy is the degenerate successor of the manhood which reverently recognizes and courageously utilizes and defends the manifold blessings which God has showered upon you. We cultivated in the individual faith in the living God and confidence in himself. The foundations of our family, of our State, of our church, were imbedded in civil and religious liberty and political equality for the individual. You have dispersed the Indians and occupied their lands. You are so isolated and powerful that you are placed beyond the possibility of assault from any foreign nation. You have made nature your slave; you have subdued the forces of the air, the water and the earth to your will and made them the ministers of your progress; your problems are all within yourselves and in your own household. The charter framed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* for just and equal laws is as competent to solve the difficulties of the United States of America as it was to form into a political community the little company which landed upon Plymouth Rock. Enlarge the curriculum of popular education according to the requirements of the age. The State House and the Court House are safe only in proportion as they are inspired by the church and the school house. Character in citizenship builded upon the precepts of the New Testament or the Old, or both, and upon the inviolability of individual liberty and equality before the law is the hope of your present and future."

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, OF BROOKLYN, DECEMBER 21, 1894. SUBJECT "THE GREATER NEW YORKER."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Under ordinary circumstances it would be a hazardous undertaking for a New Yorker to invade Brooklyn in the interest of consolidation. I come here to-night, however, not as a soldier, a conspirator or a missionary, but as a wooer. So experienced a lass as Brooklyn ought to be besieged by the usual processes which reduce a beleaguered city. Her heart should be surrounded with ditches and earthworks, her supplies cut off, her avenues of communication intercepted and finally the citadel stormed in the hope of a surrender at discretion. But Father Knickerbocker, whose ambassador I am, adopts no such militant procedure. He bids me lay his heart, his fortune and his future at fair Brooklyn's feet. He appreciates that he is rather mature, and relies upon the fact, that can be stated with bated breath, that Brooklyn is at least old enough to know her own mind. Ever since the fair Priscilla bid John Alden speak for himself the Puritan maiden has known well how to bring the bashful, halting or uncertain lover to the altar.

Puritan Brooklyn, following the traditions of the *Mayflower*, has not been backward in coming forward, and I am here to-night on her invitation, and she also invited me to make this proposition. I know that the highest intellectual, moral and spiritual force in this community, the voice which should be always heeded, and which commands respect for the splendor of the past, the ripe maturity of the present and the superb rhetoric and fervid eloquence which clothes its utterances, has declared against the union. I know that on lesser and narrower lines the local critic has also been heard. These opinions embarrass the situation but nothing can stop the inevitable.

All arguments against Greater New York are based upon the experiences or the lessons of the past, and of the distant past. It is the privilege of our glorious period that it exists because of revolutions and upheavals which have destroyed the value of the

past and its precedents. The ancient, the medieval, the feudal, and the independent city are pictures which have value like the canvasses of the old masters portraying saints and martyrdoms, but which teach few lessons to the modern student. The Greek city presented in larger and fuller measure than we can hope to reach, the elements of the high civilization and civic pride which justify the ardor of the local patriot who would limit the boundaries of his town. In Athens was a population which did not compare in numbers with one of our great cities. Within its walls was concentrated that splendor of intellectual gifts and development which inspired the philosophers of the Academy, the orators of the assembly and the Areopagus, the architects of the Parthenon, the painters of its immortal pictures and the dramatists whose works have survived the centuries. But without its walls was brutish ignorance, and more than half its population were slaves. Its wives and daughters had no proper place in the domestic circle; its superb and cultured intellectuality was confined to a few brilliant men and bad women. The medieval city, whether a free town or the seat of royal power, was primarily a fortress. Its industries, its arts, and its learning were subordinate to its castles, its walls, its moats and its drawbridges. It could encourage population only to the point where it could stand a siege and feed them.

Steam, electricity, and invention have created conditions in our times where the city assumes new relations to the world. One-third the population of civilized countries are gathered in these busy communities. The farmer, the miner, and the sailor still gather from the fruitful fields, the bowels of the earth, and the depths of the sea their wealth, but the city works up the raw material in its manifold industries and factories, attracts enterprise, and becomes the representative of national life.

It is true that this beautiful city of Brooklyn has a singularly intelligent and homogeneous population; it is true that it possesses characteristics in its Puritan origin and development which lend to it peculiar grace and strength. It is also true that these qualities could be preserved and the city become infinitely more a matter of pride to its citizens, by being part of the metropolis of the two American hemispheres.

It is seldom that poetry and prose, finance and fiction, sentiment and sense are in unison for a political idea. But they are

all in harmony with the idea of the imperial city which is and shall remain the center and source of the industrial, the financial, and the intellectual life of the American Republic.

New York with a million and a half of people, and Brooklyn with a million are to be easily surpassed in a decade by Chicago and buffeted by the petty strife of figures and censuses. The Greater New York, with three millions of inhabitants, is easily the Empress of the New World and a power in the Old.

It cannot be claimed that better government is more sure without than with the union with New York. If we have had our ring in New York you have not been free from similar circles; if we have found it difficult to break ours, you were for years struggling to escape from yours. Both New York and Brooklyn have furnished the argument against self-government in cities. Both of them have given to the pessimist and the advocate of state control the illustrations to enforce their ideas; both of them have had periods when the most hopeful of us have despaired, and yet by the revolution of a twelve-month pessimist and optimist are united in enthusiasm for popular government in great cities. A trifling accident in each aroused inquiry, and the results of inquiry demonstrated the ever present power of public opinion and public spirit. I called attention three years ago at a dinner given to me in this city to the rumors current of municipal corruption. The Mayor, himself a worthy and respectable man, left the table in a rage. Instantly, not only Brooklyn, but the whole country began to inquire if it was chaff why not meet it with chaff, if it was a charge why not answer it by refutation, if it was false why not deny it? If it was true then the people demanded a remedy. And so a mad Mayor broke the Brooklyn ring. A Presbyterian clergyman in New York made charges of which he had no proof, but which he believed from public rumor. He was summoned before the Grand Jury to be jailed as a slanderer or laughed out of town as a scandal-monger. Again the community wanted to know whether the rumors, and the reports and the charges were true or false.

The answer has revolutionized the great city and made a hero of Dr. Parkhurst. The forces which produced these reforms were not the Fifth Avenue in New York nor the Heights in Brooklyn. They were those whom Abraham Lincoln loved to call the "plain people"—who live in the cottages and tene-

ments, who toil day and night, but who, when they appreciated the situation brought to the rescue of the city their intelligent and indomitable courage and civic patriotism. I found the Bowery blooming with peach trees.

Two-thirds of the men of Brooklyn sleep here at night, but their business, their capital, and their energies are in New York. For them and their affairs the stone piers and basins and docks are builded; for them the great warehouses are extended and granite structures rise to enormous heights to house them; for them the banks and the trust companies and the exchanges multiply. New York derives from them the sources of her wealth, the splendor of her trade, the extent of her commerce, and the taxable resources which enable her to be lavishly extravagant, and still, so far as taxation is concerned, apparently economical. It is because there is drawn to New York capital, individual and corporate, and because there is concentrated there such immense wealth that on an assessment twenty-five per cent lower than in Brooklyn of real estate values, the tax rate is one per cent less.

New York is jealous of New Jersey across the North River, Brooklyn and Long Island across the East. She does what she can to retain her population within her borders. She does not meet you in your effort to bridge the river on one side, and she scorns the proposals of New Jersey on the other. The crowded tenements of a block are torn down, and upon their sites rise the sky-scraping buildings of twenty-two and twenty-four stories which would arouse the anger of the gods if they did not excite their admiration, at the audacity of architect and constructor. The people thus made homeless are crowded into already congested districts until the density of population surpasses that of any other city in the world. New York frantically seeks to retain its population within its own limits by the panacea of rapid transit, but the difficulties of a transportation problem by which twenty miles are to be covered within as many minutes at a rate of fare founded upon stopping and the filling up and discharge of cars every two thousand feet, does not tempt the capitalists. The city places its resources in the hands of the individual or corporation who will undertake the task, and yet there is little enthusiasm or confidence in the project. The individual or the corporation who undertakes to pay four and one-half per

cent on the city's loan wants to see for his risk a handsome profit. If, however, New York and Brooklyn and Queens County and Staten Island were one, the energies of the great city would not be concentrated upon north and south lines of transit. Bridges would span the East River at half a dozen points of prominence, tunnels would be dug under it and the ferries would increase their capacity. It would be then not a matter of policy but of pride. The congested population, finding its way under the river, on the river, and over the river would meet the developed resources for transportation and transit on this side to be carried to cheap and healthful homes. The pessimist says this is a real estate view. Suppose it is. The history of our municipal development shows that when real estate is solidly advancing the prosperity of everybody is proportionately accelerated. If there were hundreds of thousands of people a year seeking homes in the suburbs of your city it would mean wealth to the holder of the land, but it would mean that barometer of wealth—the quick transfer of lots from one to another at enhancing prices. It would mean the employment of a vast army of mechanics in the building and equipment of the houses, it would mean the vast distribution of money in the purchase of materials, it would mean local industries and internal commerce all tending to the employment of labor and the distribution of wealth.

You have in the beauties of the situation upon your heights, in the healthfulness of the ozone of the sea, which pervades your streets and your houses, in the natural facilities for drainage and the absence of the conditions which poison the atmosphere, healthful opportunities for a resident population which are offered nowhere in New York. And yet the anxiety to live in New York, to be part of the Metropolis, to be a segment, however small, of that imperial power which stands for so much in every department of American life, crowds the avenues of our city so that equivalent situations in New York sell for ten and fifty times as much as in Brooklyn.

You go to London and you find its Thames spanned by bridges which are historic and by new bridges upon new models and upon new theories in constant course of construction. I was last winter at Rome, to discover that with all the poverty of the country and the city millions were being expended to unite the older and the newer towns across the turbulent Tiber. The same

improvements I discovered in Florence over the Arno and the same in Vienna. It was because one government, one municipality moving with common spirit was earnestly seeking to bring all its sections in harmonious and profitable contact.

When the lower parts of Westchester County were annexed to New York the conservative voted against it and dreaded the result. They were ideal communities, not only in their civic conditions and in their neighborhood life but in invaluable historic associations. No sooner, however, were they united to the great city than without feeling the burden the city assumed the opening of their streets, the laying out of their avenues, the projecting and building of their parks, their sewer and water systems. None of these things could have been done by them without burdens which would have bankrupted them; but with burdens less than those of their town life they were brought within the full benefit and enjoyment of metropolitan opportunities, development, and progress.

The essence of the marvelous development of the nineteenth century is combination. It is the strength, the force, and the motive power of our age. It crowned the Emperor William at Versailles and created modern Germany. It made Rome the capital of Italy. It is inspiring the Slav and the Scandinavian for government and liberty on broader lines. It has made London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, Europe. It has drawn all the surrounding towns to Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis. The lesson of Puritan ancestry and experience is for union, and in union strength.

This day of all days in the year is full of inspiration derived from Plymouth Rock for Greater New York. The Plymouth Colony represented the flower and the fruitage of the Puritan idea. Persecution had done more than confirm their faith. It gave them a prophetic vision of the future which developed a broad spirituality which in its declarations and conduct produced that consummate realization of the hope of man—American liberty. Their eleven years in Holland had brought them in contact with the common school and with other sects, under the blessings of toleration and religious liberty in its modern sense. They bore with them as they sailed from Delfshaven the immortal message of Pastor Robinson, that God has not revealed the whole of His truth, and therefore it was right to search, to inquire, to

speculate and to doubt. They formulated in the cabin of the *Mayflower* for the first time in the ages the doctrine of man's equal rights before the law. Around them in the Massachusetts Colony gathered bigots and zealots who hung witches, banished Baptists, and persecuted Quakers, who would not permit anyone to hold office who did not belong to their congregations and who formed and exercised a modified sort of church Tammany. There were twenty thousand of these outside, narrow-minded Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and seven thousand of the enlightened and developed Pilgrims at Plymouth. But the far-sighted Pilgrim was a state-builder. He saw the power, the influence and the supremacy of concentrated and homogeneous populations, and by mutual consent Plymouth was consolidated with Massachusetts Bay. The Pilgrim leaven leavened the whole lump, and the fruit of the Pilgrim and the Puritan marriage impressed itself upon the Constitution of the United States, upon the Declaration of Independence, upon the Constitution of every new State which has come into the Union, and carried the common school, the church and the blessings of equal liberty to the creation, development and conditions of the American Republic as we have it to-day.

One hundred years ago and Philadelphia was twice as large as New York. Ten years from now and Chicago will be a third larger than New York as circumscribed by Manhattan Island and the annexed district. When the World's Fair went to Chicago the world knew her not. To-day she is one of the most celebrated and best known cities, and her population has increased, by reason of this knowledge and the prestige that the great fair gave her, more rapidly within two years than any other municipality has ever grown.

There is a national and international power and prosperity of incalculable value which is accorded to the unquestioned metropolis of a country. As soon as Berlin became the metropolis of Germany she drew from the cities and from the rest of the country their best in every department of life, so that she is not only one of the largest towns in Europe, not only advancing with a rapidity in population and in the construction of houses and in the laying out of streets and avenues equal to that of any booming town in the United States, but she is by the very aggregation within her walls of the political, intellectual, and financial life of

Germany, a greater safeguard and strength for the German unity than the throne or parliament or army or navy. London with its five millions of inhabitants is the capital of the world. A residence there of three months is a liberal education. Its financial institutions control the government and the policies to a large degree of South America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Syndicates in parlors on Lombard Street, by the results of an afternoon's consultation, affect the destinies of hundreds of millions of the human race all over the world. Meetings and conventions stop massacres in Armenia, ameliorate the condition of the Jews in Russia, or compel action of infinite moment to the civilization of African tribes or the condition of the people of India. Through its drawing rooms pass all that is most eminent in statesmanship, in literature, in art and in genius of every land, our own being always well represented.

So impressed is the European mind with the representative character of cities that it judges countries by their society, their business, and their government. I was in London one year and met there American Governors, United States Senators and Congressmen. Said Mr. Gladstone to me: "I had a conversation last evening with a most interesting countryman of yours." I ran over the list of Governors, United States Senators and Congressmen and he said: "No, he held a much more important position than any of those. He was once Mayor of New York." I was very glad that the "Grand Old Man" had met with such a worthy representative of all that is best in New York in the person of ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt.

With the Greater New York an accomplished fact, the metropolitan center of this Republic and of these two hemispheres is fixed forever. In the future, as in the past, only in a larger degree, the banking houses of the world will have their agencies in New York; the thrift and the energies of the country will concentrate in New York. New York will continue to be the greatest manufacturing city in the United States. Wall Street will remain the financial heart whose throb beats are felt by the miner in Colorado, the fruit grower in California, the sheepraiser in Texas, and the farmer, the manufacturer, and the laborer all over the country. The metropolis will stand, as a metropolis always does, for sound currency, for wise finance and for stability of credit. In larger measure than ever before, great

calamities like the Chicago fire and the Johnstown flood will be relieved by the millions of dollars gathered from New York. In national crises the Government will appeal with confidence to the city which floated the national debt in the Civil War in 1863 and took in an afternoon the fifty millions of bonds required to meet the demands of the treasury in 1894. Scientists and educators in every department will make the city the university of the country. The intellectual life of the nation will concentrate here upon magazines, books, and publications which make the fame and the name of the century. The artists in stone or metals or with the brush or upon the dramatic or lyric stage will seek reputation in New York. The grandeur of the city, the rapidity of its growth, the majesty of its power, the splendor of its civilization, the prosperity of its people, and the intelligence of its citizens will compel honest government and pure administration. In twenty years the office next to President of the United States in the eyes of the world will be Mayor of Greater New York.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN BROOKLYN, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I want to say for the comfort of the other speakers that I will not talk an hour. I am leading just now a strenuous life, between my friends on all sides who are so anxious to support me and fight each other, that I do not know "where I am at." I bade good night to Lieutenant-governor Woodruff in Washington at one o'clock last night and went to bed. At two I was called to help put out a fire at the Metropolitan Club which was burning, opposite my residence. I arrived home at five o'clock this afternoon to find my house in New York occupied by reporters who wanted to know my views on things that happened to-day of which I had not heard. I said to them, "You may think it frivolous, but I am on the *Mayflower* to-day. Where she will land I do not know; nor whether among the furniture which has supplied innumerable families in the United States there is for me a dress suit or a Senatorial toga." I am charged with being a purveyor of chestnuts, and so I will give you the last thing from Washington. As I came yesterday afternoon out of the President's office, I met Governor Taft. He said, "I have just been talking with Griggs of Georgia, a member of the Democratic Campaign Committee, and he said, 'Mr. Secretary, we pranced around this country trying to defeat Roosevelt because he had lunched with Booker T. Washington. From the character of the returns I am inclined to think that if Washington had stayed to supper Roosevelt would have had a unanimous vote.'" At my dinner last evening Congressman Foster, of Vermont, looking very genially at Woodruff, said, "I made a speech at the request of the National Committee to the Italians of Kings County. The applause was so terrific that I thought it was one of the best speeches I ever made, and I said to the Chairman, 'I am delighted at the response which was made by your intelligent countrymen to my speech, and especially by the way they cheered

the name of McKinley.' The Chairman replied, 'Speech nothing! Nobody understood it. I stood behind you. I signalled to the crowd: One finger, applause; two fingers, cheers; three fingers, raise hell! That was when you mentioned McKinley.' As my speech had been but partially prepared in the carriage coming over here, while listening to delightful reminiscences of Syracuse from Woodruff, I trust it may be punctuated by some relation, like the Italian chairman, between our presiding officer and yourselves."

Every political speaker knows that the worst position he can be placed in is to fill the appointment of another man. He may be the worst speaker alive, and the gentleman who fills his place a good one. It makes no difference, the committee thinks it has been defrauded. Now, precisely what Senator Dolliver, who was to have made this speech, would have said, I don't know. I sit opposite to him in the Senate, and he is a marvelously good speaker, and I lament with you that you do not have him to-night.

I come to Brooklyn very often, on so many matters, political, patriotic, dedicatory, the laying of corner-stones, bidding farewell and Godspeed to graduates of institutions, etc., that I feel as if I were one of you, and as if something is required when I come to Brooklyn which recalls the instruction given to me by George William Curtis, when I had accepted a call to give an address, on short notice, after he had refused. He said, as a word of warning, "If you have any regard for your reputation and its future, never accept an invitation to speak on any serious occasion without three months' notice. Take one month to write your speech, leave it one month to mature, and take another month to correct it."

I am here to-night to speak on a subject interesting to you and to us all, and always an inspiring one. Our country's condition to-day reminds us of the lesson of antiquity, that great luxury leads to decay; and the antidote is to recall the lessons of the Pilgrim Fathers and the foundations they laid, and upon which we have builded our institutions. A boy comes from the country to the city and has a hard struggle, and meets discouragement to his advancement, and finds about him everything which tends to weaken his courage and spirituality. But if he constantly recalls the little church in the rural community from which he came, if he recalls and keeps recalling the lessons which

his mother gave him at the fireside with her evening prayer, he survives and succeeds according to his talent and equipment, while others perish. So we, at the very zenith of our development and financial and industrial prosperity, can and must look back to this day once a year, and what it teaches. You have here on your menu that charter so simple and short, and yet so grand, which was written in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, just before the Pilgrims, one hundred in number, landed on Plymouth Rock, in which the one fundamental idea was to "found a government on just and equal laws." The question which comes to us to-day is, whether, having founded a government on just and equal laws, it has been a failure or a success. It was that idea formulated in the cabin of the *Mayflower* for the first time in the history of nations, and at a time when intolerance and bigotry, civil and religious, existed everywhere else in the world, which, one hundred and fifty years later, caused their descendants to resist the unequal and unjust laws of the mother country, and that led to the Revolutionary War. The *Mayflower* charter was repeated in that sentence of the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Its denial in practice brought about the Civil War against human slavery in 1861, and it was not until the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln that the *Mayflower* charter was tested and proved. Since Appomattox the old charter has been alive in letter and spirit, and our country has gone on and on to a development, industrial, financial and material, beyond any other country in the world.

Two questions arise to-night. One is, are we still a government of just and equal laws? No one can deny this, so far as the United States Government is concerned in its Constitution and administration and in the interpretation and enforcement of laws. We have also governments of just and equal laws in all the great commercial and successful commonwealths of the country. If we compare those States which do not have them with those which have, it is easy to see which have given greater benefits to their citizens, whether white or black.

But, my friends, our next and most interesting inquiry is, are the results of this Government satisfactory and better than those of any other country? It is within a very recent period that this

inquiry could receive no other than an immediate and affirmative answer. The development in our last decade in our industrial life has been so rapid and startling as to create considerable alarm and a large measure of unrest. Happily, our people are intelligent, universally educated, owners of homes or of property in savings banks or otherwise. While the country has increased so rapidly in wealth, general conditions have improved correspondingly. Wages have been on an upward scale, and opportunities have come to far-sighted and masterful men for the accumulation of unprecedented fortunes. As competition is intense, and all markets of the world practically one, they cause combinations of corporations into units of undreamed-of capitalization, not only in this but in other countries. The fever for sudden accumulation has infected the globe. Get-rich-quick schemes were never so successful, and Mrs. Chadwick finds no difficulty in borrowing from reputable, trained, experienced, and elderly bankers, several millions of dollars on representations which in normal times would not deceive a clerk on a salary of five dollars a week. At the same time the universal circulation of such articles as "Frenzied Finance" indicates more than curiosity, it speaks of unrest. This unrest under other forms of government would lead to socialism or anarchy. But with us anarchy gains no foothold, and socialism makes no progress. The lesson of the last election is the sanity of the American people. They found in President Roosevelt a singularly open-minded, outspoken and courageous statesman. He has tested all the powers of the laws in existence to see whether they were sufficient to correct the evils of corporate abuses or trust combinations. In doing that he had antagonized the most powerful financial interests of the country, and those which heretofore had largely influenced national elections and nominations by both parties. His action had been sustained by the Congress. He then went further and demanded from Congress legislation which should supplement the defects of existing laws, not for the dissolution or destruction of corporations, but for their regulation and the publicity for their operations, for the protection of both stockholders and the public, and for the remedy of wrongs which did or might exist.

When the American people had for the solution of the problems which caused their unrest the methods suggested by Colonel

Bryan, or by Mr. Watson, or by Mr. Debs, as opposed to those which had been put in practice by President Roosevelt, they, by a vote which was practically unanimous, not only sustained President Roosevelt, but gave him such a free hand as no other President has received in our generation, for the carrying out of his policies. Since his election and the outline of what he further proposes the country sees that he will go only so far as to secure every possible protection for every interest, individual and general, without interfering with the laws of trade or the true development of the country. The exchanges, always so sensitive, have refused to grasp the views of the alarmist, and the constant advance in prices of the securities of the companies most to be affected by the President's action is the highest tribute to his statesmanship and the sanity of the American people.

So I come to the conclusion that this last development of the operation of just and equal laws will bear the closest scrutiny and receive unanimous approval. The whole mass is uplifted to higher planes of living and of opportunity. Our country becomes foremost among nations in prosperity at home and power and influence abroad. Every man finds his place according to his capacity, industry, initiative and determination. Peace and good-will reign everywhere as in no other country and among no other people. The imagination of centuries has found brilliant exercise in poems written upon the search for the golden fleece. One of the most dramatic scenes in the history of France was when the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena and carried into the chapel of the Invalides, and all France, represented there, rose with a thrill that reached to every peasant cottage at the simple announcement, "The Emperor."

So every Puritan all over the world was thrilled as he or she has not been for a century, when Bradford's journal of the account of the voyage, the history, and the charter of the Pilgrims, which had been lost for one hundred and fifty years, was found and presented by Senator Hoar to Plymouth. Let us summon Bradford and Miles Standish and Pastor Robinson here to-night. Let them rise from Plymouth Rock and the wilderness, from the development which occurred during their lives in the weak settlements about them, and see the result of their principles worked out upon a continent by eighty millions of people. Their verdict would be that it was all the result of the

operation of just and equal laws. Miles Standish would discover that the Puritan Grant and the Puritan Sherman commanded hundreds of thousands of victorious veterans as easily as he did his army of twelve men. Governor Bradford is the only one who might be disappointed in the growth of the country or in the progress of the people, but disappointed because he would not find any such patriots as himself, for he resigned a postoffice to become a Puritan. Pastor Robinson alone of the preachers of that age gave utterance to the truth and its lesson to his followers, that God had not yet revealed the whole of His truth, and that they should keep an open mind for its receipt. He would be satisfied, for he would discover that among the millions of Puritan descendants every one has a religion of his own. We come back, then, to the *Mayflower* and to the charter framed in its cabin. Upon one line of it has been builded the greatest nation of all times, and the one which has within it the most hopeful elements for the perpetuity of prosperity, of civilization, and of liberty.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1886, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE NEW NETHERLANDERS, THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF MANHATTAN."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I do not see why you should send to New York for after-dinner speakers when you have a chairman fully equipped to make a speech upon every toast that is presented. He takes the meat, as it were, desiccates it, and leaves the shell for the unfortunate guest who is to follow. Next year we shall take him over to New York. The president of the New England Society of New York said to me: "Depew, you know a good thing when you see it. If you find anything of that sort in Philadelphia, let us know." I have found it.

I met on the train coming over here to-night a Pennsylvania Dutchman of several generations, who asked me what business called me to Philadelphia. I replied: "I am going to attend the annual banquet of the New England Society of Pennsylvania; which I understand to be the most important event that takes place in that State." He remarked: "I did not know there was such a society, nor did I know there were enough Yankees in Philadelphia to form a decent crowd around a dinner-table; because the Yankees can't make money in Philadelphia, and a Yankee never stays where he can't make money."

It is a most extraordinary thing that one should come from New York to Philadelphia for the purpose of attending a New England dinner. It is a most extraordinary thing that a New England dinner should be held in Philadelphia. Your chairman to-night spoke of the hard condition of the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock. Let me say that if the Puritans had come up the Delaware, landed here, and begun life with terrapin and canvas-back duck, there never would have been any Puritan story to be retailed from year to year at Forefathers' dinners. If William Penn had ever contemplated that around his festive

board would sit those Puritans with whom he was familiar in England, he would have exclaimed: "Let all the savages on the continent come, but not them." It is one of the pleasing peculiarities of the Puritan mind, as evinced in the admirable address of Mr. Curtis here to-night (and when you have heard Mr. Curtis, you have heard the best that a New Englander, who has been educated in New York, can do), that when they erect a monument in Philadelphia or New York to the Pilgrim or Puritan, they say: "See how these people respect the man whom they profess to revile." But they paid for them and built the monuments themselves. The only New Englanders of Philadelphia whom I have met are the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When I dine with them, enjoy their hospitality, revel in that glorious sociability which is their characteristic and charm, I think that they are Dutchmen; when I meet them in business, and am impressed with their desire to possess the earth, I think that they came over in the *Mayflower*.

There is no part of the world to-night, whether it be in the Arctic Zone, or under the equatorial sun, or in monarchies, or in despotisms, or among the Fiji Islanders, where the New Englanders are not gathered for the purpose of celebrating and feasting upon Forefathers' Day. But there is this peculiarity about the New Englander, that if he cannot find anybody to quarrel with, he gets up a controversy with himself—inside of himself. We who expect to eat this dinner annually—and to take the consequences—went along peacefully for years with the understanding that the 22d of December was the day, when it suddenly broke out that the New Englander, within himself, had got up a dispute that the 21st was the day. I watched it with interest, because I always knew that when a Yankee got up a controversy with anybody else, it was for his profit; and I wondered how he could make anything by having a quarrel with himself. Then I found that he ate both the dinners with serene satisfaction! But why should a Dutchman—a man of Holland descent—bring "coals to Newcastle" by coming here among the Pennsylvania Dutch for the purpose of attending a New Englander dinner? It is simply another tribute extorted by the conqueror from the conquered people, in compelling him not only to part with his possessions, his farms, his sisters, his daughters, but to attend the feast, to see devoured the things

raised upon his own farm, and then to assist the conqueror to digest them by telling him stories.

My first familiarity with the Boston mind and its peculiarities was when I was a small boy, in that little Dutch hamlet on the Hudson where I was born, when we were electrified by the State Superintendent of Massachusetts coming to deliver us an address. He said: "My children, there was a little flaxen-haired boy in a school that I addressed last year; and when I came over this year, he was gone. Where do you suppose he had gone?" One of our little Dutch innocents replied, "To Heaven." "Oh no, my boy," the Superintendent said, "he is a clerk in a store in Boston."

Josiah Winslow said that the Connecticut River was the dividing line between the Continent of New England and the Continent of America; and he foresaw the time, in his imagination, when there should grow up, upon the eastern side of the Connecticut River, a population of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, who would enjoy their homes, their liberties, civil and religious, and build up a State. He never looked forward to that time, in the evolution of the species, when the New England farm would pass from the hands of the Puritan into the possession of the Irishman, who would cultivate it and earn a living where the Yankee could not live, and who would threaten the supremacy of New England faith and the supremacy of New England politics. If he had looked forward, he would have rejoiced in the fact that in the expansion of the New England idea and in the exodus of the New England Pilgrim, the Yankee marched forth over the continent to possess it and to build it up in the interests of civil and religious liberty; so that instead of a few hundred thousands on the sterile hills of New England, sixty millions of people should rise up and call him blessed in the plenitude of a power, a greatness, and a future unequaled among the nations of the earth.

If from any of the planets in our sphere there should come a being endowed with larger perceptions and observations than our own, and not familiar with our civilization or creeds, and he should drop in at a New England dinner anywhere to-night, he might ask, "Who are these people?" and he would be told, "They are the people who claim to have created this great Republic, and to have put into it all that is in it that is worth pre-

serving." If he should ask, "What is their creed and faith, and what do they worship?" he would be told to wait and listen to their speeches. When finally he had gone out, he would say, "They worship their forefathers and themselves." And yet there is not a descendant of the Pilgrims in this room to-night who could stay in a ten-acre lot for three hours with his ancestors, to save his soul. There is not one of those gaunt, ascetic, and bigoted men who sang through his nose and talked cant, as described here so effectively on the other side of the picture presented by Mr. Curtis, who would not have every one of his descendants here to-night put into the lock-up as roysterer blades, dangerous to the morals of the community; but, nevertheless, I can join in that measure of sweet song, of magnificent adulation, and superb eulogium which has been given to us from the tongue and pen of one who has no equal among our speakers and writers.

The Puritan was a grand character. He was a grand character because of what he was and did, and because of what circumstances made him. Fighting with the State for his liberty, he learned to doubt, and then to deny, the divine right of kings. Fighting with the Church for his conscience, its possession and expression, he learned to doubt, and then to deny, the divine right of hierarchies; but this created within him that spirit which made him recognize that the only foundation of the Church, if it will live, that the only foundation of the State, if it will be free, is man and the manhood of individuals. The family idea of all ages created the patriarch and his rule, the chieftain of the tribe and his rule, the despot and his rule, the military chieftain and his rule, the feudal lord and his rule; every step illumining the individual, crushing liberty, producing despotism, making the riders and the ridden; but when the Puritan discovered, as he enunciated in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, that there should be just and equal laws, and before those laws all men should stand equal; when he carried out in his administration that here should be the township as the basis of the State, and the State as the unit out of which should be created the Republic, then he discovered the sublime and eternal principle which solves all difficulties of home rule and modern liberty.

Now this magnificent man never would have amounted to much—never would have founded a State, never would have

builded a Government—if Providence had not sent him to Holland among my ancestors. The Pilgrim who went to Holland, and there learned toleration; there learned to respect the rights, the opinions, and liberties of others; there learned the principle of the common school and universal education; when he got to Plymouth Rock never burned witches, never hanged Quakers, never drove out Baptists; he always fought against all this. It was the Puritan, twenty thousand strong, who came years afterward, who did those things; and, except for the leaven of the Pilgrim who had been to Holland, the Puritan would not be celebrated here to-night. Four hundred of them went to Holland, every man with a creed of his own and anxious to burn at the stake the other three hundred and ninety-nine because they did not agree with him; but being there enlightened, they discovered the magnificence of the universe. All over Holland, they saw compulsory school education sustained by the State. They found a country in which there was universal toleration of religion; in which the persecuted Jew could find an asylum; in which even the Inquisitor could be safe from the vengeance of his enemies; and there, after they had been prepared to found a State, and to build it, when they got down to Delfshaven to depart, the Dutchmen, in their hospitality, gave them a farewell dinner as a send-off. It was the first good dinner they had ever had—the first square meal the Puritan had ever eaten. It followed that when they went on board the ship they were happy and they were—full. I do not know whether the word “full” had the same significance in those times that it has now, or not. And then Pastor Robinson preached the sermon in the afternoon, in which he told them that the whole truth was not given to Luther, though he thought so, nor to Calvin, though his disciples said so; but that in the future there would be a development of the truth which they must nurse and evolve. See how they have nursed and evolved it! Why, they have nursed and evolved that truth into so many creeds and doctrines on the sterile hills of New England, that they deny the existence of a heaven—many of them; and many more would deprive us of the comforts of a hell for—some people.

Now who were those people who founded New Netherland, and who entertained so hospitably those Puritans and gave them such a grand send-off? I remember that a vicious and

irate adherent of the Stuarts says, in his history, looking with vengeance upon the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England, that the Puritan and the Hollander were shaken out of the same bag. And so they were. The same vigorous Northern stock came down to settle upon the marshes of Holland and in the fens of England. The stock that remained in England produced Pym and Hampden, and Sidney and Russell, with a cross of Swedish pirate or Northern conqueror; but the original stock which went to Holland fought off forever, during its whole existence, the power of the Roman Empire; fought off the hordes of barbarians who came down upon the ruins of the Roman Empire; fought off all the forces and powers of medieval chivalry, and won their grand victory when they took from the sea herself a land, that upon it they might govern themselves upon the principles of their own manhood and of civil and religious liberty. Those people were not a selfish people; but they liked to be by themselves and to govern themselves. Theirs was precisely the sentiment of the Hebrew speculator in Wall Street recently, who, when he had scooped everybody about him, gathered his co-conspirators around the festive board and said to them, "Now, shentlemen, we feel shust as if we were among ourselves."

Holland, at a time when there was no light for man elsewhere in the world, preserved the principles of civil liberty. Holland, at a time when learning was crushed out or buried in the monasteries, had her asylums, her libraries, and her universities. Holland, at a time when the bigotry of the Church crushed out all expression of conscience and individual belief, had her toleration and religious liberty. For a century Holland was the safe-deposit company of the rights of man. For a century Holland was the electric light which illumined the world and saved mankind.

But, gentlemen, how did your forefathers repay my ancestors for all this kindness? Why, you came over to New York to teach school, and you got into the confiding Dutch families; you married their daughters; and then, as the able son-in-law, you administered upon the estate and you gave us—what was left. Yet I am willing to admit that the Dutchmen never could have colonized this country or created this Republic. I am willing to admit that my ancestors were too pleasure-loving,

comfort-loving, and home-loving. They needed just that strain which you have, which is never tired, never restful, never at peace; just that strain which, receiving sufficient capital to start with from my ancestors, went out and crossed the borders and built up all these grand Western and Northwestern States, and carried civilization across the continent to the Pacific Coast. You go into a territory, you organize the men of all nationalities and of all languages who are there into a territorial government; then you organize them into a state; then you take the governorships and the judgeships; then you found the capital at the place where you own all the town-lots; then you bring the territory into the Union, and the glory and perfection of the federal principle is vindicated. But without you and just these incentives we never would have had an American Republic as great and glorious as it is.

But with all your selfishness, with all your desire for profit, for self, for gain, there is this underlying principle in the Yankee: in every community which he founds, in every State which he builds, he carries with him the church; he carries with him the school-house. He may want money, and he will get it if he can; he may want property, and he will get it if he can; but, first and foremost, he must have liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech—all of liberty that belongs to a man, consonant with the liberty of others; and he must have that same liberty for every man beside himself.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF
WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 22, 1897.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: That I should leave New York late this afternoon and travel two hundred and forty miles to dine with you seems to justify the charge so often made against me, that I will go any distance for a dinner. But the fact that the dinner is the frugal fare of the Puritans also proves that I am not particular about the dinner.

Nothing better illustrates the progress of our century and the difference between the days of the forefathers and our own than this trip. A busy man of affairs, I left New York at the close of business hours, I am in Washington in time for this celebration, having prepared my speech on the route, and, sleeping comfortably in the car, will be at my office again before business hours in the morning.

My ancestors having arrived in this country among the early settlers, on the one side in New York, on the other in New England, and having fallen in love and married in the old-fashioned way, without regard to race or creed, I can claim a membership of nearly every one of the national societies.

First comes the Scotch, whose dinner is made digestible by the bagpipes and indigestible by haggis, and whose glory in literature and philosophy no one can dispute. I have enough Scotch blood to know that a Scotchman keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on. Next comes my own Dutch Knickerbocker compatriots, who, believing that Holland kept alive the spark of civil and religious liberty, and happy in the wisdom of their far-sighted ancestors, pre-empted the land on Manhattan Island. Then the sons of St. Patrick revel in wit and eloquence, while the Welshman displays the intellect of Gladstone and the obstinacy of an army mule.

But for real, solid, unmistakable and honest claiming of all that there is in this country, and much that there is in the world, of which the nineteenth century can boast and the twentieth

century hope for, the Yankee takes the palm. Yet no student of American history and no American can fail to accord to the forefathers nearly everything which their descendants claim for them. The Homeric epic, the immortal poem of Virgil, and the Niebelungenlied have interested and inspired all the ages, but the simple story of the Pilgrim fathers leaving their comfortable homes, abandoning their property and risking their lives by crossing the ocean and settling in an inhospitable wilderness, simply for the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of their conscience and of enjoying the priceless benefits of civil and religious liberty, is far and away nobler, higher and more impressive education than all the deeds of all the warriors and conquerors in the epics and histories of the past.

We draw the line between the Pilgrim and the Puritan. The Pilgrims learned valuable lessons during their eleven years in Holland. Dutch hospitality, the open doors of the Dutch University, the beneficence of universal education and the benefits of religious tolerance made upon them an indelible impression. The forty families who in the cabin of the *Mayflower* signed the immortal charter, first in the history of nations of the equality of all men before the law, did more for liberty and for the upbuilding of these United States than the twenty thousand Puritans who came after them. The Pilgrims burned no witches, banished no human being for conscience sake, but lived their godly lives with peace even with the Indians. They welcomed and protected all who would come to them and share their fortunes.

But the Puritan forefathers, imbued with the spirit of the Old Testament, and feeling little the lessons of the New, were very different persons. For seventy years they would not permit a lawyer in their colonies, which, perhaps, was not an unmixed evil, but the clergy wanted to make and execute the laws. They created a theocratic government. We find many of their peculiarities in our own time. They were the progenitors of the political leader whom we sometimes designate as the "boss." They believed in liberty, but only for those who agreed with them. They believed in free speech, but only for those who preached as they taught and from their texts. They treated summarily the mugwumps of their day. They flogged them and bored their ears. The mugwumps were the Quakers, whom

they punished, and the Hutchinsons, whom they expelled. The leader of independent thought and independent action in the church, which was then the political party, was Roger Williams. He found that there was no place for an independent politician in the Puritan theocracy, and so he set up, on Narragansett Bay, a republic of absolute tolerance in religion and freedom of thought and expression. Old Cotton Mather, the imperious leader or Puritan "boss," denounced Williams' settlement as the home of everything that was vicious, revolutionary, and criminal in religion and politics. To quote his own words, "Rhode Island is occupied by Antinomians, Anabaptists, Quakers, Ranters, and everything else but Christians, the receptacle of the convicts of Jerusalem and the outcasts of the land." Ammunition was scarce and dear, and so the Puritans passed laws punishing any who wasted it by unnecessary fusilades, except the gun was directed against wolves or Indians—there was no close season for shooting Indians.

But the grand merit of these bigots was that they could both suffer for conscience's sake and could learn the lesson of experience. They evolved into the most liberal conditions and hospitable and enlightened charity for the opinions of others, not by the clash of arms, but by open-mindedness. They were wedded to Church and State, but they separated the Church from the State when they saw the union was not consistent with religious liberty. They recognized that all government is based upon the consent of the governed, and, above all, they built their republic, not upon the masses, but upon the individual. Their high thinking has carried them so far that wherever there is a Yankee there is a church and a creed as individual as himself. They practiced slavery, and yet the Puritan Lovejoy and the Puritan John Brown could, in after years, with the unanimous approval of the Puritans, die for the freedom of the slave.

Whenever there has been a great crisis in our history, the leaders of beneficent revolution have been the ever-expanding descendants from the Puritan stock. It was Sherman, of the Connecticut Shermans, of whom I am glad to be one, who made the brilliant march to the sea. It was Grant of the Massachusetts Grants, who was not only the great commander, but the patriot and statesman in the hour of victory. And it was a Lin-

coln from the Lincolns of New England who signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Stephen A. Douglas once said that New England was a great place to emigrate from. The roving peculiarity of the Puritan and his descendants has been the salvation of the United States. They have gone into our new territories, and with their inherited talent as state builders, they have erected commonwealths which now form, from the West and the Northwest and the Pacific slope, the strength, the glory and the hope of our country. Though always outnumbered, they have impressed their individuality upon the institutions of all these States; they have carried everywhere the church and the school-house.

Religion and universal education have been their methods of solving popular discontent and promoting popular prosperity and happiness. They have believed and demonstrated the truth of their faith, that a home is not territorial and ancestral, but is the spot where the man has worked out his own problems in life, and, in working them out, has promoted the best interests of the family, of the community, of the State, and of the country. They have kept alive their Puritan traditions by journeying occasionally on Thanksgiving day to the old homestead, to impair their digestions with many kinds of New England pie, and strengthen their faith by a new baptism of New England "piety." While few of them stay in Boston, and while they have given it over to the Irish, yet, as between Heaven and Boston, they give the odds to Boston. Saint Peter remarked to the Yankee who was criticising the pearly gates and the golden streets, "You must remember that this is not Boston—only Heaven." I met the other day a type of the Silas Lapham, of Howell's delightful story, who said that, having made a fortune and settled on the Back Bay, he had made up his mind to repair the deficiencies of early education, and had just completed the reading of Shakespeare. I asked him what was his opinion of the great dramatist. "Very high," said he, "I do not believe there are more than ten men in Boston who could have written that book!"

The world moves in circles, and what has been will be. The Puritan ministers, when they governed, admitted nobody to a share in the government, except its supporters. So, after nearly three hundred years, we find the sons of the Puritan missionaries

in Hawaii following an ancestral precept, and admitting nobody to share in their government, except those who will support them.

The Puritans, after testing different standards of finance, argued themselves into the belief that permanent prosperity could only be had by a single standard, and one which could not be disturbed. To maintain this standard they borrowed money in England at fifty per cent. interest, so poor was their credit, or so deficient their financier, Captain Miles Standish. They, however, were willing to assist their neighbors who differed from them in opinion. When they found that the currency of the Indians was wampum, they established wampum factories, and, sending their agents among the tribes, they gathered the valuable furs and pelts, and bought the Indian's land. The Indian financier, richer than ever in the amount of the currency which was in circulation, woke up one day to the rude realization that his property was gone and for it he had money which had lost its value. Governor Kieft, the Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, finding coin scarce, and having no mint, nor silver mines, nor paper mills, decreed that a certain shell should become the currency of New York. The intelligent Puritan, always anxious to aid his neighbor, immediately explored the sea coasts of New England for this shell, found it in enormous quantities, polished it up and made it better looking than that which the New Amsterdam treasury had put in circulation; and with that currency the Yankee bought most of the old silver and large quantities of the old furniture which the frugal Dutchmen had brought from Holland. Much of the *Mayflower* furniture, now found in every New England family, was the result of this assistance in their finances rendered by the Yankees of the sixteenth century to the Dutchmen of the same century on Manhattan Island. New York's reputation as the center of the gold-bug conspiracy is due to the fact that it still has a lively memory of its once having lost its property and held the shells.

Plymouth Rock is now only a portable stone, inclosed in the park in the old village for the reverence of every one; but there is no part of the United States where we cannot find Plymouth Rock hens and Plymouth Rock pants.

Every age has its problems. Pastor Robinson planted the dynamite of truth in the Pilgrim mind when, in his farewell

sermon, he said that God had not yet revealed the whole of His truth to any man. With the close of the nineteenth century there has come a change in American conditions as radical as that brought about by the Revolutionary War. The Pilgrim enacted his charter in the cabin of the *Mayflower* to establish a government in the new world.

The Revolutionary War was fought that the people of the new world might govern themselves and be free, not only from European dictation, but also from all European entanglements or political associations. The young Republic welcomed the immigrant, because it intended to make of him and his, American citizens, because it meant to utilize the brains and the moral and physical power of the newcomers for the development within itself of the American Republic. The farewell address of George Washington was imbued with the spirit of America for Americans. The revenue policy of Alexander Hamilton, which was concurred in by all the early patriots, was for the purpose of utilizing and promoting American resources and American industries, and for the absolute industrial independence of the United States of all other countries.

The legislation of a hundred years has been purely internal. We have built our steamboats, dug our canals, constructed our railroads, strung the wires upon our telegraph poles for American commerce between the States and for the American factory and the American farm to supplement and support each other. Our limitless resources, our exhaustless wealth of coal and iron and wood, our vast capacity in gold and silver and our inventive genius brought about the era of overproduction and exceeding cheapness. Our population became restive and our politicians warlike. It has been the device of kings from time immemorial to allay popular discontent and give employment to the idle by provoking wars. That is not the way in which Republics should work out their destiny or promote the happiness of the people. We all saw, in the unrest of the country and in the despair of the unemployed and of the people of small means and small business the rapidly closing conditions for the eager seeking or acceptance of war. A change has come almost in a night. That change will make the United States of the twentieth century stand for peace. The wildest dreamer of even five years ago would not have predicted that the products of our factories and

mills could compete in their own markets with the manufactures of the old world. But the carpets of Yonkers are being sold at Kidderminster, the rails of Pittsburgh are being laid down in Liverpool, and the great bridge which Holland is to build over one of its inland seas was captured by an American iron firm against all European competition as to price, though denied the Americans from patriotic motives.

The alarm over the competition of American goods has been sounded in the Austrian and German Parliaments by their far-sighted statesmen. It is seen in the hasty legislation of France. Its restiveness is felt in the public opinion of Great Britain. Our democracy produces a skill and ambition in our artisans by which they do more and better work in eight hours than their European competitors in ten. Our coal and iron are cheaper at the factory and at the furnace by far than the coal and iron of the old world at their factories and furnaces. Our inventive genius is constantly evolving better and more economical methods of production, and the machine of to-day is cast aside at once by the enterprising Yankee for the better one of to-morrow, while his European rival clings to the old machine until it is worn out. Our low rates for transportation, which are one-quarter those of European countries, have annihilated space. They have brought our cheaper raw material alongside our improved methods and our more intelligent artisans, and are carrying the product to our seaboard and the markets of the world.

For the twentieth century the mission of the United States is peace; peace, that it may capture the markets of the world; peace, that it may find the places where its surplus products, not only of food, but of labor, can meet with a profitable return.

President McKinley has struck the keynote of this expanding policy of our country, and recognized that our mission has changed from purely internal development to foreign commerce, in the note which he has sounded so loudly and so clearly for peace.

Thus the twentieth century will reverse the nineteenth and the eighteenth, the seventeenth and the sixteenth, and the United States will enter hopefully upon its larger mission.

INAUGURAL UNION LEAGUE CLUB

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNION LEAGUE
CLUB OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

GENTLEMEN: Mr. friend Mr. Cannon says: "Now is a good time for you to say something to the club."

Mr. Cannon's suggestions are always wise, and I adopt his advice not to deliver a formal inaugural, but to express my acknowledgments. Those who have braved the frightful storm to-night to come here deserve to be entertained by the choicest eloquence, and while I cannot meet this demand, let me hope you will not regret not having stayed out in the rain. In common with all American citizens of proper age, I have always regarded it as a possible and probable event to be elected President of the United States, but never in my most ambitious mood did I hope for or aspire to the presidency of the Union League Club. It is the unexpected which gives the greatest gratification, and in returning thanks for the honor with which you have so pleasantly and cordially surprised me, I can only say that it is the highest compliment of a lifetime. But it is not to hear expressions, however deep, earnest, and heartfelt, that we are met here to-night. There is no nobler subject for thought, no more suggestive history, than this club of which we are all proud to be members. Of the vast numbers of men proposed but few are nominated; of those nominated but few are elected; and so our organization illustrates and proves the truth and excellence of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest.

The Union League Club is the only such institution in this country which owes its creation to the spirit of unselfishness and sacrifice. Social clubs spring from the desire of men for pleasure and companionship; race and national clubs glorify and aid their people or country; political clubs secure places and preferment for their members; but our patriotic founders organized that they might give more effectively of their time, their money, and their lives to the salvation of the imperiled Government.

Charity, which covers a multitude of sins, finds none in its

history which needs the oblivion of her broad mantle, but her spirit dominated the birth of the club. It was no ordinary assistance, no commonplace subscription that was required, but the messengers of mercy were to go upon the battlefields and into the camps and hospitals, carrying relief, succor, love, and life; smoothing, if need be, the pathway to the grave but oftener restoring the sick or wounded soldier to health and duty, or saving him for his home and the gratitude of his countrymen; and this was part of the early work of the Union League.

It is the special pride and glory of our part in the war of the rebellion that we first recognized the fact that if four million of slaves were to be enfranchised and incorporated into the body politic, they must be permitted to assert their manhood and learn the value of liberty by fighting and dying for it. When it armed and equipped six thousand men for the Army, it performed a great service, but when it raised and sent forward a colored regiment it accomplished a work of inestimable value. Race hatred made even the streets of New York unsafe for the freedman. He was hunted like a wild beast by wild beasts in human form; he was hung on lamp-posts and starved and burned, and business boycott and social ostracism awaited those who befriended him. Then it was that the Union League clothed him in the uniform of the soldier of the Union, gave him the flag of the Republic and the gun with which to defend it, and, closing about the negro regiment, marched as its escort through Broadway. By this act of moral courage the scales were removed from the eyes of the American people, and in the manhood of the freedman the South saw the collapse of the Confederacy and the North the solution of the problem of enfranchisement. Pursuing with un-deviating steps the principles it had established, that in a Republic all men, without regard to race or creed or previous conditions, should be equal before the law, the club did not relax its efforts until it had seen, and largely by its labor secured, the adoption into the Constitution of the United States of the results won by the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure.

While at the close of the war other organizations, formed with a like object, disbanded, their work done, the far-sighted founders of this club clearly saw that in a free government the battle is ever set between right and wrong, between wisdom and folly, between truth and fallacy, between patriotism and dema-

gogy, and they resolved to perpetuate an institution which should be the best of social clubs, but in a broad and national sense should struggle for the maintenance of sound principles and the election of good men for the management of the Republic. The safety and continuance of government by the people rest upon the ballot-box. For a generation, at one time and another, the expression of the popular will has been defeated by fraud, and the temporary indignation of the defeated party over, partisans congratulated each other upon the success of the trick and schemed to beat it in the future. The resentment over the false returns in 1868 would have died out as before, except that in this club existed the power for organized and continued agitation. And it ceased not until the registry had been secured and the Federal election laws enacted. In doing this we builded better than we knew, for had it not been for the Federal supervisor with the power of the nation behind him, the intimidated vote and the tissue ballot would have subverted the Government. It was necessary for the preservation of the rights and liberties gained by the Civil War, that the party which had successfully carried it on should administer the affairs of the Republic until a loyal generation had grown up, and this was secured only by the protection which the election laws give to the ballot.

At a time when both political parties and all politicians and public men believed that party success was dependent upon the rigid enforcement of the rule that to the victors belong the spoils, this club proclaimed the necessity of civil service reform. The declaration was received with universal derision, and contemptuously dismissed from every political council in the land. Government—National, State, and Municipal—was run upon feudal principles. Public officers held that their allegiance was, first, to the power which appointed them, next, to their party, and lastly, to the service of which they were the employees. Senators and Congressmen rested their fortunes and their power, like the barons of old or the daimios of Japan, upon the number of their retainers who were supported by the State. But to-day civil service reform is the creed of all parties and has found recognition upon the statute book. It may be temporarily defeated by subterfuges of “offensive partisanship,” but we have surely placed the public service upon the business basis of competitive examination, of competence, of integrity, and of removal only for cause.

The reforms inaugurated by this club, and its assistance in overturning rings and combinations, are part of the best history of our country, our State, and our city of New York, and while time does not allow me to describe them in detail, no mention of our past and present would be complete which did not enforce our efforts for honest currency and sound finance. Next to the suppression of the rebellion, no question is of such vital importance.

This club represents in its membership a majority of the business interests of the metropolis, and has always had the courage to assert its convictions. The crisis of "fiat money" was more perilous than the present. With mills closed, industry paralyzed, and credit unstable, popular passion sought, with blind energy, a remedy or a victim. The wild cries against bondholders, coupon cutters, and banks consolidated the West and South and drove them into a delirium for revolution or unlimited and irredeemable paper.

This club furnished the nucleus for resistance and for education; by speeches and pamphlets it appealed to the intelligence of the country, working with and through every agency of popular expression, and in the resumption of specie payments national and individual credit were preserved. Only theorists were interested in paper, but to-day a powerful and very wealthy industry stands behind and furnishes the sinews of war to the theorists in the fight for silver. The West and the South are again consolidated by appeals to prejudice, and argument is consumed in unreasoning anger against what are termed money centers, capitalists, national banks, and bondholders.

Men forget that labor has a larger stake than capital in honest money. They forget that depreciated currency, just in proportion as it is below the standard of gold, robs first the producer and the wage worker. We are a commercial nation, and our currency must conform to accepted values. Our credit is of the highest: let it not be impaired. Out of the depression of four years we are entering upon a longer career of business prosperity. It can only be retarded by our own folly. We must not lose our gold by permitting the debased dollar to drive it abroad; we must not encourage an unhealthy speculation, to be followed by bankruptcy; we must stop the compulsory coinage of silver.

It has been ever the pride and glory of the Union League to

welcome to its house, and to put upon its roll of honor the heroes of the war, and to place their portraits in its gallery. As one by one they have passed away, it has enshrined the deeds and memories of the dead in imperishable form in its records, and cherished with more loving regard the fast fading remnant left behind. When only a few months since the great chieftain was borne to his last resting place in our city, and the whole nation formed his escort, the procession was led by a soldier who seemed to typify in his manly presence all the nobility and chivalry of war, and to-day he follows his commander to the silent land. General Winfield Scott Hancock has been our guest at a reception memorable for its representative character. We answered his appeal for help in the crisis of his campaign with new regiments and with money, and he was among our honorary members. Of all our generals he was in appearance the ideal soldier. His splendid physique, his martial bearing, and his chivalric courage made him the idol of his troops and endeared him to his countrymen. He stood like a wall at Gettysburg and saved the North from invasion; he charged like a crusader at the Wilderness and snatched victory from defeat. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, McClellan's dispatch to his wife which thrilled the country, "Hancock was superb to-day"; and when the accounts came of the conflict we learned that it was the bayonet charge led by himself which turned the tide of battle and saved the Army. We drop our tears upon his bier, we extend our tenderest sympathies to her he loved so well and who was so worthy of his love, and reverently lay in the grave the body of "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die."

But great as have been the services of this club and powerful as is its influence, its strength and perpetuity are in its unequaled social opportunities and appointments. Only dangers and emergencies of the most urgent character will call citizens to a meeting or secure sustained effort for progress or reform. The organizations which have been formed for these purposes soon die out. This great city is too large for the concentration of public sentiment in united effort for its best interests.

Everyone believes the city capable of taking care of itself; we are deficient in local patriotism and pride, and it is fashionable to decry and despise official life and public men. I remember many years ago, that, while a member of the Legislature, I per-

formed some service for New York which led some citizens to pay me that highest form of metropolitan compliment and reward—a dinner. At the table were many of the men who had the largest stake in good government by controlling the greatest business interests and having the most wealth. Not one of them could name his alderman, his member of Assembly, or his Senator. Few of them ever voted, except at presidential elections, and none of them had ever attended a primary or a caucus. But they were unanimous in decrying the degeneracy of public life, in stating their distrust of any business or professional man who took office, and in complaining of bad government and exorbitant taxation. Said the then largest merchant in the city, "I never give credit to a man who takes office." I answered, "If in a government by the people you refuse to take part and treat with ostracism and contempt those who do, you alone are responsible for the low standard of official morals and bring upon yourselves all the bad legislation from which you suffer."

But in the congregations which the attractions of our club bring here, a partial remedy is found for the dangerous and growing evil of private neglect of public duty. It is both wise and proper that it should be a party club, not in a slavish spirit of unquestioning support of men and measures bearing the party stamp, but in the broad spirit which can both criticise and resent, and thus largely influence the action of the political organization to which it belongs. We should make this the best clubhouse in the world. Let its cuisine be unapproachable, its service restful and comforting. Let it be the home of art, and its library, its reading rooms, its nooks and alcoves, its places for amusement and recreation fitted for every taste and refinement. Next to our homes, we should love to be here. During each month the members in these halls, in new acquaintances and in old acquaintances ripening into friendship, would strengthen themselves and increase the collective influence of the club. The attachment which binds the collegian to his secret society should be the loyalty which the Union League receives. Then will it become identified with the best efforts and most pleasurable hours of active life, and in old age our choicest recollections will be of happy days, of memorable nights, of noble friendships at the club.

INAUGURAL UNION LEAGUE CLUB

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNION
LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1887.

GENTLEMEN: I return you my thanks for the confidence exhibited by this second election to the presidency. It is an honor the more highly appreciated as one knows better the character of the club. I know of no position outside of official life so grateful to a citizen of New York. This organization differs widely from the other clubs which form so large a part of the social life of our city, in supplementing conditions for enjoyment equal to any of them, with an origin identified with an heroic period and an active and aggressive public spirit.

I am happy to report that the onerous and exacting duties of the past year have left your presiding officer in excellent health and with unimpaired powers. I am led from my experience with the administration and cares of this exalted position to doubt the reports, so common in the daily press, that the labors and duties of government are undermining the constitutions and shortening the lives of those who have in charge the destinies of the Republic. I believe their impaired health and failing vitality are due to other causes than the performance of official duty. It is true that the president of the Union League is freed from those dissensions within and assaults from without which harass the chief magistrate of the Nation. The President of the United States canvasses the opinions of his party and discovers, that so far as they are voiced by its leading representatives and newspaper organs, there is a startling unanimity in disapproval of his course and anxiety that he may not be renominated. He looks for comfort to the partisans who voted against him, and finds them serenely contemplating a new campaign, under their own banner and for one of their own faith.

But within these walls no strifes exist. There is always substantial unanimity. It is not because there is a dead level of common sentiment and opinion. It is not for the reason

that we are deficient in opinionated, bumptious, and egotistical members, or men of marked, aggressive, and original ideas. Every element of diverse and warring conditions is here, and we are within ourselves a miniature republic. The reason these antagonisms do not break out in revolt, in revolution, and divide us into hostile camps, is because the government of the club is a faithful reproduction of the ancient Athenian democracy. Sixteen hundred members agreeing in the main upon the great questions which divide the country, and yet retaining the healthy friction of individual differences, render a loyal support to the management because in our democracy each so frequently has the opportunity to participate. The committees formulate our policy and opinions, and once a month the whole club criticises, amends, disapproves, or affirms. We admit that sixty millions of people could not govern themselves in that way; but the Athenian democracy, which produced the greatest poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen of antiquity; which treated every citizen who believed the State could not exist without him, to banishment or the hemlock; which fostered and encouraged genius in every department of human intelligence—adopted as the model for government by the Union League Club, has given it permanence and power, and has made it an important and ever present factor in the public affairs of the Republic.

It would not be possible for any man to speak, in acknowledgment of his elevation to the presidency of this organization, without saying something of the spirit which underlies it and in which it was born. This club lives not in the past; but it is proud of the past. It is not dependent upon what has gone before, but it has the inspiration of all the glorious things which placed it in being and have been the impetus of its life. It was created, not as clubs usually are where men of similar pursuits, thoughts, inclinations, and social tendencies gather for mutual amusement, recreation, and the passing of idle hours; but at a time such as never before existed and we trust never will again—at a time when the country was in the throes of a revolution which threatened the national life; which threatened to engulf every interest and even liberty itself in a common ruin—this club sprang into existence. For the past thirty years, no matter what may have been said in derogation of this city, New York has been the metropolis of the nation. No matter what her

government, or the criticisms upon it, the opinion of New York was vital in the affairs of the nation and to its civilization and progress. New York occupied much the same relation to the country, and does to-day, as Paris long did to France, though one not quite so potential. It was an anomaly, it was insufferable, when the Republic was in the very agony of dissolution, that the city of New York should be in sympathy with those who favored its overthrow, and that its moral force should be on the side of the destruction of our institutions. It was to place New York where the city should be, to cultivate and concentrate and give expression to the loyal and patriotic sentiment of the metropolis; it was to infuse into our citizens a love of country which would be felt from one end of the land to the other; it was to put down disloyalty here and rebellion elsewhere, that the Union League Club was organized. It accomplished that mission, and in the most signal way. But the Union League Club is abreast of the times and the questions of the hour. When the issues of a purely patriotic character were settled, it lived on to take the phase of a social club, retaining always its natal spirit of interest in the public affairs of the day and the expression of its views upon them. To the Union League Club was largely due the impelling force which carried through the Reconstruction Acts, and put into the Constitution of the United States in permanent and enduring form the results won upon our battlefields; which fought out in the press, in public prints, and upon the platform the principles of sound finance and honest currency, and maintained the national honor and credit.

The club bears no animosities. It recognizes the conditions as they exist to-day, and will meet those which arise to-morrow without regard to the past. When it was developed that the war was actually over; that the great surging, resurrecting influences of universal liberty and unification were felt in the development of industries in all parts of the land; when the South, disenthralled and regenerated, found in its new life marvelous wealth and prosperity; when it sent here on the 21st day of December last an eloquent representative of its people, who, in a speech of twenty minutes, won a national fame, because he recognized a re-established brotherhood and oneness of national spirit in every part of our land—the first to welcome and to cheer was the Union League Club.

We are in the midst of events which, on the surface, appear to threaten revolution, the overturning of our social relations, a permanent disturbance of the industrial conditions of the country, the loss of credit, and the paralysis of employment for labor and capital—but they are not. There is that seething and bubbling of the elements which always precedes and accompanies great industrial and national prosperity. There never was a time when the signs were brighter for the healthful investment of capital and the remunerative employment of labor, for the development of the vast, the incalculable opportunities for national wealth and growth, than to-day. The anarchist sees that if there is to be universal prosperity nobody will join in the disruption of the State and society. The socialist knows that if there is to be a well-paid and permanent employment for labor, with its savings going into banks and homesteads, he will have no following for a general distribution of property, and the leveling of all to the standard of the least competent, industrious, and skilful. The labor agitator—who has no other vocation, who lives by assessing those whom he orders to strike, who can prosper himself only in periods of general distress, when men are looking anywhere and everywhere for help and relief—would stop the good times coming if he could, because in universal prosperity there is no place for him, and he must work. The Union League Club appreciates these conditions, and its voice is heard from one end of the land to the other in favor of law, of order, and all that tends to prosperity, happiness, and content; it is on the side of the largest liberty of the individual to do as he pleases with his muscles and brains—to work when he likes and be idle when he chooses, with no man or organization to molest or intimidate him.

We had, during the past year, a celebration in this club which marked a most important event in the history of the Republic. Great battles are not controlling causes of success in mighty revolutions. There have been only fifteen decisive battles of the world, according to authority, out of the hundreds of thousands which have been fought. The occasion which called us together was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when the first regiment of colored troops, one which this club had raised, marched down Broadway accompanied by all our members. The multitude and magnitude of the crises and events

since then have obscured its importance, and it seems to belong to ancient history, but it is within most of our recollections. It was the significant recognition by the Union League Club of the lines upon which victory must be won, of the broad, deep, and enduring foundations which must be laid under the reconstructed Republic. It meant the citizenship of all men upon like conditions, and their equality before the law. When, to emphasize their work, this club marched down Broadway with that regiment, braving a hostile mob, and their wives, who had presented its flag, rode along defying the social ostracism of the hour, the news, flashing over the country and penetrating the rebel line, inspired hope in the breast of every negro and poor white, and was a revelation to the world of the possibility and necessity of union without slavery, and with full citizenship and the broadest liberty as the common right of all. It meant the peace and perpetuity of the nation.

We kept still abreast of the times when we recognized the full significance and spirit of that magnificent gift which the French people made to America. In our busy life, in the whirl and rush of our industrial and material pursuits, the people of this country did not for a while feel the generous spirit of this tribute. It was first recognized in this club, and a committee raised to prosecute the enterprise until its completion. It was by the exertion of that committee, and the triumphant efforts of the *World* newspaper, that the pedestal was built and America put in a position honorably to receive the Statue of Liberty. When Bartholdi arrived, accompanied by the representatives of the French Republic, they were received within these walls, not only as guests, not only with ordinary hospitality, but with all the honors the club could bestow, and with the representatives of every department of the Government to join in the salutation and welcome. It was telegraphed through the country, and aroused the enthusiasm of the olden time; flashed by the cable under the ocean, renewing the memories of a hundred years ago; and the world saw that the friendship of nations, surviving the centuries and keeping pace with the years, could grow brighter as the generations descend.

I desire to call your attention to a subject in which I think the club can take a peculiarly appropriate and important interest. There are at present no great questions occupying our minds or

time. But there are matters outside of political issues, and in the field of general discussion and controversy, which are important constituents of the forces of education and culture, or rather the germs of national character. Among them none are more important than the encouragement and development of art. Our club has in its gallery, at each monthly meeting, the best pictures of the different foreign schools, and on one memorable night during the year we were gratified and surprised by the success of the committee in collecting a remarkable exhibition of the works of American artists. It was here that the idea of the Metropolitan Museum of Art originated and took practical and enduring form. Its projectors found that New York, alone among the great cities of the world, had no public gallery or collection where the people could enjoy the pleasure of seeing and studying the best results of the genius of all ages on canvas and in the metals and stone. The Metropolitan Museum, in its present and its promise, redeems our city from the charge of utter and beastly sordidness, and with municipal and individual benefaction it will become a grand treasury of the past and the popular college for the future. But its best features must necessarily belong to other civilizations than our own. We have money and mines, factories and farms, mills and telegraphs and railroads enough to give a distinctively American character to our industrial life; we have at last a recognized national literature; and we want and must have an equally original and universally recognized school of American art. The idiosyncrasies produced by the commingling of all nationalities in our cities, the wild life of our plains, the picturesque conditions of our frontiers and plains and mining and hunting camps, and our unrivaled scenery, present unequaled opportunities. Now every palace and picture gallery, from Maine to the golden coast, is filled with representations of court and castle scenes, of queens' drawing rooms, imperial reviews, German and French soldiers, or cottage and tavern interiors of a peasant life foreign to us. Neither historical characters and events, nor popular incidents nor characteristics nor scenery, recall or suggest anything except to travelers, and to them only the memories of an idle day.

We pay fabulous sums for these canvases, and in many cases the buyer purchases names, not works of art. He fears the sneer of the critic and Americo-phobiac; he would fight for his coun-

try's liberty or honor, but would die sooner than encounter the suspicion that he was ignorant of art, because his walls were hung with American pictures. The American artist whose paintings sell for two hundred dollars at home goes abroad for a few years, has his picture in the Salon, puts a foreign prefix or affix to his name, and gets two thousand dollars, in addition to the duty, for anything he does. It would promote patriotism and immeasurably increase refinement and culture in its best sense, if, under proper encouragement, American genius were framing on undying canvases the glories of our history and heroes, and the beauties of nature's noble gifts, and the novel situations presented by the original conditions of our complex national life.

I firmly believe in the policy and beneficial results of a wise protective tariff, in encouraging and fostering our industries and products; but under the pretext of revenue, when the surplus is so great that it already threatens the peace and virtue of the country, interest or ignorance puts provisions into the statutes which threaten to bring the whole system into contempt. An alien dealer, a sharp lawyer, and a careless committee formed the combination which made possible a duty of thirty per cent. on works of art.¹ Genius knows no limitations, whether of race, of territorial boundaries, or of time. The productions of the modern Continental and English schools are among the noblest works of any age.

For our enjoyment and education, until we have a well-defined school of art, and always thereafter, as parts of every well-selected gallery, we should freely welcome these splendid creations. American artists did not ask for this protection; they have petitioned for its repeal. The Art Committee of this club sent out a circular to American artists, requesting their views on the art tariff. Eleven hundred and ninety-seven answers were for free art, and only seven for the tariff. When in Europe recently, I found that young American artists were given the same advantages in great studios and galleries as the citizens of the various cities. No differences were known and no distinctions made on account of nationality. But their position was annoying and mortifying. Their fellow-students, the English, French, German, Spanish, and Italians could sneeringly say:

¹The abolition of the duty on works of art, advocated by Mr. Depew in 1887, he has lived to see virtually accomplished in 1909.—*Ed.*

"We give you freely every opportunity which our older civilizations possess and we enjoy, and you return the courtesy by putting a tariff of thirty per cent. on our pictures. It marks your judgment of the value of our works as against yours, with the same training and masters. There is heredity in art, and we have behind us Raphael, Titian, Murillo, Rubens, Reynolds, and a host of others; you have nobody." The influence of the Union League Club should be vigorously exercised for the recognition and development of American art. While pictures are the most durable and satisfactory of the investments of luxury, their value often fluctuates by the caprices of fashion, but the judicious discretion of our Art Committee could make native works of merit standards of taste in every collection.

The club should be represented at each annual exhibition, and under the advice of its most competent members select and purchase a few of the best. This would come in time to be a decoration and medal, inspiring the most brilliant efforts and emulous rivalry. Our rooms, as the years advance, would mark the progress and growth of American art and its steadily increasing power for larger conceptions and nobler work, and many a genius who might otherwise die unknown would reach fame and fortune by having merited the favoring verdict of this club.

I have heard the fear expressed, and several times it has come near breaking out into a temporary revolution, that the insuperable antagonism between the political and social elements of the club must lead in time to the suppression of the one or the other. I do not believe it. The political exigency arises infrequently. The social conditions are here all the time. While once in twelve months, perhaps, this club may be called upon to express itself with no uncertain voice upon public questions, during the rest of the year it should be, and is, the very best of clubs in every sense that constitutes a perfect one. The Union League, it should be understood, while working in parallel lines with one party, will never become its slave or unquestioning follower. Its best influence is negative as well as positive. There is no State or National Convention of the Republican Party which dares put before the country nominees who would receive its disapprobation, because that would be the damnation of the ticket. But, gentlemen, after all, we have here a home which has no equal of its kind in this country or any other—a home which

is full of rest, of recreation, of sentiment, of reminiscence, and of good times. It is a most peaceful, comfortable, companionable, and restful refuge for the tired worker, the weary brain, or the lonesome member. Here we find our library, with its cozy nooks, for the bent of every mind; the reading room, with its equipment for the occupation of every hour; the game room, with its appointments for health, long life, and pleasure; the art gallery, to grow until it satisfies the varying tastes of the most cultivated guests and members; and all over the house, retreats, and corners, and easy-chairs, where men can drop, in congenial companionship, in rosy recollections, in affectionate intercourse, the hot discussions of the business or politics of the day, cementing the friendships of the past, and forming new ones for the future.

Gentlemen, the completed record of our club is a most unique and glorious history. As time rolls on it will expand and develop in its social opportunities, but never ignore the purposes of its creation. While it will be each year a better club, it will also become a greater power.

NEW YORK UNION LEAGUE CLUB

ADDRESS AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN TO MR. DEPEW BY THE UNION
LEAGUE CLUB, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888, ON HIS RETURN FROM
EUROPE.

MR. SMITH AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CLUB: This is by far the most grateful compliment I have ever received. It celebrates this return of mine to my native land and will make it memorable in my recollection as the pleasantest of them all. I appreciate it not so much as the welcome of the club to its President as the greeting of personal friends.

Under the limitations which have been set down in the representative capacity of Mr. Smith, as chairman of the reception committee, I hardly know what line to travel in the way of discussion to-night. We are not all Republicans, nor all Democrats, nor all Mugwumps, nor all Free Traders, nor all Protectionists. But the president of this club has opinions, and if he did not have them and did not express them on all proper occasions he never would occupy that position. An added embarrassment is the remark made by the next Vice-president of the United States, that what I say here to-night is to be accepted as his letter of acceptance.

I have always found as a practising lawyer that I best represented my client when I failed to consult with him. I have for twenty-five years on all occasions been in the front of political battles, and never found that political opinions or activity made it necessary to break friendships or to make them.

A man who is broad-gauged enough travels in this land of ours, recognizing the individuality of his neighbor and the autonomy of his neighbor's opinion, and he remembers that in the expressions of opinion and the activities of citizenship there is no necessity for any other sentiment than that which honors the best, bravest, and noblest antagonists. I have found that those who lead the way and best represent the principles which divide parties, are likely to be the best friends and to respect each other the most.

If an American, who has been observant, returns from abroad and is asked what is the most distinguishing characteristic of the differences between the institutions of his own country and those of Europe his answer would be the stability of American institutions. With the close of 1888 we round out the century of constitutional Government. It has demonstrated that for all the purposes for which governments are created, for the preservation of law and order, for the conservation of life and liberty, for equal political rights to all, for the opportunity of the humblest to rise and reach the highest station, for the minimum sentiment or activity against the institutions of the country, that government is best which is by the people and for the people.

In this Republic our Government has been in peril but once, and then upon lines directly opposite to all revolutions against power. Wherever liberty is suppressed, dynamite is ready to explode at any moment, breaking the crust of caste and involving all in a common ruin. But our rebellion was from the top. The men who owned the slaves and controlled an institution which was at variance with every principle of the Declaration of Independence, of the Constitution of the United States, and of the ideas upon which the Government was founded and was to live, struggled to overthrow it for the perpetuity of conditions which were hostile to liberty. When they failed, that one possible danger was eliminated, principle and practice were unified, and the American plan of Government by the people and for the people became permanent.

In the progress of this hundred years of our struggle, look at the rest of the world. During this century France has had nearly a dozen governments, each of them attended by revolutions in which citizens were cutting citizens' throats, blood flowed in the streets, property was destroyed, industries were paralyzed, business was suspended, and civilization set back. Italy, Germany and Austria, the three other great powers, this side of Russia, which contain much of the intelligence, civilization, and hope of Europe, have each of them been involved in bloody catastrophes time and time again, by the bursting of the dynamite of liberty below the crust of caste. To-day they are held in semi-peace because the whole strength of their people is concentrated in armed camps by territorial divisions and race jealousies, but when those questions are settled every intelligent statesman in

Europe knows that problems must be solved which involve the integrity of every government upon the Continent. It has been often asserted that the one government surest to maintain its institutions is that of Great Britain; and yet, when you are there and meet those who study and know, you find everywhere apprehension expressed of the future. The House of Lords is in danger. The agitation reaches even the foot of the throne.

With no veto power in the sovereign, with no resistance in the Upper House, with no written constitution to guide and no Supreme Court to interpret, the passions of a night in the House of Commons may overthrow for Great Britain the institutions upon which are based its business, its prosperity, and its hopes of stable government.

One of the most eminent English statesmen said to me: "I would that between us and what might possibly happen stood the majesty of your Supreme Court." And an eminent judge said to me: "If I were to name in the fewest words the element which is the preservation of your institutions, I should say it was the doctrine of *ultra vires*, the power of the Supreme Court to say to your Congress and President that the statute is unconstitutional, or to interpret it on the lines of the fundamental law of the land."

The American, having thus settled that this government of the people is stable because the people are satisfied with what they do for themselves, would next formulate for himself why citizenship in this country is far preferable to being either a citizen or a subject in any other, and the answer would be: Because in all that makes citizenship worth the having, in larger returns from labor, the more frequent possession of individual homes, in the general intelligence of the people, in the universal exercise by educated intelligence of the right of sovereignty, in respect for law and order and the results which come from the enforcement of law and the maintenance of order, the citizen gets more out of life in this country than he does anywhere in the world an hundredfold.

Mr. Gladstone said to me in a charming comment by him in a broad and philosophical way upon American institutions and the growth of the Republic: "There is one great gap in history which should be filled, and that is the story of the development of the American Republic since De Toqueville wrote of it to the present day, and that most important work to mankind should be written by a foreigner who is devoid of prejudice, philosophi-

cal and impartial." I said to him: "Sir, in the thirty-seven years, from the close of De Toqueville's work down to the end of the American Civil War, the United States had no history, no development which De Toqueville's work did not fully describe. The material, political and social developments in the twenty-three years since the war have been greater than in all the years that preceded, back to the formation of the Government, combined."

If Mr. Gladstone's philosophical historian should land here and free his mind from the theories of the books, and the old ideas of the political economists, and stand without prejudice facing the original conditions which he found in America, the magnificent evolution of this great people and this wonderful country, he would write a history of the development of a community in its politics, its humanities, its religion, its materialities, which would be the wonder of the ages and a lesson for all time. He would find that compressed in those twenty-three years was the most extraordinary progress known in the history of the world. He would discover that, while the Republic had at the commencement of the Civil War an estimated wealth of sixteen thousand millions of dollars, six thousand millions of it were destroyed in the war, and with ten thousand millions of capital only with which to begin anew, in twenty-three years the marvelous growth of the Republic had aggregated to the superb sum of sixty thousand millions of dollars.

He would find that while the wages of labor had increased 25 per cent. in the twenty-three years, the necessities of life which the wages of labor buy had decreased nearly the same amount in the same period, so that the same conditions of existence as twenty-three years ago mean the savings sufficient for a home to-day. He would discover that the results of agriculture had grown from less than a thousand millions to three thousand millions of dollars a year, and that the manufactures which had stimulated it had grown from less than a thousand millions to seven thousand millions a year, and he would discover that 90 per cent. of this mighty product found a market within the boundaries of the United States.

The philosophical historian, looking at these facts, which are patent to your memory, would instantly inquire: "What are the causes that have produced these marvelous, these astounding,

these miraculous results?" The political theorist would say: "They have been caused by a new country with its great opportunities, its rich virgin fields, its mines, its water power." But we had as new a country and as rich fields and as big mines before the war as since. And the political economist would say: "It is the Anglo-Saxon race, with its indomitable will, its fiery energy, its resistless pluck." But the Celt, the Latin, the Slav have all shared in and helped create the same opportunity, and there is no difference, so far as we know, in the results or in the blessings between the multitudinous races that have helped accomplish it all.

Besides that, the Anglo-Saxon has, during the same period, in as new a country and in as virgin soil, with equally vast opportunities, been in Australia, in Van Diemen's Land, in South Africa, and in Canada. President Cleveland says in his letter to the Democratic clubs that he has established a kindergarten in this country for the education of plain people in industrial and economical theories, and from my knowledge of twenty years of the members of the Union League Club we are the plainest in the country. The schoolmaster is abroad. Perhaps after the election he will find his way home.

The answer of the plain people of this country, the business man, the farmer, the manufacturer and laborer, to the philosophical historian would be: "We know nothing of the theories of political economists, but we do understand what promotes or retards our own prosperity. We believe that we owe our success in the accumulation of wealth, and in remunerative employment, to the consistent policy which has continued during these twenty-three years of revenue legislation avowedly for the protection of American industries. It has built a wall around our raw material, our mills, our farms, our furnaces and our mines, which has kept out the foreign competitor and has enabled us to become the largest producer, as well as the largest consumer, in the world. We believe that the development of our own resources and the masterful possession by protective legislation of our own market is the great cause of the unexampled prosperity of the United States." In view of the facts, it seems to me that the philosophical historian will adopt the opinion of the plain people.

But reading Mr. Cleveland's message on the tariff, which precipitated this question; his letter of acceptance, which explained

it; his instructions to the Democratic clubs, which enforced it; every time mounting higher in the notes which sing of the protection of the American home, notwithstanding the disastrous result which would follow the operation of his theories, I am reminded of that good man up in Peekskill, who, when the jury began to inquire how he murdered his wife, found that it was with the frame of a picture which hung above their bed, on which was worked in worsted, "God bless our home."

There is another distinction which an observant American would see between the institutions of the Old World and those of his own country, and that is the anomaly of the vast power in the hands of our executive, which is greater than anywhere else outside of Russia. The vetoes which President Cleveland has given so frequently would have sent the sovereign of Great Britain to the Tower. The President of the French Republic would have been deposed had he attempted to thwart the deliberate judgment of the two houses of the Legislature. The Emperor of Austria, with all his autocratic power; the King of Italy, the Emperor of Germany—none of them could, without a revolution, repeatedly defeat the will of both branches of their constitutional assemblies. But the President of the United States, without regard to their opinion and without fear of the results to himself, can thwart the deliberate judgment of the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States, and when a constitutional appeal is made from his veto back to the Legislature, the enormous power of the patronage which appoints or dismisses a hundred thousand officeholders, controls the nominations of the members of his party, and thus compels them to sustain his veto and to swallow their convictions. So that the President of the United States has executive power over sixty millions of people, with an influence upon their legislation and their general welfare, possessed by no other sovereign upon earth.

The personality of the candidate cannot disappear, the qualifications of the candidate cannot be lost sight of, when such tremendous responsibilities devolve upon him. Experience, education, conscience, judgment, respect for the wisdom and advice of those competent to advise—these are some of the essentials which the public should look for in the executive of the United States.

There are some questions upon which the members of this club, no matter what their affiliations, have never had any differences—upon which Republicans, and Mugwumps have been united, and for the sake of which Democrats have deserted their party. One of these is the purity of the ballot; another the regulation of the sale of rum.

In this country of majorities, our education and our intelligence lead us to submit without dispute to an unquestionable vote. We are all partisans before the verdict; afterward we are all patriots. But if it ever comes to be understood that the ballot does not register the verdict of the people, then will come anarchy and a dictator. This is not a question to be laughed down the wind with epithets or dismissed with phrases. In 1868, when the fraud in this city wrested the deliberate verdict of the people and gave it to the wrong side, this club expressed its opinion so emphatically that the virtue of the State rose up and hurled from power the perpetrators of the crime.

Since then this club has always been in favor of legislation which would make it impossible for the voter to be intimidated, or bought, or for the ballot to be falsified. Unfortunately there has not been a union of parties upon the question, though it is one on which all men ought to be united.

I met in Europe this summer a gentleman from the Southern States, a man of character, of the purest piety, the broadest education and the highest intelligence—a man who is respected wherever he is known; who would regard a stain upon his honor as something worse than death. And yet, such are the results of environment upon the best of men that he said to me: "We, down in the South, vote the Democratic ticket; but we are not all Democrats; many of us are old Whigs, with old Whig traditions and inheritances. We do not believe in the principles of the Democratic Party, its policy or practices; we are in full accord with the policy and principles of the Republican Party. But in our midst is the negro vote, and we are all Democrats, consolidated under one banner in the determination that that vote shall not control our State, because it would place in power ignorance and poverty to confiscate our property and degrade our politics."

"Now, that is," he said, "the doctrine and action of self-preservation, and while we no longer suppress that vote by force,

we have the means for preventing it being registered or counted, which we shall continue to use."

There is no Southern newspaper of character or Southern statesman of reputation, who will deny the statements of that gentleman. Now, what is the remedy? This suppression of the vote may give to us a President of the United States who was never elected, and overthrow every principle of Republican government and plunge us into the breakers of doubt as to the electorate and its count. We can assume the full responsibility of having emancipated the negro and conferred upon him the right of suffrage, and then of having given back to the Southern States their sovereignty, so that they are beyond reach of Federal power. But until that vote is recognized it should not be taken into consideration in apportioning representation, or in the count that goes to make up the total which elects the President of the United States.

And in the meantime the surplus in the Treasury, instead of being depleted by a blow at American industries, should be appropriated for the schoolmaster, the school house, and the school book, until the ignorant electorate is educated and able to take care of itself.

This club has always been a unit upon the question that it is the duty of the State to pass a high-license law for the regulation of the liquor traffic; that that license should be so fixed and so administered that, as in other States where it has been tried and proved a perfect success, it will do away with a multitude of low grog-shops and make the saloon pay for its victims—pay for their support in the poor house, in the prison; provide for the widows and orphans it makes; fill the Treasury, and help the taxpayers.

Well, I find that this brief review of my trip to Europe has been infected with the general political atmosphere in which I have lived since I returned.

This club was founded twenty-five years ago, with only one test of membership—loyalty to the Union of the States and the preservation of the nation. The time has long since passed when that test was necessary, because we recognize that the people who differ from us are as honest as we are—in the main. Oh, well, even on an occasion like this, I cannot include them all. For it is absurd to say the free-trader is deliberately working for the

overthrow of the very things in which he is as deeply interested as his neighbor. It is only his mistake; he believes that his theory will accomplish precisely the result which the protectionist knows he has successfully worked out.

But the Tory in the American Revolution believed the same thing conscientiously, and I say this without meaning any offense, because at that time the Tory was the most respected member of the community, if you take in both sides of the ocean. Time has proved that he was mistaken. The Confederate was equally honest with the Union soldier in the late war, and now he acknowledges himself that he was wrong. But there are some men who will only die happy in their sins. Those who acknowledge, as time progresses, their errors, we accept into the faith, and those who do not, we attend their funerals and approve of the proceedings.

The most delightful incident which happened to me on the other side of the water was a dinner where I met the Duc d'Aumale, son of the late King Louis Philippe. He told me this charming anecdote about George Washington, which has never been published. He said that when his father, Louis Philippe, was an exile in this country, he was for a long time a guest of Gen. Washington's at Mount Vernon. One morning his father got up unusually early and found Gen. Washington riding over his estates. Louis Philippe said:

"Why, General, you are an early riser;" and Washington said:

"Yes, sir; I rise early because I sleep well. I sleep well because I have never written anything which I care to recall. Young man, remember that." It showed that the father of his country had the confidence in himself which posterity has reposed in him. But as most speakers get up the next morning without having slept from the same cause, I bid you good night, thanking you with full heart for this splendid reception and cordial welcome.

NEW YORK UNION LEAGUE CLUB

SPEECH AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB RATIFICATION MEETING,
OCTOBER 24, 1888.

GENTLEMEN: It is rare that the Union League Club as a body meets and indorses a ticket, but during the extraordinary fight which we have on hand now in National, in State, and in Municipal matters nothing is extraordinary. I never in all my experience of thirty years as an active politician, have seen anything like it, the unity of men who have acted generally together for a common purpose, that characterizes them this year. I have been in different parts of this State, have talked with level-headed men who for a quarter of a century have conducted the affairs of the party, and been accustomed to figure up estimates as to result; their predictions now are so astounding that I do not dare to state them for fear they may be regarded as figments of the imagination.

Now, it is just precisely the unexpected which is going to happen, which makes it proper for this Club to express itself with emphasis in our municipal interest. We can elect our county ticket if the Republicans will only vote for it. There is nothing more important than that we should have a victory in the city of New York. Upon local offices the magnitude of the industrial interests in the State in this canvass, and the heat of the discussion, the general and the personal, have obscured our interest in the municipal battle. But we are engaged in the city of New York in constant warfare year after year for good government upon a scale as large as that of almost any State in the Union. There is raised and disbursed in taxes in this city an amount far in excess of the sum which was required to conduct the Federal Government for many years after it was founded; far in excess of the amount required to carry on the government of many of the States.

The improvements projected and required for this great metropolis are of a character that require statesmanship of the highest order and integrity beyond reproach.

In communities that are scattered and rural it is possible to have honest government where all the offices are held by members of one party. In such communities the individual citizen has always a force for criticism and for assault at the polls and the courts. But in this great city with its many nationalities, its divers interests, the eager struggle of its citizens in the wage earning direction of industries or accumulation there is no one who can make it his business, or does, to look at the manner in which appropriations are made, and the manner in which they are expended.

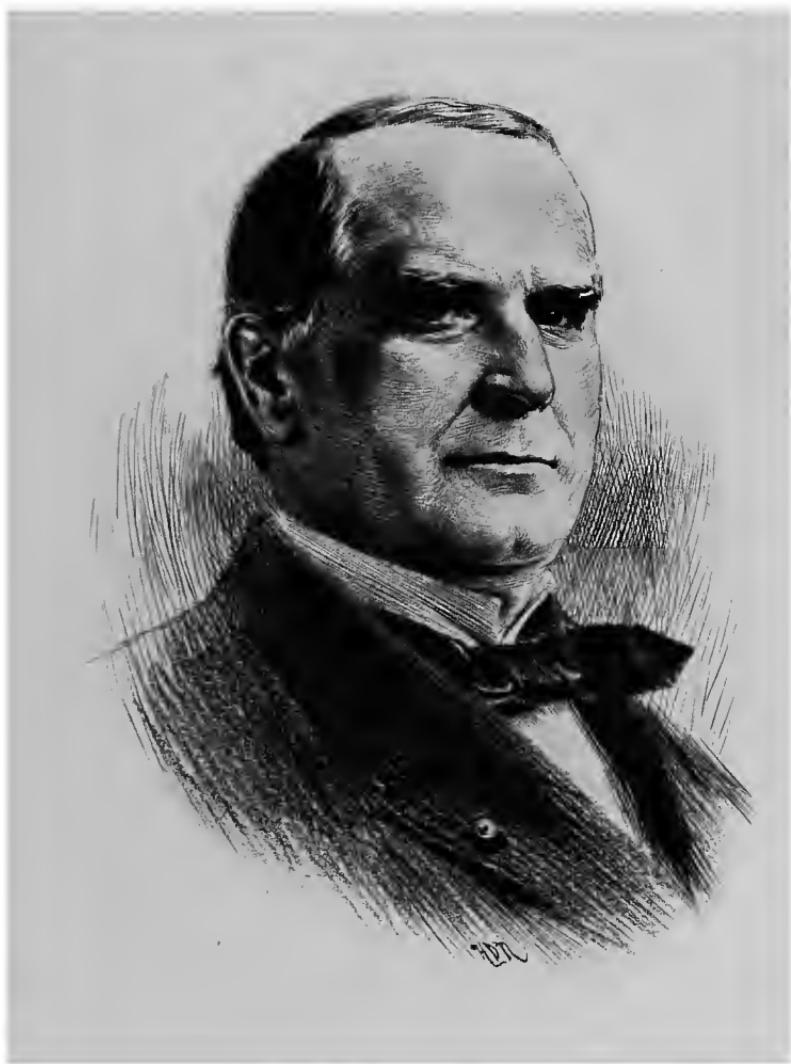
The only force which is possible in a community like this is to keep up the high level of municipal integrity and of wise expenditure, the only force which can prevent corruption and extravagance is a vigorous minority in the city government. Here the Mayor, with his vast power, and every department of the government which suggests expenditures belong to one party. It is not possible in the nature of government that under such circumstances the best results could be obtained. But if we had in this city a man who was intelligent, experienced in affairs and courageous, if every officer in the city government were against him and the Common Council unanimously, he could by his ability and power to bring public officers to account, look into their books to examine their conduct, and report through the daily press to the people of the city and maintain a government in the city such as we have not had for years.

We are not here to assail any of the Democratic candidates, whether they be Mr. Hewitt, Sheriff Grant, or Mr. Coogan. They will take care of that among themselves. Sheriff Grant expresses his opinion of Mayor Hewitt, Mayor Hewitt expresses his opinion of Sheriff Grant, both of them express their opinion of Mr. Coogan, and Mr. Coogan expresses his opinion of them all, and we accept all their opinions.

What we are here for is to elect the man of whom Mayor Hewitt, who is an excellent judge, has said he would make just as good a Mayor as himself. I will guarantee if Mr. Erhardt is elected Mayor, if anybody is fearful that there may be great changes in the municipal government, that he will live rigidly up to the Cleveland idea of Civil Service Reform. Of course, he will remove the offensive partisans, and, of course, he will remove those who cannot pass a Civil Service examination, but

the rest he will permit to remain in office, that is if there are any left. It is exceedingly fortunate that the Republicans in this contest are unusually well equipped in candidates, against whom nothing can be said, and for whom everything can be said, both in our National, our State, and Municipal offices. The Mayor of the city of New York, if he is a Republican, must not only be experienced, he must not only know something of municipal affairs, he must not only be a man of ability, but above all things he must be a man of courage. It is fortunate that in this contest we have selected a gentleman who has had that experience in municipal affairs which give him the familiarity which qualifies him for the office of Mayor. He has an ability demonstrated in the management of large business and of great corporations. He has demonstrated it in such a way as to be satisfactory to those who were looking on as rivals or contestants in business know and recognize his ability and his power. A man who can successfully run a railroad can do anything, and in stating that opinion I give you the opinion of a man who knows what he is talking about. Now, Mr. Erhardt has lived in this community. He has been a good municipal officer. . He is an admirable receiver and president of the New York City & Northern Railroad. He was a soldier whose record compares well with any man's who was in the war, and above all things and above all circumstances, he has the aggressive courage which cannot be intimidated by the magnitude of the opposition, and which is willing to plunge right in the enforcement of what he thinks is best for the public good.

The opportunity is before us which has not been before us in twenty years, to elect such a Republican Mayor of the city of New York to bring this city back to a condition where it will be, as it always is, in the eye of the whole country not for its bad government but for its good government. There will be cast in this city in this election a Republican vote larger than any man with a level head believes will be cast. Those who have not got in direct contact with men in the shops, in the factories, and the streets, in cars, who are earning their living and getting their wages from day to day—those who have not been in daily contact with those hard workers and wage earners cannot understand the magnitude of the revolution which is sweeping over the city. Those men never do anything by halves, and when they are going to do this thing, they are going to "shoot to kill," and they will



plump the whole ticket and don't you forget it. The only danger is in the districts denominated by brown stone fronts, and there is not one of these gentlemen that live there who would not infinitely prefer to see a Republican of integrity and ability Mayor of this city rather than a Democrat, if he only thought his vote would accomplish it. The only reason he votes otherwise is that he thinks the Republican cannot be elected and makes a choice among Democrats.

Now let us for this time one and all have the courage of our convictions. Vote the ticket and have faith. The old colored man said: "If the Lawd tells me to yump through de stone wall, my business is to yump. De Lawd will take care of the rest." That was his business and our business is to vote the straight Republican ticket in this municipal election. And if the Lord is on our side, as I believe he is, he'll take care of the rest.

NEW YORK UNION LEAGUE CLUB

SPEECH AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB ON THE RESULTS OF REPUBLICAN VICTORY, NOVEMBER 22, 1888.

GENTLEMEN: We have had to-night a pleasure and opportunity never enjoyed by the Greeks or Romans, or by any of the peoples of ancient or modern times after famous battles. This is the first occasion since the dawn of history when those who have fallen upon the field have joined in the celebration of the victory, and inspired the survivors by their testimony and enthusiasm. Erhardt, our candidate for Mayor, and Cruger, our candidate for Lieutenant-governor, have just spoken to us. They fought gallantly and died gloriously; they pointed the way, and over their bloody remains their comrades rushed to victory. Their spirits in eloquent speech have stated their happiness in dying in such a cause, and their eternal satisfaction in its success. Collectively and individually we greet these patriotic ghosts. Probably a happier body of men than those assembled within these walls never met before upon the American continent. There have been societies which sang better, but none which ever felt so good.

This election is the only one since the organization of this club when all its members were substantially on the same side. On the Presidential question ninety-nine hundredths of our number were for Gen. Harrison. And for Governor of the State of New York we were unanimously for Warner Miller. We feel this evening that kind of hilarity which brought forty thousand citizens, the young, the middle-aged, and the old, from their business to march five miles up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, for Harrison and Morton. Before election we could only work off our surplus enthusiasm by vigorously transporting ourselves, and now that we have won, we let it off in cheers and song. We are happy not only because our party has been successful, but on account of the election of candidates unusually deserving their great offices, and the triumph of principles which will control the policy of the American people for a generation.

This club during the twenty-five years of its existence has indorsed many good nominations for national, State, and municipal offices, but I think it is the common judgment of every one present that in character and equipment, in distinguished services in the field as a soldier, and in the Senate as a statesman, in the broad and vigorous grasp of great questions in discussions upon the platform for a quarter of a century, in marvelous versatility and level-headedness, which could appear a hundred times in as many successive days before audiences representing every occupation and opinion and never make a mistake and always brilliantly present a point, no party was ever led by a candidate more fully or superbly qualified than the gentleman we have just elected President of the United States. We rejoice in the consciousness that during Gen. Harrison's term, not only the Republican Party, but the American people, will feel that common pride with which friends and foes alike regard a chief magistrate who worthily fills that great office, and represents with dignity and ability the republic of the United States. We came out of this canvass with none of the animosities, the bitterness and the passions of previous campaigns. The good-tempered joy of the victors and the ready acquiescence of the vanquished are the features of the hour.

We, the members of the Union League Club, while radically differing from Mr. Cleveland upon almost every point of his policy at home and abroad, express our satisfaction with the dignity and integrity with which he has held the Presidency, our gratification that he squarely presented the issue, which his friends have evaded for twenty-five years, and which once fairly met, the people have settled for the present political memory, and our hope that in the private station to which he is for the future destined, he may during a long life enjoy all the honor and regard which belong to a citizen who has been President of the United States. To the young and gracious lady whose marriage at the White House gave unwonted romance to the cold realism of our politics and who as the "nation's bride," with rare grace and tact has illustrated in a most conspicuous way the wonderful power of the American girl, suddenly translated from the school to the Capitol, modestly yet triumphantly to meet the requirements of the loftiest position, we tender our cordial respect and regard,

and unite with men of all parties in the prayer that God's choicest blessing may attend her during a happy future.

To the venerable Old Roman, Mr. Thurman, who temporarily left his classic retreat and the companionship of his favorite authors, Livy and Tacitus, Virgil and Horace, we extend our congratulations upon his return to the quiet and healthful repose of his study, and we trust that until long after he becomes a centenarian, he may amuse his leisure by wrestling with the problem that the "Tariff is a Tax." And in all seriousness and reverence we join in the hope that with full health and vigor he may far beyond the allotted years of man enjoy the admiration which his countrymen, both those who agree and those who differ with him, entertain for his character, integrity and public service.

Now my friends, having raised our hats as the funeral procession passed by and paid due respect to the memories of the dead, what of the living?

The results of the battle command the attention of the world. The effect of the victory can only be partially estimated to-night. What has been won will be seen in new enterprises, experienced in larger development, and crystallize in wise legislation for the next twenty-five years. This has not been a contest of individual ambitions or for party precedence, but a fight by a business people upon a purely industrial question. It has been the best and most healthful of educational campaigns. It was a school not for any one class, but for all classes. I do not believe that, taken as a whole, any profession, trade or occupation had ever carefully studied or intelligently understood the principles at stake and the results which might follow their practical application. But a discussion for four months which has been free from passion and full of ability, before the grand jury of thirteen millions of American citizens, has ended in a verdict which will be a lesson to the politician and a precedent for the statesman.

The theorist, the book man, and the college professor have all had their day and lost. By the singular reliance upon fate and destiny of the most self-confident of Presidents, the student and the dreamer were appointed the commanders in the field of an army composed of the least imaginative and most practical of political soldiers, and they have led it to defeat. Hereafter the graduates of the school of Calhoun and of the university who

hold on in active life to its free trade doctrines, and the gentlemen who believe that independence is repudiation of the experience of the past and the traditions of the fathers, will have fine times on the lecture platforms and in the magazines, but will be unheard of in our political contests. The American people have decided that the leading principle which shall govern our future policy as a nation is the protection of American industries. From that decision there is no appeal, and for a rehearsing on the same issue no organized courage survives. The verdict has shattered platforms and broken up a party. It has crystallized public sentiment and set politicians thinking how to adjust themselves to its demands. Hereafter there will be revenue reform, and plenty of it, but upon rigidly defined lines and by the light of well settled principles. There will be such changes in the tariff from time to time as the public interests require, but the tariff will be reformed by its friends. The statesmanship and patriotism of the Executive and Congress will devise such measures as may be necessary to dispose of a surplus or provide for a deficiency in the Treasury or for the exigencies of any branch of business. But they will meet these questions, not by the light of John Stuart Mills's abstractions or the delusive selfishness of the Cobden Club tracts, but upon the instructions given by the votes of seven millions of American citizens on the sixth day of November, 1888.

This election settled other and more important questions. In this respect it is one of the most significant held since the war. With this triumph the sectional issue will disappear from our politics. The solid South will not in future presidential contests be a matter of moment in the platforms or upon the platform. With the confidence inspired and impetus given by a settled policy of protection and the President and Congress in cordial accord, the iron industries of Tennessee, Alabama, and West Virginia, and the other and developing opportunities of old Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida, ought in the next four years make several of them Republican States. The young and marvelously growing commonwealths of Dakota, Montana, Washington, and Wyoming, arrived at the full stature of statehood and admitted into the Union, will render sectional solidity upon the color line a worthless factor for the control of the Republic. Industrial activity and its results in the South will promote that education

and courageous independence which are the best protections of the ballot. The overwhelming fact that the President of the United States and a majority of the Senate and of the House of Representatives are of that faith and creed which accords to every citizen, no matter how poor or humble, no matter of what color or race or nationality, the right to vote and to have that vote counted as it is cast, will be a moral force of resistless power for honest elections. We will have a civil service worthy of the professions made in its behalf and for four years violated. The incoming President has the courage and the character to be both a consistent civil service reformer and when necessary "to turn the rascals out."

This canvass has been in many respects the most interesting in which I have ever been engaged, and I have taken an active part in every campaign since I was a voter. When I graduated at Yale College, thirty-two years ago this summer, I came home to the village of Peekskill to meet my father, my grandfather, my uncles and my brothers, all old Hunker, State rights, pro-slavery Democrats. But I had been through the fiery furnace of the Kansas-Nebraska excitement at New Haven, and came out of it a Free Soiler. I stood a trembling boy upon the platform two days after returning home, to give voice to that conversion and faith which nearly broke my father's heart and almost severed me from family ties. It seemed as if the end of the world had come for me in the necessity for this declaration of convictions and principles. From that hour to this I have seldom participated in an electoral struggle which aroused similar intensity and earnestness or like open-mindedness and hunger for discussion. But when I went through the State this fall and saw that no places could be found large enough to hold a part even of the thousands who came to hear, when I learned of the multitudes of young men who, after the debate, broke from inherited affiliations and joined our ranks, I stood again face to face with the earnestness, enthusiasm, and patriotism which meant that we were in a crisis where the individual was nothing and the country everything.

The humors of this canvass have been immense. I was in a downtown restaurant yesterday, and the French waiter who handed me my oysters said: "Well, Mr. Depew, it is a glorious day for us." "Well, my boy," I answered, "I suppose then you voted for Harrison?" "Oh yes!" said he, "I voted for Harrison

and I was the only one in the place who did. I have had a mighty hard time of it all summer, but to-day—ha! ha!—here am I—well, I'm on top."

"Well," I said, "why did you vote for Garrison?"

"Well," said he, "that is just what I was going to tell you. I voted for Garrison because I did not want any more pauper labor brought into this country. Now, the Republican Party is against the importation of pauper labor. Those Counts and Barons on the other side lose their money and get busted, and then they come over here, and as they have no trade they become waiters and spoil the business."

While stopping at a country hotel lately I attended a revenue reform meeting. The speaker was an old friend of mine and had been a reliable talker for his party for thirty years. He knew all the shibboleths of Democracy, and had an admirable speech which, with proper variations, he had delivered during the whole of that period. He felt that the old thing would not work now, but he must present the argument and principles applicable to the current discussion. He had the President's message, Roger Q. Mills's speeches, the philosophical dissertations of Prof. Sumner, of Yale, and Prof. Lowell, of Harvard, and Prof. Perry, of Williams, upon the relations of free trade to commerce and internal development, distributed generally around his clothes. A copy of John Stuart Mill, some abstruse tracts from the free trade league, and able addresses by the Congressional contingent were convulsively grasped. He felt the necessity of building his argument upon these documents. He said to me after it was over: "Depew, I never went through college, but I was ten years at the academy, and if all the lickings I ever had were put into one, I would not wade through that literature again."

When he had concluded his vague and verbose analysis of the distinction between revenue reform and tariff for revenue, and had differentiated the principles of free trade from their application, there was not a soul in that audience who had any mind left, and all of them had a sensation of water on the brain. Orations like my friend's were some of the causes of our success.

Gentlemen of the Union League, our joy to-night, and the results of the victory we have won for the present and the future of the country are voiced and condensed in the announcement,

Gen. Harrison is elected. The State of New York nominated him and by her pivotal vote he becomes President, and with him triumph the policy and principles which form our faith. It is meet and proper that on this night we should lay aside the dignified formalities of our meetings and celebrate with speech, hilarity and song a victory which is singularly ours.

INAUGURAL UNION LEAGUE CLUB

¹SIXTH INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1891.

GENTLEMEN: I feel that I ought to interrupt the business to acknowledge the compliment of a sixth election as your President. It is an honor unusually gratifying and satisfactory.

The occasion presents suggestions worthy of our earnest consideration. There are clubs and clubs, but there is only one Union League of New York. The history of this organization is unique and distinguished. It owed its origin to the necessity for some practical expression of the most ardent and devout patriotic sentiments. It has never failed in its fidelity and support of the best and highest public interest. When the majority of the influences in this city during the Civil War were hostile to the Government, this club was the rallying-place of the friends of nationality and liberty. Its members did not limit their enthusiasm to resolutions and to speeches; their money flowed like water into the sanitary and hospital service for the Army. They sent a Thanksgiving dinner to the Boys in Blue on the Potomac; they raised regiments and equipped them for the service; they had the courage, at a time when it was unsafe for a colored man to be seen in the streets of the city, to recruit and equip a regiment of black men and march at their head through hostile crowds down Broadway as the regiment departed for the war.

But the public services of the club have been equally conspicuous and efficient during every year since. It gave its influence to the measures of reconstruction; it did yeoman service for the restoration of specie payment; it was one of the ablest and most efficient combatants of the heresies of fiat money, and an impregnable fortress of sound currency and honest finance. It has steadily fought corruption and misgovernment in the city and the State; it began the battle for registration and honest elections at the time of the fraudulent defeat of John A. Gris-

¹Mr. Depew's third, fourth, and fifth inaugural addresses as President of the Union League Club were never printed.—*Ed.*

wold for Governor in 1868, and has labored industriously for any legislation which would secure the untrammeled expression of the popular will, the right of every citizen to cast one vote, and the unquestioned count of that vote as it was cast.

In this sense the Union League has been, is, and I hope will always continue to be, a political club. It is also attached in its general principles to one of the great national parties, and that is one of the sources of the strength and reputation of the organization.

There are innumerable clubs in the city of New York. We have the most clubable population in the United States, if not in the world. I find it quite the natural thing to personally belong to eight of them. Men can find in the successful and prosperous clubs here exactly their own tastes and pursuits. Clubable men in literature have their literary clubs; in society, their social clubs; in sporting matters, their jockey and yachting clubs; in college affairs, their university clubs; while the journalists and reporters have their own home, the players and dramatic authors theirs, and the different trade organizations theirs. We even keep alive the Greek-letter secret societies of our college days, and have places where we can gather according to our race and European origin. The membership of any one of these organizations is a pleasure or a necessity, but in no case a distinction. But a membership of the Union League Club is a decoration. Wherever the man who has this privilege may be in the country, it gives him in that community at once the position of belonging to a club of national power and reputation.

The Union League never dictates nominations; but a deference to the sentiment of this club has elevated the standard of nominations. The Union League conspicuously failed, so far as any effort was made by its members, to control the patronage of the present administration, but the negative force of its approval was such that the President appointed no man to prominent position in New York unless he believed his appointment was up to the standard of the Union League.

There is no other organization in the country so national in its character. Its honorary membership has been sparingly bestowed, gladly accepted, and proudly acknowledged as an honor by the greatest names in American history since Abraham Lincoln. Leading statesmen in the different States in the Union are

rapidly becoming members. I believe that, if the Constitution were liberalized, we could have our pick of the most distinguished leaders of the Republican Party in every State in the Union.

I wish that the Democratic Party had in this city a club of equal influence and strength, and that the Independents, or Reformers, or whatever they may call themselves, who are too wise or too good for either party, could also in New York have a home which would be national in its representative character. I do not mean that these clubs should take the place or perform the duties in any respect of national or State or city committees, or of the organizations which look after the detail of party management and the practical conditions of party success, but that they should in a large way voice the sentiment, uphold the principles, sustain the policy, and suggest the measures of their parties; that they should speak out with emphatic and controlling voice upon questions affecting the public welfare, locally and generally.

The reasons for this statement and appeal are more far-reaching and profound than the triumph or defeat of the measures of the hour, than the success or failure of this or that party. The passion for nationality which was the product of the Civil War has lost its fire. The sentiment of nationality has no rallying center. Insensibly we grow more provincial and sectional. Capitals multiply as cities to which large territories are tributary for trade and intelligence, increase in population, wealth and local interests. The fear of centralization was the bugaboo of the fathers of the Republic, and has been the cause of most of our national disasters. The fear of the mob influences of great cities upon the Legislature was the mistake of the founders of the nation. So they put the State capitals in most instances at points remote from great centers of population and trade, and for the national capital created in the wilderness a home at a point where a city had no reason for existence, except as the seat of government. In studying the results of metropolitan centers in the Old World we can now see their mistake. London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome are focuses of national thought, pride, and unity. To them run all the railroads and electric wires, all the currents of local opinion and aspiration, of discontent or revolt. From these capitals flow constantly to the remotest corners of the country the wisest, the best, the strongest expressions of the collective wisdom of the land.

The student of legislation at Washington and at Albany has often been amazed by the spectacle of an apparent frenzy, of a local excitement which existed nowhere else in the country. There will frequently arise heated controversies, resulting in the enactment of measures which on the spot seem to be a demand of the people, while the people exhibit no corresponding interest, or else an adverse tendency. The atmosphere of the capital is overcharged with electricity, and the appliances of the neighborhood are not equal to carrying it off. Much bad legislation, which results harmfully to the country and disastrously to its promoters, proceeds from these causes. The representatives have been absent for a long period from their constituents, and their associations and information are almost exclusively with and among themselves. There is nothing in the locality to keep them in touch with the popular pulse of the nation. They lose the capacity to judge accurately the wants of their districts or of the nation at large. No one can be in London during the session of Parliament and witness the members meeting every day in the metropolitan press, at dinner-tables, at their hotels and boarding-houses, on the street and in the club, the representatives of every material, industrial, commercial, educational, moral, and religious influence in Great Britain without feeling that it is impossible for Parliament not to know from day to day exactly the opinion of the country upon current measures and the trend of popular thought.

New York is the real capital of the United States. No matter in what direction a railroad may be constructed or a telegraph wire strung, its ultimate terminus is New York. Every enterprise which is to be promoted, every scheme for the development of mines, of water-powers, or any other industry, seeks this city for money. Every business which has ramifications beyond the place where it is located has a representative and principal office in New York. Men who rise above the surface and outgrow the opportunities of their neighborhoods all come here. The intellectual forces of the Republic are likewise drawn by irresistible laws within our borders. The national committees of the two great parties have their headquarters within our city, and conduct their campaigns with the limitless opportunities which can be found here and nowhere else. The capital of the nation can never be moved from Washington, but everything which reaches

out from this real capital into every part of the country is a power for good government and perpetuity of the Union.

It is here and in this sense that the Union League Club performs a national and patriotic mission. It is a center which receives and reflects, and will do so more and more as the years go by, the republicanism of the United States. While performing this public service, and conferring upon the party and Government inestimable benefits, the social side of our club can be constantly developed and improved. In all that constitutes a club home for clubable men it is now equal to the best in the United States. But it should be our effort to make it, as we can, from every club point of view, the most attractive and agreeable club in the world. In doing this we can also still confer benefit upon the public. The efforts of this organization for the encouragement of American art have been of great value and sensibly felt in the studio and gallery. Our monthly exhibition is the most unique, delightful, and important display of paintings to be found anywhere in the country. It has brought to the notice of picture buyers and picture lovers the fact that a school of American art has already done work of permanent merit, and is full of brilliant promise. As the years roll by I believe that the periodical contest as to whether this shall become a purely social organization will more infrequently occur. The Union League, with its unequalled past, its splendid history, its long roll of names honorable and distinguished in the history of the country, will live through the centuries—on its public side a power for patriotism and the noblest results of free government, and on its social side the best equipped, the best appointed, and the most enjoyable of clubs.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB DINNER

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO SENATOR DEPEW AT THE UNION
LEAGUE CLUB, FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

MY FRIENDS: When a great honor comes to a man it is a diamond in the rough. Whether it will be so fashioned as to become of purest ray serene depends upon his use of it and the view which the world takes of it. That which artistically fashions the stone so that it reflects brilliantly every ray of light, for a time at least, is the unanimity of its bestowal and the general applause for the act. Certainly such a gathering as that here to-night of life-long friends from every pursuit in life and of every party and creed is a rare pleasure. Congratulations have come to me from almost every man and woman in the country. Some of them are very unique and singularly original. One man who was a little older and very much stronger when we were boys together in the village of Peekskill has written me. At that early period he won my marbles, confiscated my bat and ball, and made a forcible seizure of my new sled at Christmas and kept it until the apple trees were in blossom. After many vicissitudes and trying many things he is now running a restaurant. On the back of one of his bills of fare he sent me this message, "My Dear Chauncey, you and I started together in the race of life and you have outrun me, thank God."

No building is large enough to hold the books which have been written to describe the world in which we live. My theory is that people make their own world. What is within themselves by nature and cultivation and what is without themselves in associations which they can control is their world. Whether it is a happy or miserable one is not a matter of fate or luck or chance. Fortunately happiness is like the standard of female beauty. Every man has his own ideas. The old huckster whose merry song on the streets when I was a boy rang through the houses, "Here's your fine fresh clams! They're here to-day; they lately came from Rockaway. They're good to roast, they're good to fry; they are good to make clam potpie," and whose

magnetic and joyous exhortation in the prayer meeting at night cheered the saints and converted sinners, earned his name of Happy John.

My pessimistic village philosopher who hugged the stove in the village drug store every evening for over a quarter of a century lamenting the tendencies of the times and predicting the destruction of the country got lots of pleasure out of the ruin. Diogenes, who would have been wretched if the crowd had passed him by unnoticed while living in his tub, reached the most exquisite sensation of joy when he told Alexander the Great to get out of his sunshine. So the old wood sawyer had no cares and no troubles so long as he could talk to himself because then he said that he could both hear a sensible man talk and have a man of sense to talk to. It is not given to every one to extract as these men did sunbeams out of cucumbers. There are four organizations to some one or more of which everybody can belong which make life worth the living. I take no stock in the sardonic maxim of the East Indian Sybarite that whether life is worth the living depends upon your liver. We have the Church, the political party, the college and the club to broaden, strengthen and sweeten our lives. The Church brings together in close and loving association according as the martyr spirit and the courage of convictions can be brought out. The political party binds by the ties of a common cause and common aspirations those who go together to the front of the hottest battle for their principles, whether they belong to the minority or the majority; the college brings out, develops, and strengthens the best qualities of youth and forms and cements friendships which last for life; the club separates the selfish, the mean and the low spirited from the generous, openhearted and manly good fellows. Just in proportion as a man has recognized and cultivated the opportunities of these four associations has he increased his chances for longevity and his enjoyment of the world. No man can stand alone. As he becomes successful, honored, and conspicuous the shafts of malice, envy, slander and detraction would destroy him or what amounts to almost the same, ruin his comfort, but as he has grown and climbed, there will be multitudes in the church, in his political party, in his college and in his club who have come to know, to respect, and perhaps to love him. Thousands of them he has never met and does not know. They form a mighty body-

guard who cherish and protect his honor, his name and his fame. To the extent to which one can be uplifted and borne aloft upon the wave of this cordial cameraderie does the sun shine for him more brightly, the flowers give a sweeter perfume, the birds sing a more glorious melody, men and women appear closer and nearer in blood relationship, and the purposes of creation for him and everybody more clearly defined, more hopeful and more beneficent.

I have been a member of this Union League Club for a quarter of a century and for seven years its president. Its history from its organization in 1863 to date is identified with the most glorious events in the story of our country. To-night, however, I recall not so much the public acts of this grand old organization as the men whose acquaintance I have formed, the friends I have made and the loyal, unselfish and earnest supporters I have found within these walls. Your greeting and encouragement significantly refute the dire predictions of the material tendencies of our times. With all the competitions of business and the professions, with all the mad hurry and worry of our daily strife, there still lives in all its purity and vigor that best of possessions—human friendship. If in performing the grave duties and meeting the great responsibilities of the next six years I may satisfy your flattering expectations, they will be the most useful and happy of a very busy and pleasant life.

RETIRING FROM PRESIDENCY UNION LEAGUE

SPEECH ON RETIRING FROM THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNION
LEAGUE CLUB OF NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1893.

GENTLEMEN: To-night closes my seventh year as president of the Union League Club. To have been so often the recipient of your confidence is one of the most gratifying distinctions of my life. The occasion is full of reminiscence and of sentiment. These seven years have been crowded with events which have connected our club with the most important movements of the day. They have renewed old associations, strengthened old ties, and formed new and valuable friendships. At the close of the twenty-eighth year of its existence this organization is the strongest political force, in a certain sense, in the United States, and one of the most social clubs in the world.

The closer the study, the stronger becomes our faith in the influence of heredity. The man reproduces the tendency and peculiarities of his ancestor. It is the same with parties, with schools of learning, and with organizations of every kind. The Union League, when the Republic was in the greatest peril, was born the child of patriotism and public duty. It attained at once the full stature of vigorous manhood. It did a memorable and glorious work in the salvation of the country. The object of its creation was to save the Union; the purpose of its continued existence is to serve the best interests of the nation. It is remarkable how consistently, year by year, the action of the club has sustained the principles of its beginning. It has always been abreast of every movement which was for the public welfare, abreast of every crusade which was against corruption. It has frequently pointed the way long in advance to higher and better results in the legislation of both State and Nation.

My first duty, upon my first election in 1886, was to participate in the memorial services of the club for General Hancock. He had been one of our honorary members, and had occupied the place upon the roll with Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman. He was

intimately and historically associated with the great events of the war, and with one of the many patriotic actions of the club. It was at the time, in 1864, when a general gloom overspread the country, and the situation at the front was desperate and disheartening. He was sent to this city to recruit the depleted ranks of the Second Corps, of which he was the commander. He came at once to the Union League Club and appealed to it for encouragement and assistance. The club raised for him three hundred thousand dollars and recruited for his corps 3159 men. Returning with these soldiers to the Army of the Potomac, he distinguished himself in the bloody battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg.

There has always existed a sentimental friendship between France and the United States. There have not been the close commercial relations and the ties of language and blood between the two countries so necessary to intimate and fraternal acquaintance, but America has never forgotten the inestimable services rendered by France in securing our independence in the War of the Revolution, nor has France failed to remember the lessons of liberty carried back by Lafayette and his compatriots, which, after a century, have given to her also the benefits of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. One of the most eloquent and able of Frenchmen, M. Laboulaye, performed for us during the Civil War services with his pen almost as great as those which in the Revolutionary period had been rendered by Lafayette with his sword. As France had secured a republican form of government, and the United States had cemented its institutions in the best blood of its citizens, it occurred to the patriots of France that a perpetual memorial of the friendship of the two countries and of what liberty had done for both should be presented by France to the United States. The correspondence between Laboulaye and John Jay, then president of this club, started the movement which culminated in the erection of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty upon one of the islands in our beautiful harbor. To emphasize the significance of this gift of the French people, the French Government sent here to the dedicatory exercises a delegation of her eminent statesmen and citizens. This club gave to them a reception which was as national in its character as the dignity of the guests demanded. The Cabinet and Congress, the diplomatic service, the literary and artistic

world, the business and the professions of the United States were all represented here by their most distinguished members. The scene was hardly less impressive than the memorable one upon Bedlow's Island, when the great statue was unveiled in the presence of the two Republics.

The club also in 1886 started a movement for the inauguration of the President of the United States on the 30th of April instead of the 4th of March. The evils of the short session at the close of an administration, and the immense public advantage of the additional time for sound legislation, were forcibly presented. The sentimental view of perpetuating by its recurrence the day on which the first President, George Washington, was inaugurated, was impressively stated. The question is as interesting and important to-day as it was then. Either the 30th of April should be fixed upon for the reason so admirably given by the club in 1886 for the inauguration of the newly elected President, or else the newly elected representatives of the people should meet at once the President-elect in order that the last expression of the will of the people might receive immediate attention.

In 1887 the club repeatedly gave expression to its views upon matters of importance in our State. There are two questions which are ever present and often acute. They are both feared by politicians, but both, like Banquo's ghost, will arise and continue to arise until finally settled. These questions are the common schools and some wise and permanent regulation of the liquor traffic. Both of these subjects were actively discussed, and measures affecting them promoted in our State Legislature. The declaration of the club upon the school question, sent to every member of the House and Senate, was received with unusual favor by the press and people. It read as follows:

"The free public school is the bulwark of the American Republic. We therefore demand the unqualified maintenance of the public school system and its support by equal taxation. We are opposed to all sectarian appropriations, and we denounce as a crime against liberty and republican institutions any project for a sectarian diversion or perversion of the school fund of the State."

To the question of the regulation of the liquor traffic our committee on political reform gave the closest attention and the most thorough examination. Its report, and that became the judgment of the club, repeatedly reaffirmed that under conditions

as they existed in the State of New York high license is the proper solution of the problem. The results gathered from the beneficial experiences of other States were collated in the most forcible manner, and the argument pressed home that by a proper high license bill, once enacted into a law, this vexed and vexing question might be removed from politics, and the saloon be no longer the dominant factor in our State affairs. The Republican Party of that year agreed with the position taken by the Union League, and it will be in the future one of the most interesting studies of the political historian whether the party, having received all the damage possible by the statement of its principles and platform, would not in the end have triumphed in the control of our State if it had had the courage to consistently maintain the position then taken.

But our club, having once been aroused on grave political questions, ventured still further on the road for good government. It boldly proclaimed the principle of such a reformation of the election laws of our State as should free the ballot from intimidation or fraud. We were the pioneers for ballot reform. In season and out of season the Union League formulated its resolutions and published its views upon the necessity of giving to the citizens a ballot so guarded and yet so clear that the most ignorant voter could not be misled in the expression of his judgment. That the result was a travesty upon our effort, and upon the true principles of the exercise of the electoral franchise, is due to a monstrous perversion of the admirable purpose for which the movement was inaugurated. Ballot reform, like all other measures which are for the benefit and protection of the people, may be fooled with for a while, may be defeated for a time, but like truth, crushed to earth, will rise again.

Our reception of Warner Miller in 1888 was a practical reaffirmation of our position upon the proper method of the settlement of the liquor question by its compliment to him upon the superb fight which he had made in the gubernatorial canvass. Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight also will be an interesting year in the Union League calendar. With an earnestness and concentration of effort unequaled in our annals, we entered upon the battle for Harrison and Morton. Every resource of the club was used to educate the voter and promote the cause. Among the agencies which fought the battles of Protection

against the newly declared doctrine of Free Trade, promulgated by Mr. Cleveland, none was more efficient than the Union League. Its utterances had the force of intelligence, patriotism, and disinterestedness. The club fights for principles and not for men. We declared in April that the fight should be made upon the reduction of war taxes and the abolition of a dangerous surplus, and in the precise words of our resolution this principle was adopted by the Republican National Convention in June. When General Harrison was elected we sent to him our greetings and congratulations, and we accompanied them with the memorable message that he entered upon his duties with both Houses of Congress with him; that he was to make his appointments as he thought best for the public interest, and that the verdict of the people meant to reduce taxation to the measure of the public needs, and to reform and revise the existing tariff, to prune away its extravagances and readjust its burdens with a careful regard for the preservation and protection of our manufactures, which had been fostered and maintained by its aid. Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight was a marking-post in the milestones of the progress of the Union League. It was in that year that we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary, and recalled a quarter of a century richer in events and bigger with benefits for the future of the Republic, and for the world at large, than any other quarter of a century of recorded time.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine furnished the club with many opportunities for the exercise of its influence and the expression of its views. It gave its cordial support to the Saratoga Republican ticket, and reaffirmed its views upon high license and ballot reform.

For the first time since the utterance of the patriotic thought of "America for Americans" by Henry Clay, the Republics of North and South America were brought together in the Pan-American Congress at Washington. It was a convocation which first practically put in force our Monroe Doctrine of a half-century ago. It spoke for the ending of European power and influence upon the two continents, and for the closer alliance, political and commercial, between the republics of the New World. It promoted the enlargement of the area of our markets and of opportunities for the sale of our products. The Union League cordially seconded the movement and emphasized the national

interest in the Congress by giving to the delegates a reception within these walls memorable for its significance and the distinguished men who participated in the celebration. At the head of the delegation was the great Secretary of State, James G. Blaine. And in this hall were gathered all most eminent in the civil and military departments of our Government. It was during this year that an event occurred which specially reminded us of the struggle in which our club was born. The cable announced the death of John Bright. We met to pass proper resolutions in his memory. The Union League had always honored him because of the position which he had taken in favor of our nationality during the Civil War. Royalty, the aristocracy, the moneyed classes, the universities, and the social forces of Great Britain were almost unanimously opposed to our National Government in this great struggle for its life. John Bright alone, among the conspicuous statesmen of Great Britain, stood out for the forces which represented freedom, the abolition of slavery, and the perpetuation of the American Union. He appealed as no other man could to the middle and working classes of Great Britain, to that mighty power which has become since that period the controlling force in the politics and policies of the British Empire. He aroused them to the defense of liberty and of our nationality. At the time of our weakness, when foreign enmity was most dangerous to us, he created the fire in the rear; he aroused the potent influence of public opinion in England which prevented Great Britain from recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

There has been of late years a persistent and determined effort on the part of an able and aggressive minority of the club to turn it from the purposes for which it was created and make it a purely social organization; but 1890 will remain a marked year in the history of the Union League Club, because in that year the question was thoroughly and exhaustively discussed and then definitely determined. After many meetings, at one of which there was a very full attendance, by an overwhelming vote a resolution was adopted in these words: "*Resolved*, That this club asserts that only Republicans should be admitted to its membership." But 1890 will be remembered for another most touching and tender reminiscence of the principles upon which our organization was founded. Principles are em-

bodied in men, and they, whether living or dead, become, in the imagination of the people, the exponents of those ideas. There always existed a peculiar and tender affection between the members of the Union League and General Sherman. His martial figure was the familiar attraction of our social evenings and our monthly meetings. The reception which we gave him was the flower and fruitage of our love. No one who was privileged to be present will ever forget that heroic presence, that magnetic personality, that most romantic and original intelligence. The dignity of his reception of our members in the full pride and panoply of successful war; the genial flow of his wit and humor and anecdote at the banquet table which followed; the speech, like the resistless charge of a squadron of cavalry breaking through the lines of the enemy and carrying the banner of victory —these are the pictures of memory, which no words can fitly describe and no pencil properly portray. In 1891, only a few months after this honor to us and compliment to him, the club in a body joined the ranks of the people of the United States in bearing the hero to his last resting place.

The year 1891 is also distinguished for the most exhaustive and vigorous report upon naturalization and immigration which is to be found in the literature of that most important and exigent discussion of the day. Then, as always, the Union League was broadly American in its ideas at the same time that it was generously hospitable to those who were worthy of our hospitality.

The year just closed was marked by the denunciation by this club, in fitting terms, of the Election Inspectors Bill, which passed last year, whose purpose was, so far as it had any purpose, to defeat in this great city the fair expression of the popular will.

As always in presidential canvasses the club did its duty, took its place, and made its fight in the presidential contest just closed. It mourns the result, but for its efforts and for its exertions it has no regrets. It believes that the truths for which it fought and the principles upon which it was defeated, in common with the Republican Party, will yet triumphantly assert their potency and popularity.

In this hasty review of the seven years of my administration many things are omitted which will in due time be recorded by the historian of the club. There have passed from us, during that period, some of the strongest and most active members of

our organization. The rugged face and familiar figure of Jackson S. Shultz, once president of the club; the perennial presence, genial humor, and critical acumen of George Jones, who, with Henry J. Raymond, was the founder of the *New York Times*; the cultured conversation of Dr. Agnew; the wise counsels of John H. Hall, and the loved faces and familiar forms of scores of others have been lost to the club and to our circle during these seven years. We give our tears and affectionate greeting to their memory, but our living interests and active work are with the Union League of to-day, to-morrow, and still to-morrow. Men may live and men may die, but the club goes on forever. Its strength is constantly renewed by an infusion of fresh and vigorous Republican blood. The accessions are so fully up to the standard of the present and the traditions of the past that there is no occasion nor excuse to regret the good old times.

While I have dwelt so much upon the public action of the club, I do not forget its social side. In all that constitutes a home for the bachelor, or for the man whose family is abroad, or a restful and peaceful retreat for the tired and weary worker, or social, literary, and charming surroundings for one seeking genial companionship, this club has no superior in this country or abroad. Its public spirit has not been confined to action and expression upon public questions, but under the wise guidance of Clarke and others it has been a potent and constant protector and promoter of American art and American artists. It has believed and does believe that we have the scenery, the history, the life, and the opportunity, and that we possess the genius and originality to put them upon canvas which shall be as attractive and immortal as any which adorn the galleries of the Old World.

Let us always remember, while we maintain in all possible ways the social attractions of our club, that the power and potency of a membership of the Union League is in its connection with and its activity in every patriotic effort for the good of the nation or the State. Let us never forget that the position which the Union League holds in the United States, and the respect given at Washington, at Albany, and everywhere to its utterances, is not the creation of a day, to be lightly lost and easily regained, but is the accumulated reputation of more than a quarter of a century. The Union League, with the loss of its public functions, would become the same in its purposes and in the reasons

for its existence as any one of the scores of social organizations in our city. But so long as it maintains its standard of the past its membership is an honor and a decoration. There are some who value the Union League for its club opportunities. There are some who class it in their minds as one of the organizations of different kinds to which they belong. But there are others, and they constitute the majority, who love the Union League. They love it for its origin, its history, and its traditions. They love it for the great and good men who have adorned its list of membership. They love it because its life has been the best part of their own work and aspirations. They love it for the friendships they have formed within its walls and the memorable scenes they have witnessed within its rooms. They love it because it is the Union League Club.

NEW YORK UNION LEAGUE CLUB

SPEECH IN SECONDING THE MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS IN HONOR
OF ISAAC H. BROMLEY,¹ OCTOBER 13, 1898.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CLUB: It is both a sad and grateful duty to second the resolution in memory of Isaac H. Bromley. He was one of the rare characters whom the world does not appreciate while living, nor know how much it has lost when he is dead. His best work was behind the impersonal editorial. His modesty and sensitiveness prevented his receiving the conspicuous name and fame which were his due. He was a cultivated, broad-minded and able man; a keen analyst of human nature, and a shrewd observer of current events. He was both a wit and a humorist. Few appreciate these qualities, and the mass of people love them not. It takes a fine organization and education to understand and enjoy these gifts. The rough or vulgar story, whose point is as plain as the face of a trip-hammer, is the common property of everybody who cares to pick it up or use it. Many men are uncomfortable in the presence of any one whose weapons are veiled by the velvet of a story or an epigram which they laugh at to-night because brighter friends do, and see the application of to-morrow.

There is no middle ground in the use of humor. It is clumsy or a boomerang with dull folks, and the most dangerous and effective power for the artist in word painting. You can make a cause or an adversary ridiculous when either is too firmly fixed in the prejudices of their followers or too ponderous to bludgeon. It is more fatal to the victim to be laughed off the stage than kicked off. The easy way of disposing of these dangerous adversaries is to say they are not serious persons and that wisdom and dullness are always found together. Many bright men affect a stolidity and dignity of manner and a verbose platitude of speech in order that no suspicion of humor shall detract from their reputation for wisdom and sagacity.

¹Isaac H. Bromley, Yale, 1853, died in Norwich, Conn., August 11, 1898. He was long connected with the New York *Tribune* and was celebrated as a wit.—*Ed.*

Bromley hated shams, frauds and incompetents. He was so inherently honest and so courageously frank that when he discovered any masquerading behind protestations of patriotism to win popular favor and secure a share of the public plunder, he was at once upon the warpath. He would attack a friend in public life as quickly as he would an enemy, if that friend persisted, after warning, in a course which Bromley thought wrong or insincere.

He was a friend of President Arthur, and both loved a social good time. He thought Arthur's course in forcing Secretary Folger from his Cabinet on the party for Governor, and in other matters, very unwise, and protested to him against it. Arthur saw only the convivial, humorist and witty side of Bromley, and could not understand the depth and intensity of his convictions. He used often to come to me when worried about his articles, but always after they were published. He did not consult before printing. After an editorial upon the President, brilliant, sidesplitting and crushing, he said, sadly :

"I do so wish 'Chet' Arthur would not persist in waving himself in front of my gun." He was a master in a field where Charles Lamb and Thackeray won fame. The vein works out with most writers, but with him it increased in richness as he grew older. His genius was creative. After reading one of his articles on the way to business in the morning you put the *Tribune* in your pocket and carried it home to read to the family after dinner. The evening was relieved of the usual deadly dullness and made bright with keen enjoyment and merry laughter by these effusions at many a city house and suburban cottage. But it was when the doors were closed upon a party of choice spirits that Bromley seemed at his best. His inimitable stories, dry humor and pungent wit would make such a night memorable. He was great at a college festival. Years mellowed the frankness of his youth, but did not dim its fire.

The class of '53 is famous in literature, law, diplomacy and on the Bench, but among Yale men this rare genius did more than any of them to keep alive the memory of the class and the best traditions of the college. He was one of the few wits whose faculty was so perfect that he did not need to inflict a wound. Victim and associates equally enjoyed the joke, for Bromley's humor in the social circle never left a scar. His an-

swer to the angry subscriber of the paper he was temporarily editing years ago, because of the scarcity in its columns of cables and telegrams, was characteristic: "We are poor, but honest. Even our Vatican news is taken from the *Sentinel*, of Rome, N. Y."

Though Bromley's work was necessarily hasty, there is much of it which ought not to be lost. His wit and humors were upon a plane far higher than the school of Artemus Ward and infinitely more funny. The events of the period of his activity would receive vivid illustration and brilliant coloring for the historian of the future if his works were published. Dear friend, charming companion, faithful journalist and good citizen, the world is richer, brighter, wiser and better for the life and work of Isaac H. Bromley.

SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ADDRESS AT SECOND NATIONAL CONGRESS OF THE SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AT HARTFORD, CONN.,
APRIL 30, 1891.

GENTLEMEN: We in New York, having found for two centuries that the Connecticut Yankee crosses our border, becomes rich and prosperous within our territory, controls our best business and runs most of our schools, marries the daughter of the house in which he has become a partner, and inherits the farm or the estate, have determined, as the only way of checking the raid and preserving the Empire State to ourselves, to make unlawful in New York whatever is permitted and is lawful in Connecticut. If a New Yorker happens to be included in the penalties by which we thus are determined to stop the aggressive spirit of Connecticut, it is the misfortune of his association.

It is a tribute at once suggestive and unique to the variety, diversity, and glory of our institutions that a citizen can at four o'clock in the afternoon leave a commonwealth where the chief magistracy is filled by a Governor who is also a Senator and in two hours and a half be at the capital of a neighboring State where the Governorship is filled by three persons. It demonstrates that it only requires half an official to govern New York and three of diverse politics to manage the affairs of Connecticut.

No people have ever founded a State which has become a great nation, have ever preserved and enlarged their liberty, unless they had largely developed the qualities of imagination and of sentiment. They must deify the heroes to whose valor and statesmanship they owe their origin. They must picture in the eye of the mind the battlefields upon which their forefathers fought and conquered. They must see the clash of contending armies, hear the roar of the mighty hosts and the din of battle, and be enthused on patriotic occasions with the fire and the spirit which animated the men who created them as a power in the earth.

This Republic has advanced or stood still just in proportion

as its people have revered the men of the Revolution and practiced the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of Washington's farewell address. Nothing but good results from the estimate and admiration in which posterity holds the character and achievements of George Washington, the genius of Alexander Hamilton, the statesmanship and patriotism of Jefferson and the Adamses and their compatriots. We have fallen, as a nation, into the grossest materialism during the periods when the lessons of Independence Hall and of Valley Forge, the inspirations of Concord and of Bunker Hill have neither stirred the blood of the people nor inspired the imagination of the schoolboy.

The Civil War was a rude awakening to the heritage we had received and the obligations we were under for its maintenance and transmission to posterity. We do not require societies to be formed, pamphlets issued, pledges made to build more railroads, to develop more mines, to induce more immigration, to promote more enterprises. But we do require more education. We have the common school, which is at once our pride and our glory; we have the high school, the academy, the college, the university; schools for training in the professions, in science, and in manual labor. But we are deficient in schools of patriotism. You might as well expect Christianity to thrive, conversions to follow, the churches to be filled without instruction or knowledge as to the Passion, the Cross and the Resurrection, as to believe in a patriotism which would place the welfare of the country before every other consideration without the constant teaching and daily lesson in the ideas, the deeds, and the men that created the United States.

Every society like this of the Sons of the American Revolution is a seminary of patriotism. To belong to it is a liberal education in liberty. Fourteen millions of people have landed in this country and become absorbed in our population since 1820. Of our sixty-three millions of population nearly one-half have no ancestry or traditions which go back to the Revolutionary War. It is our duty for the good government of to-day and the greatness and growth of the Republic in the future that the unification of our people shall be not only in loyalty to the flag and devotion to the Constitution, but in pride in the traditions and the history of our past.

We want the emigrant of yesterday to say, with the descendant of the soldier of the Revolution, "My pride and inspiration are not in Frederick the Great, or Louis XIV., or William the Conqueror. They are not in a hero of England, or of Ireland, or of Wales, or of Germany, or of France, or of Holland, or of Scandinavia, but in George Washington."

One of the admirable results of the formation of these societies and the requirements for membership has been the necessity put upon those who wished to join to consult their genealogical tree. Now I have discovered among the benefits of a study of genealogy that by having one's great-grandfathers judiciously distributed among the nationalities I am able to attend, as to the manner born, the annual banquets of the Dutch, the Irish, the English, the French, and the Yankee.

I find, since studying for this society, that I can also belong to several States. One of my claims to membership is from Connecticut. My great-grandfather was the Rev. Josiah Sherman, the brother of Roger, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and by virtue of that descent I stand here to-night as a son of Connecticut. For most of my active life I had thought I was a Dutch Huguenot. My father and grandfather and great-grandfather of that cult, up in Peekskill, had taught to each succeeding generation with the family devotions that the two things to avoid for a New Yorker were a Yankee and the devil! In the broad cosmopolitan spirit which comes from the largest contact with the world, I have arrived at a period where I have a sort of liking for them both. To make up for the respect which I have hitherto failed to give, and the many skits I have sent at my Connecticut ancestry, I am willing, for a while, to do penance by going to bed on Saturday night at six o'clock and omitting on Sunday my customary affectionate kiss to my wife. But in view of the possible political probabilities, somewhat obscured at present by railroad associations and New York indictments, I draw the line at the persecution of Quakers and Baptists.

Fortunately we have in our country no pride of birth which seeks to claim the right to wear armorial bearings and heraldic devices, to be connected with noble houses and fallen aristocracies, but we ought to have and ought to cultivate a quicker movement of the pulse and a more pleasurable circulation of the

blood when we can find among our ancestors one or more who, by tongue or pen or sword, contributed something to the independence of this country and the formation of this Republic.

The study of the past is the lesson of the present. The story of the Continental Congress, of the convention which formed the Constitution, of the marches, the suffering, the privation, the victories, the final triumph of the Continental army, raises the regiments which sweep resistlessly over the land and builds the ships which are triumphant upon the wave when the nation is in peril from foreign foe or domestic strife.

It was the love of nationality, the inherited, ineradicable belief in the necessity of the perpetuity of this Union for the liberties of mankind and the elevation of the world, which strangled slavery at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of treasure, rather than divide the country peacefully upon the lines of the States which were free and the States which were slave. It is the memory of the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys, the Marions; of Charleston, of Cowpens, and of King's Mountain, which, when slavery is gone, makes the Southern people of to-day as loyal to the flag, as willing to spring to arms and sacrifice all material interests for the preservation of the country which is our common glory and our common hope.

The heredity of patriotic thought, utterance, and ideas is the spirit which prevents the gross materialism, calculating spirit, and the commercial necessities of the time from absorbing the attention and paralyzing the purposes of the national mind and heart. It is this which, at the clarion call of duty, breaks the crust of conservatism and the ties of interest; locks the office, abandons the counter, leaves behind the shop, marches from the home to the field of duty and of danger.

A clerical friend of mine told me a capital story of a Yale man who was the stroke oar of the crew and the chief athlete on the football field. He entered the ministry and spent years in missionary labor in the far West. Walking one day through a frontier town, a cowboy stepped up to him and said: "Parson, you don't have enough fun. Take a drink." The minister declined. "Well," he said, "Parson, you must have some fun. Here's a faro layout. Take a hand in the game." The minister declined. "Parson," said the cowboy, "you'll die if you don't

have some fun." And he knocked the parson's hat off his head and hit him a whack in the ear.

The old athlete's spirit arose, the science which had been learned in the college gymnasium and forgotten for a quarter of a century was aroused, a blow landed on the jaw of that cowboy that sent him sprawling in the street. The parson walked over him as if he had been a door rug, picked him up and dusted the side of the house with him, and mopped up the sidewalk, and, as the ambulance was carrying the cowboy off, he raised his head feebly to the opening in the curtain, and said: "Parson, what did you fool me for? You said you had no fun in you. Why, you're chock full of it."

So, when the trumpet sounds for war, the reformer calls for recruits, the opponent of corruption which is intrenched in power in office, in patronage, in the elements which can make men prosperous or destroy them cries for assistance, the traditions of the Revolution, the lessons of liberty, the lives of the fathers, fill the ranks and win the victory.

We have need to cultivate stalwart and robust Americanism. We have passed the period when we are dependent on other nations for anything. We have a literature which has secured the recognition of the world. We are first in inventions, in material progress, in accumulated wealth, in average prosperity, in general happiness. We want no more of the Americanism which turns up its pantaloons every time it rains in London. We want no more of the Americanism which affects a pronunciation of our glorious tongue unknown to the dictionaries, but presumed to be an echo of the British Isles.

We do not want an Americanism which is boastful and puffed up, but one of the objects of this association is to cultivate that knowledge of a glorious origin, an unequaled country a land developed in one hundred years beyond any example in recorded time, and yet, in its infancy, a nation to-day one of the most powerful upon earth, an educational system that disseminates at the public expense universal education, a patriotism equal to all the requirements of troublous periods and peaceful times, which, when thoroughly appreciated and understood, will enable us to contemplate the past, knowing the present and defining the future, and say to our children, "The proudest title on earth is to be an American citizen."

SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ADDRESS AT THE DINNER AT THE THIRD NATIONAL CONGRESS OF
THE SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AT
DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1892.

GENTLEMEN: It is one of the happy conditions of this patriotic organization that it holds its anniversary meetings at some place and at some time which recall a historic event connected with the origin of the Republic. The convention to-day is held in the place and on the anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, the first President of the United States. Demosthenes gave as a rule of success in oratory, "action, action, action." That rule constitutes the principle of ancient civilization. It embodies the idea that the orator or the soldier rules the State. Demosthenes governed the democracy of Athens, and Cæsar the turbulent factions of Rome. The same was true in all medieval and most of modern history, but the demand of our time is to "organize, organize, organize." Steam and electricity have compelled the organization of capital to carry on business enterprises and of laboring elements to protect themselves. All movements, religious, charitable, political, educational, or social, are dependent upon some kind of corporate strength to give them their permanency and power. The individual as a potential force has been absorbed in the mass. The evolution of the American settlement is one of the most interesting studies. At first it is a population which is bent on earning a living and securing a home. Then comes the church, around which centers and in which originates every interest and every movement. It is more than a place for religious worship. There all matters pertaining to the neighborhood are discussed; there the young people meet and fall in love; there they are married, and from there they are buried. In a very large and a very full sense, and a perfectly proper one, it is the club of the town. Then come the charitable organizations, and those whose object it is to take care of members and promote social influences. Then come the Shakespeare and the Browning Societies; and finally patriotic

ones whose objects are to develop local history and to study the origin and growth of their countries. In these scenes the Sons of the American Revolution express the latest development of the highest type of American civilization.

This patriotic movement gives us the National Anthem at the close of the theater. It will ultimately unfurl to the wind the national flag above every schoolhouse in the land; and the young inquiring mind will learn in the stars upon that flag the history of his country. While we are the most universally educated people in the world, we know less in proportion to any other nation about the history of the worthies of the Revolutionary War. I have known a fashionable lady who could repeat the names and pedigrees of those contained in Burke's British Peerage, but who did not know whether Israel Putnam fell off a tight rope at Niagara Falls or was shot at Bunker Hill. It is refreshing, however, occasionally to meet with a type of fashionable life such as the Yankee girl at Woolwich Arsenal, in England, who, when a British officer pointed to some cannon and said, "We took them from your grandfathers at Bunker Hill," said, "I suppose you did, but we have kept the hill."

[Mr. Depew closed his remarks with an eloquent appeal that in every public park in the land there should be erected a statue representing the Continental soldier; the idea being that the personality represented in such a statue would first invite curiosity respecting the model and from this would grow an interest in the study of history—that history which the individual carrying on his head his three-cornered hat had done so much to institute, and from which the most interesting history of modern time has developed. Mr. Depew's suggestion was received with great enthusiasm.]

SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN HONOR OF THE
ARMY AND NAVY, JANUARY 18, 1895.

GENTLEMEN: The New York Society of the Sons of the American Revolution takes great pleasure in welcoming this evening its friends and its guests. We perform one part of the duties assumed by our organization in bringing together the past and the present.

We celebrate the anniversary of a battle of the Revolutionary War where the victory was of momentous consequence to the fortunes of the patriot cause. In connection with that event our sentiment is the "Army and Navy," which are represented here by two of their most distinguished living members. Men may live and men may die but the defenders of liberty go on forever. The heroes of Cowpens long since went to their account; the heroes of the infant American Navy are part of almost ancient history. But both Army and Navy continue with each succeeding generation to be the worthy descendants of these distinguished sires.

I have heard well read people wondering at the origin of the name "Cowpens." They remembered the tendencies of our ancestors to give classic or biblical titles to the places they settled. They recalled the familiar names of Rome, Utica, Syracuse, Attica, Pompeii, and a thousand others of a like ancient flavor scattered over the land. They have supposed that somewhere in Greek or Roman geography or biography, or in biblical illustration this name might be found. Our society, as a defender of the truth, is compelled to announce the prosaic origin of the name of this famous battle-field. There were no fences in that region in the early days. The cattle roamed at will both in winter and summer. Their owners furnished them no shelter, but they did drive them within enclosures, and these were called cow-pens.

Cornwallis had determined to wipe out the little band of

Morgan which was constantly upsetting his plans. Though only partially disciplined, these ragged continentals were rough-riders, sharpshooters, and all generals. Behind every rifle was a thinking and fearless patriot. Before their withering fire no human being could live. A British force many times their number assailed them and only a small remnant of the enemy managed to escape. It was at the darkest hour of the American Revolution that this victory illuminated the patriot skies. It raised the Continental Army and the Continental Congress from the depths of despair to happiness and courage. Congress gladly recognized in glowing resolutions and gifts of swords and decorations the victors of the fight. The Colonial legislatures followed with equally warm expressions of gratitude. That grand old Quaker soldier, General Greene, flew out of his habitual reserve and used the most enthusiastic language of compliment and commendation. General Greene is in many ways the most interesting of the Revolutionary heroes. He was ancestor of the typical Yankee. A New Englander in New England, a Virginian in Virginia, a Carolinian in Carolina, and always an American.

It is well for New Yorkers to remember that while great battles were fought and great events transpired in all the others of the thirteen colonies, the storm center never moved from our own State. Here from the beginning to the end of the struggle was the crucial contest. To command the line of the Hudson was the one aim of the British War Office, of the British Admiralty, and of the British Commanders on this continent. For it Henry Clinton stayed in New York with the mass of the British Army; for it the brilliant and accomplished Major André became a spy and was hanged; for it Burgoyne marched from Canada and was defeated at Saratoga. Once possessed of the line of the Hudson the colonies would have been hopelessly divided and could have been crushed in detail. Small events have in all times at the crises of nations and of peoples led to tremendous consequences. Paulding was a prisoner in a sugar house in New York and so nearly naked that his Hessian sentinel gave him his cast-off coat. This coat deceived André and saved West Point, and prevented the catastrophe which would have followed the success of the treason of Arnold. Some captured British uniforms, worn by the soldiers of Governor Clinton at Fort Montgomery caused the messenger and spy of Sir Henry Clinton to

disclose his identity, and he swallowed the dispatch. Homeopathy had not been discovered in those days. Our fathers were accustomed to take and to administer heroic remedies. They poured down the throat of that Briton an emetic which if it had gone into the Comstock Lode, even after it had reached three thousand feet in depth, would have emptied it of its silver. It emptied the stomach of the spy of the silver bullet, which when unscrewed disclosed the dispatch revealing the campaign of Burgoyne. The grim humor of the Scotch-Irish came out on the trial. When the spy begged for mercy, old Clinton said "You are condemned out of your own mouth."

New York was not only the field for the exercise of British strategy, not only the State for whose conquest campaigns elsewhere were planned to draw away the American forces, but from New York the commanding genius of Alexander Hamilton, that unequaled original intelligence of that period, and creative mind unsurpassed in any period, gave to the Constitution of the United States and to our system of Government that elasticity with stability which has secured its perpetuity.

It is an agreeable thought and a hopeful sign that the idea of these patriotic societies should have originated upon the golden coast of California and in the city of San Francisco, where back in the centennial era, the first society was started. The size of our Republic, the extent of its territory, and the diversity of its interests have caused the pessimists to fear its ultimate breaking up, or the falling off of its distant members. They have argued, and by their arguments alarmed many political philosophers, that at such great distances from the Capitol at Washington, local interests, associations, and ambitions would so weaken the national tie and so strengthen home feelings that the desire for independence and separate government would become irresistible. But the formation of this society in San Francisco in 1876 and the vigorous societies that exist in Minnesota and in other Western States all show that the pioneers of American progress are the descendants of Revolutionary patriots. They are the colonists of our period, they are the conquerors of new lands to be annexed to the old nation. But their emigration and conquest and settlement have not been upon medieval lines, marked by ravaged seacoasts and sacked cities, but under the teachings of the Bible and the lessons of American liberty. Their mission has

been to subdue the waste places and make them the gardens of the Republic. They have reclaimed the wilderness, they have made the grass to grow where there was none before, they have ploughed the virgin soil and irrigated the earth and made their country the granary of the world; they have founded cities and created commonwealths, they have added to the wealth, the happiness and the glory of the Republic, and at the same time have infinitely strengthened it in every department of national greatness. Thus these patriotic associations bind together all sections of the country and develop a spirit of nationality. Whatever may have been our differences, however acute our political divisions, however fearful and bloody our contests over an idea, the common ancestry, the common heritage in a glorious past, a common descent from the demi-gods of the Revolution who secured independence for the United States and established within them the spirit and the essence of liberty, keep the step of the people in the new States and in the old, on the Pacific Coast and among the woods of Maine, on the Atlantic and along the lakes, true to the music of the Union, and cause them to march together for higher ideals under the same glorious flag.

The education of the schools teaches the significance of Bunker Hill and Stony Point, of Concord and Lexington, of Saratoga and Yorktown. But until the University of the Sons of the American Revolution was established, we knew little of the treasures lying hidden and almost forgotten which can be found in every county of the old thirteen colonies. In a little while these priceless incentives to local patriotism, the story of these isolated spots, these old relics, the deeds which made these fields sacred, would have lost their significance. Now, however, the local antiquary is verifying their existence, resurrecting their history, and the society, by slab, by tablet, and by monument, is perpetuating them. For generations the traveler up the Hudson has passed by the spot at Dobbs Ferry where Washington and Rochambeau planned the campaign which ended in the surrender of Yorktown and the recognition by Great Britain and foreign governments of the United States.

Last summer, with appropriate ceremonies which attracted the Army and the Navy and the Cabinet and the Vice-president, we reared upon that field a monument before which for all time to come the passing traveler up and down that most magnificent of

highways which runs along the banks of the river, will pause to read the record, and be inspired both by the reading and because he will stand in the footsteps of the gallant commander of our French allies and the "Father of his Country." Until the study of the origin of the American Republic, and of the men and events of the Continental Congress, of the Continental Army and of the Revolutionary period had been revived, mainly by these patriotic associations within the last two years, there had grown to be a lamentable ignorance among even our educated people on these great and important subjects. I have been told the story of a law student who was very bitter against the editor of the *Tribune* because of his abolition proclivities, who being asked by his examiners to name the man who in a great crisis of the country's history came near betraying the Republic to the enemy promptly answered "Horace Greeley." He was nearly related to that candidate for the ministry at our Theological Seminary in New York who was asked by my pastor, who was one of the examiners, if he could name a character in history who without wearing a crown had yet had such influence in the public affairs of his time that his career had fostered and encouraged the liberal revolt, the benefits of which we were enjoying. The student hesitating, the examiner suggested Oliver, thinking Cromwell would follow whereupon the student answered, "Yes, I know, Oliver Sumner Teall." We sometimes idealize too much, according to our critics, the knowledge our forefathers had of the ideas and purposes for which they fought. A member of one of our sister societies, the Massachusetts one, recently told a story which illustrates that every soldier of the Revolutionary Army knew the great principle for which he was struggling and sacrificing, however little he might have cared for the details. This soldier, who had marched to Bunker Hill, was nearly one hundred years of age at the time the conversation occurred. He was asked if he left his farm and fought at Bunker Hill because of the Stamp Tax. He said "No, I never saw a stamp." "Was it because of the tea?" "No, we had no tea, it was all thrown into the harbor." "Was it because of the glorious principles of Sidney and Hampden which you had read and absorbed?" "No, for I had never either read or absorbed them." "Then why did you go to Bunker Hill, or fight, or risk your life or become wounded?" "Because I was born free and meant to die free." That was the

essence of the Revolutionary War, that is the spirit of American liberty, that is the fundamental principle of our institutions.

Our special subjects to-night are the Army and Navy. Every nation of recorded time has had its army and navy. In every country both of them have had their glory tarnished by some dis-honor. With the exception of Arnold, who was simply a commander of a post, the American Army is absolutely free from the stain of cowardice or treason from George Washington to General Miles. The American Navy has never had upon its quarter-deck an officer unfaithful to his flag or his commission, an officer who was unequal to the responsibilities placed upon him, an officer who in an emergency did not rise to the full height of heroism and naval genius, from Paul Jones to Admiral Gherardi.

American valor, American pluck, American aptitude for emergencies, American resources in difficulties, American inability to understand defeat or despair have been the inspiration of our soldiers and our sailors. Mad Anthony Wayne, storming the breastworks at Stony Point, Ethan Allen capturing Ticonderoga in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, Morgan at Cowpens, Washington at Monmouth and a thousand other glorious memories, cluster about the past. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, but it was the surrender of Americans to Americans after each had demonstrated that under equal conditions there was the unconquerable spirit of American man-hood. The cause of the fight eliminated, and the great commander extending with his parole his hand, his heart and his honor, brought and knit together under a common flag and within the protection of the same institutions the warriors of yesterday. To-day, to-morrow and forever we know no North, no South, no East, no West, we know only this great Republic of the United States, and that the proudest title that can be borne by a human being is that of American citizen.

SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ADDRESS AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, IN CELEBRATION OF THE 119TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON, JANUARY 3, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: It was the opinion of Sydney Smith, philosopher, wit and preacher, that the true test of civilization was the dinner and the ability to dine. He did not refer to the material elements of the banquet, its food and its wines, but to the feast of reason for which the dinner was the occasion and opportunity. Socrates and Plato and Alcibiades could spend the night at a feast as simple as it was cheap, in great debate, in high discussion, and in the clash of culture and glorious wits. The Roman dinner, which has excited the admiration of the historian, and in all subsequent ages the envy of the plutocrat, which cost anywhere from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars, was ostentatious and expensive, but vulgar and dull.

Most of the revolutionary worthies were good diners in the best and noblest sense. Hamilton, the keenest, most original and brilliant intellect of the period, could contribute not only the most attractive and instructive conversation, but he could accelerate the pace of the hours by singing battle hymns and war ballads. Jefferson, who detested controversy, except with the pen, loved to gather round the festive board of his political friends and associates for the discussion of those theories of government of which he was so fond, and of practical politics, of which he was a master. The mess table of the generals of the Continental Army, even at Valley Forge, when the fare was little more than Indian corn and melted ice water, was rich with anecdote, debate and song. Franklin had the Socratic love of the opportunity for the inculcation of his views which the dinner gave, and Hancock and Adams brought to it the courtly grace of Boston culture. Jay and Schuyler and rough old Gov. Clinton utilized the dinner for the planning of campaigns, both military and political, and

both gave and received with the hearty enjoyment and the cordial hospitality which have always characterized New York.

Great as he was in every other direction, profoundly as he appreciated and much as he enjoyed the dinner, Gen. Washington, by his presence, generally spoiled the pleasures of the feast. The severity of his manner, his reticence and the distant majesty which enshrined him destroyed the freedom which is necessary to the full appreciation and enjoyment of the occasion. The grandfather of Gen. Cochran was surgeon-general of the staff, and he used to tell the story of the effort made by the younger members to break through this reserve and bring the Commander-in-Chief into connection and sympathy with both serious and the hilarious incidents which happened after he retired. The novel method of producing the result was that the best raconteur should tell the story which had proved the greatest success, and then that Gov. Morris, the most brilliant, audacious and best loved of the officers, should slap the General on the back and say: "Old gentleman, how do you like that?" Washington was first astonished, and then a grieved expression came over his face; then he slowly rose and, with great dignity, retired from the room. This was the first and last experiment they made upon Gen. Washington.

The United States at the close of the nineteenth century has accepted and illustrates in its daily life the importance and the uses of these serious and festive occasions. From the beginning of the year to its close there is in this metropolis of the Republic a long succession of dinners which are given to promote the patriotic, religious, social, reformatory, educational, or material interests of the country. It is eminently fitting and proper that in the van of this procession should be the Sons of the American Revolution. Our ancestors first saw the utilitarian, intellectual and patriotic opportunities of the banquet, and but for their valor in the field and their wisdom in the council there would have been neither the country nor the occasion for the societies and the organizations whose efforts in their several departments do so much to promote the welfare of the people and the grandeur of the nation.

As these patriotic societies have increased in number and influence they have aroused both envy and criticism. It is said that we keep alive the passions and the prejudices of a hundred

years ago. Nothing could be further from our purpose or more foreign to our ends. We recall the statesmen and soldiers of the Revolution that their patriotism, their purity, their unselfishness and their self-denial in the cause of their country may be an incentive and example for coming generations. We revive the memories of their great deeds and place monuments up in the fields where they shed their blood that their children's children may never forget the value of their heritage which comes to them through so much of sacrifice and of death. We search out the places which are not of sufficient importance in the several localities to be embalmed in history, and by tablet and memorial preserve the story which makes them sacred, that the spot may be for all time to come classic ground for youth and for old age.

However much we may hold up to the indignation of our contemporaries the despotism of George III and the vainglorious egotism of Lord North, however much we may with just execration condemn the Hessian monarch who sold his subjects by regiments and brigades to fight for the enslavement of our country, we cherish no resentment against the British or the German peoples, but we have for both the most cordial feeling of amity and friendship. We recognize the fact and enforce the lesson that the American Revolution taught the English soldier and the Hessian mercenary and the troops of our French ally the principles of civil and religious liberty, which they carried back with them to the Old World and planted the seeds in their several countries, so that parliamentary instead of despotic Germany, and republican instead of monarchical France, and despite its monarchy and its House of Lords really democratic England, are the fruits of the struggle which began with the Declaration of Independence and ended with the recognition of the Republic of the United States.

American liberty has been, more than anything else in the nineteenth century, the motive power in forcing the recognition of the Divine injunction of eighteen hundred years ago from Calvary, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." No couplet in our English tongue has received so much just ridicule as the lines, which have survived by their absurdity, of Lord John Manners :

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

The folly of these lines is in their application, in such extravagant phrase, to a class which is the continuing accident of accidents. Special privileges extended to a particular class for their preservation and superiority fail in the end to accomplish these results. Except the nobility is reinforced constantly by fresh and new blood from the people it becomes effeminate and corrupt. It is the glory of the descendants of colonial ancestors that they hold their own and keep their place in the front rank in every department of American life, without laws or opportunities which are not the common property of everybody. Fired with a noble patriotism to develop their country, free from prejudices against foreigners, they have welcomed with hospitality to an equal share in their institutions, their citizenship and their virgin forests and public lands the peoples of every race and tongue and nation. With no primogeniture and entail, each generation has been compelled to take its chances with the newly arrived immigrant and to make for itself its own place in the State and in the nation. This healthy process, and the spur of necessity, have kept alive the vigor, the enterprise, and the indomitable courage of the original stock. It is the most enterprising of the peoples of the older States who migrate to new territories, endure the hardships of early settlement and form new States, but it is in these new States that we find the largest and most successful societies of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The descendants of the 3,000,000 of people who fought the Revolutionary War to a triumphant issue number now about 14,000,000 of the 70,000,000 of the population of the United States, and yet the descendants of those 3,000,000 are foremost in every position which illustrates the dignity and the power and the development of the country. The President of the United States is of colonial stock; so are most, if not all, of the members of his Cabinet; so are all the judges of that most majestic tribunal of the world, the Supreme Court of the United States; so is the Governor of our own State. When the exigencies of our city government compelled an uprising of the people to rescue the metropolis, they selected for their leader again a descendant of the same old stock. Most of our great orators are, and have always been, descended from Revolutionary ancestors. Our literature is almost wholly from the pens of those whose forefathers were contemporary in this country with Bunker Hill and

Yorktown. If you turn to the material side, eight-tenths of the presidents of our banks and trust companies are in the same category. If you go to the great railroads, which represent so much of the capital and employment and energy of the Republic, you find the same results. The Vanderbilts go back to the colonial period. The president of the Central Railroad has no ancestor who arrived in this country later than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The president of the Pennsylvania system lives in the house which his ancestors built two hundred years ago. And the same rule of eight or nine to one of colonial origin would follow through the executive officers of all the railway systems and individual railroad companies of the United States.

There are four patriots pre-eminent in statesmanship and war, who, when all others are forgotten, will live in history as the representative Americans of this generation. They are Lincoln, our sacred Washington, Grant, the greatest captain of his time, and Sherman, the thunderbolt of war and versatile genius in peace. All of them were from colonial ancestry. Years have mellowed, ripened and cultured the old stock, but have retained for it all its original vigor, energy and power.

It was the peculiarity of the fathers of the Revolution that they were men of peace. They exhausted every effort to secure their rights before submitting them to the arbitrament of war. They recognized that of all lands in the world none could be so much benefited by the blessings of peace as their own country. They saw that in its settlement and development, in its greatness and power, in its glorious future, peace was the factor of success. Peace always with honor, peace always with the preservation of the integrity of the territories of the nation and the purity of the institutions of the Republic.

No statesman more thoroughly sympathized with the feeling following the Revolutionary War against Great Britain than George Washington. No statesmen felt profounder gratitude to France for the assistance which she had given us, or a warmer desire to assist her in the solving of her problems and the protection of her interests, and yet it was the patriotism and the firmness of the Father of His Country which alone saved us during his administration from a disastrous war with Great Britain in behalf of France; which alone kept us from being embroiled in the wars which beggared Europe and left the legacy of debt that

has caused untold miseries to its people for a century; which alone brought and secured for us a hundred years ago that beneficent treaty of Jay's, which put first among the principles of international law that the disagreements of nations should be settled, if possible, not by submission to the court of war, but to peaceful tribunals of arbitration.

SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AT THE ANNUAL BAN-
QUET ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF LORD NORTH'S
MINISTRY, MARCH 19, 1898.

GENTLEMEN: Our annual meeting always commemorates a significant event in American history. It revives recollections which inspire patriotism and opens wide fields both for research and speculation. To-night we follow the line in recalling the anniversary of a crisis in the history of Great Britain which was of momentous consequence to the United States, to England, and mankind.

There has been much carping criticism of late upon all societies whose membership requires ancestry. Whenever the press assails with ridicule or invective a principle, a man, a cause or an organization, there is some good reason for it. The only objection to the marksmanship of the newspapers is that it does not always discriminate and shoots into the crowd. There are societies and societies for the cultivation of the past in its relations to the present. When Americans claim to trace their lineage back to the early kings of Europe or to be the lineal descendants of the Barons of Runnymede, the world laughs and the satirist and the caricaturist have a happy time. There are said to be sixty thousand titles in France, of which only six thousand are known to be genuine, while the others run the whole range from doubt to deceit. In Russia, where every member of the family and the family's family have titles, there are reported to be thirty thousand Prince Gallitzins. It is a source of honest pride, however, to an American when his ancestors for many generations in this country have done their part as self-supporting citizens in their several periods for their neighborhood, their colony, their State, and their country. It is a gratification to know that none of them were hanged, or in jail, or in the poorhouse. It is a great gratification to know that at the birth of the Republic, or in the period of its peril, they contributed to the creation of this

Government of the United States and the independence of America. We have none but the kindest feeling toward those of our fellow-citizens who arrived in this country too late to participate in these great events. Their ancestors were in Europe at the same time that our ancestors had the foresight and courage to cross the ocean in insecure and insignificant craft, and the foresight and wisdom to create the conditions which their descendants have enjoyed for centuries. The later comer who finds in the second greatest city in the world the handicap to employment and opportunity which comes from the competition of crowding populations, should not blame us because we discovered the possibilities and the future of New York when the whole island of Manhattan could be bought for twenty-four dollars.

The Sons of the American Revolution have alone done much to rescue from oblivion, by tablet and monument, places which will increase in interest as the centuries roll by.

In 1732 two boys were born who were destined to influence beyond any other men of their period and almost any period, the history of the world and the happiness of the human race. One had all the advantages that birth, rank, education, and position could give him in Great Britain, and the other had the same opportunities in the New World. One, by education, habits of mind and association, embodied the spirit of the past; the other the awakened spirit of the age. The one was Lord North, the other George Washington. Lord North was a believer in the autocratic authority of the Middle Ages. He believed in the divine right of kings and in the concentration of all power in the throne. He never understood the people nor could he comprehend that they had any rights in the administration of government. He was a Tory of the Tories and a Bourbon of the Bourbons. His great ability and high character only gave him a larger place and opportunity for the enforcement of his ideas and the misleading of his king. Washington breathed the air of freedom in the fields and the forests of the New World. On the farm, at the hustings, in the Legislature, in politics and in war, he mingled with the people. He early learned their intelligence and capacity for self-government. The lesson of civil and religious liberty was taught him by example and precept until, far beyond his years or his contemporaries, he knew the meaning of liberty and law. In the ordering of the great events of the

period, Lord North, the most hidebound of conservatives, became the most dangerous of revolutionists, while Washington, the leader of the Revolution, became the embodiment of conservatism. Lord North, by enforcing the edicts of arbitrary power, created a revolt which lost to the British crown the greater part of its colonial possessions, inaugurated the era of political expansion, and created the democracy which drove him from power and ultimately elevated to the control of the destinies of his country the masses of his countrymen whom he so distrusted and despised. Washington guided a revolt against authority, government and law so wisely, so conservatively and with such fairness that upon the ruins of the government which he destroyed and of the laws which he defied he built a republic with the rights of life, of liberty, of happiness and of property so embedded in its Constitution that the institutions of the United States alone of all the nations of Christendom have survived the shock of the social and political evolutions of the nineteenth century.

After one hundred years, Lord North is remembered only because his ashes fertilize free institutions. After one hundred years Washington is revered as the founder of the most beneficent Government the world has ever known, and as the foremost man in all the elements of patriotism, heroism, and statecraft of his own time and of every age. Lord North, deserted by his king, his party and his friends, passed his declining years lamenting, not his blindness from the loss of sight, but his blindness in not seeing the tendencies of the time and the rising spirit of English and American liberty. Washington passed his declining years possessing the love and the gratitude of his country and the admiration of the world.

There was another young man, contemporary with Washington and Lord North, who had so thoroughly imbibed the teachings and the spirit of Chatham and Burke and Fox that he remained out of power during the whole of the Revolutionary War because he believed the Americans were right. His first act on coming into the Cabinet on the fall of the ministry of Lord North was to recognize the independence of the United States and make the Jay treaty of alliance between the two countries—that great treaty of peace and arbitration between these two English-speaking peoples, the spirit of which grows stronger and more beneficent year by year, and never was so strong as it

is to-day. This statesman was the Earl of Shelburne. He had the greatest affection and friendship for Benjamin Franklin, the closest relations with John Jay, and a reverential admiration for George Washington. At his request Washington sat for a full-length portrait of himself. Five years ago that portrait appeared for sale one morning in the gallery of Agnew, the Bond Street picture dealer. Before night it was the property of another British statesman, who has enjoyed a great career, and is destined to a greater one, who knows the United States better than any other Englishman living, and whose friendship for America and Americans is ever most cordial and sympathetic. That statesman is the Liberal leader, Lord Rosebery. This portrait of Washington, the best one of him I have ever seen, occupying the place of honor in the home of Rosebery, is really a pictorial monument of the fall of the North Ministry, of the recognition of American independence, of the birth and marvelous growth from the American Revolution of liberal ideas in Great Britain and in Europe. It has also its lesson for to-day. One power alone in Europe sympathized with Lord North and George III in their attack upon the rights of the American people, one power alone in Europe held off till the last—until long after Great Britain herself had acted—in the recognition of the independence of the United States. That power was Spain. She had at that time the most magnificent of colonial empires, she possessed nearly one-half, and the most productive half, of the continent of North America, the whole of the Isthmus of Darien, the whole of South America, and nearly all the islands of the adjoining seas. She feared that the example of the American Revolution would spread to her own colonies. Had she learned the lesson of the American Revolution she might still have been an imperial power. That lesson in colonial empire was home rule and self-government for the people of the colonies and the working out of their own destinies according to the conditions of the country in which they lived and had their surroundings. This lesson cost Great Britain the fairest of her possessions, but by adopting the policy which it taught her colonies now encircle the globe. It was one of the sights of the century to see in the jubilee procession last summer the representatives of every continent and climate of the earth, of every race and religion, loyally following the Queen as subject to her authority in an imperial sense, and

sovereign themselves in their own home governments. Spain has persistently clung to the ideas of Lord North, and worse than that, to the Roman pro-consular system, which recognized prosperous colonies only as opportunities for the rapacity of imperial rulers. The spirit of the age has broken her power, has wrested from her her marvelous possessions and has reduced the empire of a quarter of the globe to a few fertile islands in the Atlantic and the Pacific. Too late she recognizes, when all is lost in Cuba, the folly of her past and of her present. With the independence of Cuba will disappear from the face of the earth the last remnant of that kind of power which was represented by Lord North and which fell with his ministry.

VERMONT SONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ADDRESS BEFORE THE VERMONT SOCIETY SONS OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION, AT MONTPELIER, NOVEMBER 23, 1896.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: In no State of our sisterhood of commonwealths can a celebration which recalls the glorious memories of the revolutionary period be more appropriately held than in Vermont. Nowhere is a Society of the Sons of the American Revolution more at home. Vermont is as unique and original in her history as in her mountains and lakes. She was never a British colony, and yet maintained a separate government against the great power of New York on the one side and New Hampshire on the other and the orders of the English King. Her life began in rebellion against arbitrary authority and resistance to royal orders and colonial courts in defense of the rights of her people. The early settlers of Vermont furnished the example and set the pace for the people of the colonies in resistance to tyranny. They were trained like the border clans of Scotland, in the school of perpetual war for the responsibilities and duties which were ultimately to devolve upon them.

In the French and Indian wars New England and New York could be reached only by long, tedious marches, but the scattered settlements in the wilderness of Vermont were the easy prey of the merciless savages and their French allies. Every boy grew to manhood trained to woodcraft and to arms. He learned the methods of Indian warfare, he became familiar with the tactics of the regular soldiery at Louisburg and Quebec, he was taught to build forts and construct defenses and he knew how to make boats and navigate them upon Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River. This people, thus inured to every hardship and familiar with every form of danger, learned diplomacy and statecraft by resisting the claims of New York to their lands, and appealing first to the British Government and then to the Continental Congress for a recognition of their rights. The

early chronicler says that when a sheriff and posse from New York came to dispossess the inhabitants of a frontier settlement and met face to face three hundred of these determined men fully armed they returned to New York because they were not personally interested in the dispute. This description always characterizes the authorities of my State in dealing with these dangerous malcontents of Vermont. The same chronicler narrates that the sheriff subsequently discovered in one of these houses in a corner two of the guns, which had frightened him and his posse from the field. One was loaded with powder and bullets and the other with powder and kidney beans. But when, following the defeat of the sheriff's posse, the royal governor of the colony of New York threatened to levy war upon the Vermont settlers and to drive them into the Green Mountains, then was formed that most patriotic, daring and noble band of the revolutionary period, the Green Mountain Boys. They, with their leader, Ethan Allen, occupy a singular and favored place in the story of the origin of the American Republic.

On the 16th of May, 1774, a committee of correspondents was formed in the city of New York to communicate with the different colonies respecting the increasing aggressions of the British Government upon popular rights. While little attention was paid to this communication for a year in most parts of the country, it was taken up immediately by these fighting sons of the Green Mountains. They resolved at once to make common cause with the other colonies and to maintain their rights, as they had always maintained them, with their lives. To prevent a persecution by royal authority for this patriotic resolve they seized the court house at Westminster and held it against the judge and royal officers. They were farmers, intent upon such vigorous measures as would protect them in their liberties until an appeal could be made which should receive a favorable hearing from the mother country, or end in a union of the colonies for self-defense. They were armed only with sticks and cudgels. While they were asleep, in the dead of night, the enemy came upon them, fired into them without notice or parley and two sons of Vermont were killed. The first blood of the Revolution was not shed at Lexington, but at Westminster; the first patriot farmer to die was not the son of Massachusetts, but the son of

the New Hampshire grants, which became subsequently the State of Vermont.

It is only on occasions like this that we can embalm in speech and place upon the records of a patriotic organization the forgotten names of William French and Daniel Houghton, the first martyrs to American liberty. The blood of these Green Mountain Boys watered all hills and valleys which now constitute this commonwealth. From village and hamlet, from the settlement in the heart of the wilderness and isolated farmhouses in the clearings, came the sturdy mountaineers, armed with the musket and rifle which they knew so well how to use, and rallied to the standard of brave Ethan Allen. He was a noble type of these warrior husbandmen. In the temple of American heroes and patriots are the unequaled Washington, the cultured and accomplished Hamilton, Adams, Jay, Jefferson, and Madison, but while we admire those great geniuses and wonderful State builders, there is about the gigantic form and rough speech of Ethan Allen the elements of chivalry and romance. His story is the inspiration of the youth, and stirs the blood of age. He lives in our imagination like William Tell or Arnold Winkelried. He set the example of daring and lofty courage. He scaled the walls and burst like a cyclone upon the garrison of Ticonderoga. His shout to the commander of that fortress who asked for his authority, that he demanded the unconditional surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," was a sentiment which carried many a bloody field in the seven years' war, because the continental soldier believed that his cause had the sanction and approval of the God of Battles.

The capture of Ticonderoga over a year before the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress had an inspiring effect upon the colonies far beyond anything which has usually been credited to this most important event. It secured a great store of arms and munitions of war, but it did more. It demonstrated the quality of the farmer-soldier not only for resistance in defense of his home, but for invasion and assault where the veteran might well have quailed. The Green Mountain Boys, once aroused, swept over Lake Champlain into Canada. A handful of them came near capturing Quebec. If they had been properly supported they would have seized the province. The crisis of the Revolutionary War approached. The most per-

fectly equipped and largest army of veteran soldiers that had ever assembled on the North American Continent was marching under Burgoyne to join the forces of Sir Henry Clinton on the Hudson. Had this union been effected, the cause of the colonies would have been lost. Washington could furnish no help, but these brave mountaineers knew how to help themselves. They hung upon the flank of this army; they ambuscaded its foraging parties; they cut off its source of supply; they harassed it upon side and rear and retarded its advance until Schuyler and Gates and Arnold could prepare at Saratoga for the decisive conflict. They met at Bennington the flower of Burgoyne's army and won a victory which had the most important bearing upon Burgoyne's subsequent movements and the success of the American forces. The churches were the recruiting stations of the Continental Army. The Puritan pulpit preached resistance to tyranny, and the Puritan minister followed his flock to the field.

It was Parson Allen, of Pittsfield, who came up with a company of Massachusetts militia and took old Gen. Stark to task because the fighting did not begin at once. But Stark said to him: "As soon as the Lord sends us sunshine, if I don't give you fighting enough I'll never ask you to come out again." While the hail of bullets was pouring from the farmers upon the Hessian mercenaries and their Indian allies, and they were replying in kind, Parson Allen mounted a stump, Bible in hand, and exhorted the Germans and the savages in his choicest English to surrender and lay down their arms. A volley was the response to his appeal. Then this fighting parson, laying down his Bible and taking up his musket, proved himself the best shot in the regiment and the foremost in the assault, fighting, as he believed, against the enemies of the Lord.

It was the battle of Bennington which furnished another of those phrases which make up the vocabulary of patriotism. They live when all else is forgotten; they recall for the instruction of posterity the acts of the fathers when the mass of history has obscured them. In every schoolhouse in the land for more than a hundred years the American youth have felt a new impulse for freedom as they have read the cry of old Gen. Stark as he led these farmer-soldiers to the assault: "These redcoats are ours to-day or Molly Stark is a widow."

The early citizens of Vermont were forced to fight for their

lands and their homes against the whole official power of the colony of New York, for their lives against marauding bands of savages, and for their liberties against the tyrannical operations of the British Government. The young colony was a university of liberty. Its students were every man, woman, and child within its borders. Because of the position of New York and New Hampshire at first, and of the slave-holding states for the fear of another free state in the Union afterward, Vermont stood for sixteen years absolutely alone among the English settlements. She would not join Canada and continue a British colony, and she was not permitted to enter the American Union, but in these trying times the people justified the title given them by old Gen. Stark, who called them "the turbulent sons of freedom." They organized the republic of the Green Mountains, and in constitution and laws demonstrated that hard experience had advanced them further in the lesson of liberty than any of the thirteen colonies. They first saw the sin of African slavery and recognized that it was both a moral and a political crime. They first put into their constitution a perpetual prohibition against it, and this at a time when there was no sentiment in the wide world on the subject which had any standing or power. They established universal suffrage years before other states had recognized that property is not a qualification for suffrage, but manhood.

Though Vermont had captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point, though she had fought battles upon the lakes, though she had contributed a regiment to the Continental Army, yet her isolation compelled her to bear the whole of her share of the expenses of the Revolutionary War. The United States found itself unable to meet the Continental currency which it had emitted in such enormous quantities in the crisis of its fate. This currency was repudiated, and the loss fell wholly upon its holders, but the young republic of the Green Mountains boldly faced its obligations and met them in that true spirit of public honesty which always promotes the profit, thrift and prosperity of the people. Every obligation of Vermont as it matured was met and paid in full. When in 1791, the United States, recognizing these long years of injustice, invited the republic of the Green Mountains to join the Union, Vermont with liberty and democracy embodied in her constitution, enacted in her laws and instinct in her life, added another star to the American flag.

Now, more than at any other period during the present generation, it is important to teach the principles upon which our Government was founded, and the policies which have made it great. These patriotic societies have before them a most important work. Their first duty is to educate the people. Both those who have landed upon our shores from foreign countries, and those of later generations who have forgotten the Revolution, must be taught the dangers of moving the republic from the safe moorings of the past. It is a poor rule in public affairs which despises the old and follows the new, because the one is old and the other new. The first charter of liberty was that framed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, with its immortal declaration for just and equal laws. More than a century of effort to reach this ideal, not only in civil but in religious liberty also, produced the Declaration of Independence with its immortal statements that "all men are created equal, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that noble preamble to our Constitution which divorced so permanently from our institutions class and privilege and royal authority, "we, the people, do ordain." Now, when theorists and demagogues are denying that these fundamental principles still exist in our Government, and are seeking to establish an alien organization of paternalism as against that individualism which rests upon the New England town meeting, we must halt and calmly survey the conditions of our origin and growth.

The hundred and seven years since Washington was inaugurated may be divided into three periods. We are now entering upon the fourth. It is remarkable that each of these periods began with a threat against the republic as created by the fathers. The nation has come safely out of each of these trials, has emphatically asserted its faith in American liberty as understood by its founders and stands to-day the only Government in the world which has been substantially unchanged in one hundred years.

The first period was one of construction and hero worship. Washington, in his farewell address, left a legacy for the guidance and instruction of his country. Its first duty was to create a revenue by which the income of the Government should always be equal to its expenses. Its next duty was to establish a system of weights and measures and a standard of value in harmony

with the commercial nations of the world. While recently the standard has been the subject of violent partisan controversy, the leaders of the great parties, radical and conservative, into which the young republic divided, Washington and Madison, Hamilton and Jefferson, met together to adjust the question, which was one of inquiry, of knowledge, and of scientific calculation, and not of politics nor of partisanship. It was the period for the adjustment of our relations with foreign countries, and they were arranged upon the broad truth that the United States would be sensitive, energetic and defiant upon every attempt, not only on itself, but on other parts of the Western Hemisphere, which would in any way peril the rights of the United States. Our fathers believed they should avoid European entanglements. At the same time, in the Jay treaty with Great Britain, were laid down the principles upon which, with skill, dignity, and patriotism, Secretary Olney has ended the Venezuelan dispute. It was the period of heroism and intense patriotism. The Fourth of July was a real celebration. The eloquent description of what it should be, which Daniel Webster put into the mouth of John Adams, was realized in every hamlet and at every cross-road in the land. It was ushered in with the booming of cannon, the day passed with processions and orations and it was rung out with the clanging of the church bells, and with fireworks and illuminations. As they successively passed off the stage, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, the Adamses, Jay and others assumed heroic proportions. They lived in the people's eyes, not as demigods, to arouse slavish homage and superstitious fear, but as patriots so pure in their devotion to liberty and independence that they were examples not only for their countrymen but also for struggling peoples all over the world and in all times.

The second period began with the nullification of the Federal revenue laws by South Carolina. It was a rude awakening to the possibility of the dissolution of the Union. It was a shock to the sentiment of American nationality. The hero worship of the time gave tremendous authority to living leaders who possessed the people's love. No man in the crude conditions which then existed more conspicuously met this requirement than Andrew Jackson. The whole nation heard his threat, "by the Eternal, the Federal Union must and shall be preserved," and was instantly with him. If in the troubadour period of our race

the philosopher might truly say, "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws," in our history it has not been the lyric, but the phrase which has proved a potential power. This utterance of Andrew Jackson became part of every political and patriotic oration. It was supplemented later as the question became an academic one in Congress, by Webster's sonorous declaration, "Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever." This was printed in the school books and declaimed from the platform of every academy and school in the country. It was imbedded in the brain and blood of every American. It broke the crust of materialism and lighted the fires of patriotism when the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter.

As the second period was closing the Fourth of July had become a farce in the cities, often frowned upon as vulgar, and in the country the orator was laughed down as a spouter. The generation which came upon the stage between 1850 and 1860 knew little or nothing of the Revolutionary War, its principles or its actors. Slavery, more as an investment and a business than as a sentiment, held the republic by the throat and constantly threatened its dissolution for further protection or further aggressions. One-half of the country was enriched by the produce which the slaves brought from the soil, and the other half was enriched by supplying from a manufacturing region the wants of a purely agricultural community. The purse is the mother of cowards. As between truth and falsehood, as between liberty and slavery, compromises inevitably come to an end, and between them it is a battle to the death. Thus this period which had forgotten the Revolution, which had become sordid and surrendered everything to profit, in its rude awakening, sacrificed millions of lives and billions of treasure to maintain the Union upon the foundations where the revolutionary fathers had placed it.

We then entered upon a third period. It was the period of reconstruction, of invention, and of extraordinary accumulation of national and individual wealth. By leaps and bounds the nation advanced along the path of progress. Inventive genius stimulated prosperity, and prosperity stimulated inventive genius. Enormous fortunes were amassed by far-sighted and daring men seeing the opportunities in new conditions and the development of new territories. As the forces of the water and the air, as the untamed powers of nature were brought into the service of

man, they added incalculably to production and gave unlimited opportunity to inventors and organizers. One improvement succeeded another so rapidly that whole populations had to learn new trades, and invested capital became worthless in a day.

It is estimated that within this period forty per cent. of the world's labor was thrown out of employment to seek other occupation, and sixty per cent. of the world's capital was rendered valueless. This was made up, however, a thousand fold by the tremendous energy of new motors and new machinery. Notwithstanding the fact that in the fierce struggle for wealth, thousands became bankrupt or insane, notwithstanding the fact that the few who became master spirits in commerce, as leaders became master spirits in war and in statesmanship, accumulated vast fortunes, in the general uplifting the people, the whole people, were better educated, better housed, better clothed, better fed, had fewer hours for labor and had larger wages than ever before in the history of the world. The opportunities for independence were equally open to all, under equal laws, and with every man equal before the law. But with our scarcely knowing and certainly not recognizing its extent and the possibility of concentrating it as a political force, discontent had seized upon the people as never before. It assumed again the form of an assault upon the time-honored and revolutionary principles of American liberty.

As we enter upon the fourth period, we should remember that a shifting standard of value is not American. A paternal government is not American. Any effort to array the people into classes, when employers and employees are constantly changing places, is not American. An assault upon the independence of the judiciary is not American. American liberty is the liberty of law and order; American government is government by the people under universal suffrage. They make their own laws, and the genius of our institutions is that those laws thus made by the people themselves will be obeyed by the power which makes them.

The Green Mountain Boys did not ask for the town or the county or the State to support them or to give them occupation. Their struggle began to maintain title to the lands in the wilderness from which they had cut the forests; their struggle continued

to protect their savings for themselves and their dependent ones; their struggle culminated in a government of law where every man should have an equal chance and take his place as God had given him mind and muscle. But he should take his place only under laws which protected all alike, which prevented the strong from oppressing the weak, which gave to every one his just rights and which, through the State and at the expense of the State, offered the opportunity to all for an equal education in the duties of citizenship and for the battle of life. If there are unequal laws they are contrary to the fundamental principles of American citizenship and should be expunged from the statute books. If there are laws which permit discriminations against the individual or grant the opportunities for any power or combination to destroy American opportunity, such laws should be repealed.

In the interpretation of laws the protection of the people is an independent, a pure, and an unimpeachable judiciary. The only element which is original and purely American in our institutions is the Supreme Court of the United States. There have been two houses of Congress or Parliament ever since men have tried to govern themselves; there has been an executive ever since government was organized, but to prevent revolution, rash measures, the injustice that comes from the turbulent passion of the hour being crystallized into statutes, the fathers of the Republic created that great tribunal which should say to Presidents and to Congresses: "The laws which you have passed are within the charter granted to you by the people, under which you exist, and are constitutional," or, "they are without that charter and contrary to its principles and therefore null and void." To this great court we owe it that the States of the commonwealth cannot declare war against each other; to the interpretations of this great court we are indebted for a system of intercommunication which has made our internal commerce vaster than the trade of all the rest of the world; it is by the interpretations of this great court that the Government has been invested with the power to enforce the Federal laws, to preserve the national Union and to protect the citizens of the United States as citizens of the United States against any local injustice or violation which threatens their rights.

Gentlemen, let us study Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Bennington; let us study the lives and teachings of the accomplished

patriots, Washington, Hamilton, the Adamses, Jay, Jefferson and Madison on the one side, and those rough and ready sons of freedom, Ethan Allen and Gen. Stark and Seth Warner on the other. Let us learn and teach the principles upon which our Government has grown to its great and beneficent proportions; let us enforce the lesson that American liberty is the preservation of American opportunity for every man to rise above the condition in which he was born, and to receive the full fruit in honors from his fellow-citizens and in protection from his country of the results which have come to him by his talents, his industry, his wisdom, his prudence, his thrift and his good citizenship.

TARRYTOWN IRVING CLUB

ADDRESS BEFORE THE IRVING CLUB, OF TARRYTOWN, N.Y., APRIL
16, 1887, ON "WASHINGTON IRVING, THE FATHER OF AMERI-
CAN LITERATURE."

GENTLEMEN OF THE IRVING CLUB: Nothing affords me more gratification, as a citizen of Westchester County by birth and heredity, than the fact of your existence as a club—as a club organized in memory of Washington Irving. We have in this country St. Andrew's societies; we have St. George's societies; we have St. Patrick's societies; we have St. Jonathan's societies; every one of them intended to celebrate something on the other side, and nothing here, except of recent importation. But we in this country have become old and venerable enough to have societies which shall celebrate something that is purely, absolutely, and originally American. You have organized to celebrate the birthday, on each recurring anniversary, of the father of American literature, and your club takes its place as a purely American organization to celebrate that which is purely American in its origin, in its characteristics, in its results, in its form. I look forward to the time when the difficulties which have been described shall no longer attend the traveler making a pilgrimage to Sunnyside. We go, on the other side, to visit the home, the workshops, of the great intellects that have become world-wide in their fame, the common heritage of all times and races. There is no inspiration I know of to equal that of going through the room in Stratford-on-Avon—the room where Shakespeare was born—touching the things associated with him in tradition, viewing all that constituted the resources of his genius. There is nothing that I know of to equal a visit to Abbotsford, where are the weapons of the warfare depicted in Scott's chivalric romances; where is his picture gallery, with all the facts from which he derived the inspiration that gave us Scottish life and Scottish legend; the going up into his workshop, sitting down at the very desk where were created those romances and poems which fitly gave him the title of "Wizard of the North." There is nothing

so inspiring as to go to the home of Bobby Burns; to see the very bed on which he first breathed the breath of life; to see the old Bible from which he was instructed; to go into the room where he passed his evenings with his father and his mother, and to see there the manuscripts that have become the home-inspiring love of every nationality the globe over. And I hope the time will come when, the descendants of Irving having no further use for it, Sunnyside will become to Americans and to all visiting America a rich museum, a home and an inspiration, so that, with no other formality than a mere presentation at the door, the workshop of the father of American literature shall be the common heritage of us all. There is nothing so inspiring to the American to the manner born as the name of Washington Irving. It makes no difference whether he was born in New York State, or in regions that were unknown wildernesses when Irving lived and wrote; to him he represents the first breaking from the chrysalis of that literature which is destined in time to be dominant among the literatures of the world.

Irving owed his distinction to heredity and to accident. We are living in a time when the peculiarities of mental forces are being intently studied. The mind-reader comes to the front; he may be the charlatan of to-day, or the philosopher of to-morrow. He may be a charlatan, but some of his workings are beyond explanation, or as wonderful in their exposure as in their deception. He professes to look into our minds. Whether he does or not we do not know, as far as we are concerned, but we see extraordinary results that we cannot explain so far, nor understand. And looking through these things I, the most practical of men, engaged in the most practical of occupations, have come to the conclusion that in the development of the mind and the growth of the moral and nervous forces we may reach a point, and things may be accomplished, which now seem impossible. But I believe that great minds and great geniuses are largely the results of accident, and that thousands die out in darkness because the accident has not occurred—the opportunity has not been presented. Take Washington Irving. His life was to be devoted to mercantile pursuits, and if a little accident had not occurred to him in his earliest childhood, I believe that his life would have followed out the incidents of his heredity—that he would have dickered and traded all his days. But while an infant in his

nurse's arms on Broadway, during the passing of what would have been in old Roman times a triumphal procession, indicating the resurrection of the Republic, the Father of His Country placed his hands upon his head and gave him his blessing. After that time it was simply impossible for Washington Irving to follow out instincts of heredity, and to live simply for making money. If Washington had never touched him, then in the efflorescence of youth he might have appeared occasionally in the poet's corner of a local newspaper, and the rest of his life would have been devoted to trade. But as the representative of his country he grew from actuality into ideality; he felt the touch of those baptismal hands upon his head in early youth, inspiring him to something greater, grander, brighter, more universal than trade or commerce. In other words, they touched the internal sources of the fire of genius that might otherwise have remained hidden. This is no fancy picture, no phantasy of theory. We see his genius first developing in the ludicrous presentation of the things and the men around him. With that, under ordinary circumstances, his genius would have been content. He showed thereby simply that he was a clever photographer; he photographed the peculiar presentations of human nature about him in ludicrous forms. But when pushed on by the unseen hands of the ghostly spirit of Washington that had baptized him in his babyhood, he got to the other side, mingled with the inspirations of his ancestors, Scotch and English, stood in Westminster Abbey, grasped and breathed in the old breath of English life and the best elements of English thought. Then the photographer disappears and the artist comes to the front; then for the first time was the spark of genius struck out and kindled into flame. You saw something in it that you recognized in the wits of Queen Anne's time, in the genius of Queen Elizabeth's period.

A copyist, but beneath the copyist you saw the genius that might swell out into the grandest results of human achievement. And as the dead hand of Washington still reaches out, he grows larger in experiences of travel, he is more grandly developed in the diplomatic mission to Spain, until you find that the born genius comes out. The pinched, common Irving disappears, and the world-wide representative of literature in its best and widest form becomes personified under the name of Washington Irving. And this spirit follows him through his legends, through his

biographies, through his stories of travel, until he rests at Sunnyside on the Hudson, an old man. He feels that for him the days are numbered; he knows that the word has come through him to recognize the American literature whose existence it had denied; he feels that for him is immortality wherever genius is recognized, but he feels that his work is not done. The unseen hand that baptized him in his youth is still pushing on. He says: "I will crown my life, I will end my days by writing the history of the man who created me."

There are other stories of George Washington that are childish; there are other stories that are mere chronicles of his deeds; there are other stories that are mere collections of his correspondence; but there is one story only which represents George Washington as he was—man, soldier, patriot, statesman, sage, savior of his country—and that is the story written by Washington Irving.

Now you go, as I have gone for a quarter of a century, up and down the Hudson River day by day, and there is no journey you take, I care not how often you take it, that does not recall Washington Irving. I have never crossed Spuyten Duyvil Creek that I did not see Anthony Van Corlear valiantly plunge in and fight the moss-bunkers to reach the other side. I have never come by Sunnyside that I was not touched by the poetry, by the phantasy, by the history that I never knew the full reality of till I stood in the house at Stratford-on-Avon, at Abbotsford, in the house of Burns. I never go to my home at Peekskill, where I was born, which looks out on the finest bay, the noblest sheet of water in the world, which puts into simple insignificance the Bay of Naples, and gaze across at the old Dunderberg, and the Punchbowl, and St. Anthony's Nose, which enclose it, that I do not think of that storm which sent the echoes reverberating from one peak to another, till all that is sublime in nature was exhibited in Peekskill Bay. And how many other associations there are! Going across the marsh beyond Tarrytown I look beyond the river and see the bridge where Ichabod Crane on that famous night saw the head of the ghost taken up and hurled at him, and his courtship and his usefulness were alike ended. And I see the old church of Revolutionary times, and I know that there in its peaceful graveyard rest the remains of the one man whose name in American literature is inspiration and fame.

Then, as the Catskills appear in view, with all their weird characteristics, I feel that Rip Van Winkle has crossed the stream and is losing his way in their fastnesses. And if, as often chances, there is a storm, I hear in the reverberations of the hills the ghostly crew of Hendrik Hudson, teaching him the inevitable—for what? I do not think we in America have ever appreciated the wonderful philosophy of Washington Irving. There are libraries in Germany for developing and explaining the philosophy of Goethe. But what is the teaching of the myriad-minded man who was the genius of Germany? It all goes out into that wonderful poem and romance of "Faust." And what does that teach? That the Spirit of Sensuality, among the thunders and lightnings of the Brocken, leads the old man whose soul is sold to him to perdition.

But who cares for an old man? The gold of Faust's life was gone; there was nothing left for him to teach; and in his old age, when his powers were decaying, and his usefulness was gone, in a dream of wild sensuality he surrendered himself to death for its gratification. His fate teaches no lessons; the world has met with no loss. But in Rip Van Winkle a chord is touched of more world-wide significance than any that is touched in Faust. Washington Irving has taken a youth given over to intemperance, to idleness, and to utter inability to control any of his desires. And what does he do with him? He leads him through a life wherein is exhibited his utter uselessness to himself—a curse to his family, a perfect and constantly spreading example of evil to all about him. He carries him up to the mountains, as Goethe carried his hero to the Brocken. And he is dropped into—a dream, not into perdition. At the end of twenty years he comes forth—for what? The critic of the past says, "For a joke." The critic of the present says, "For humor." Ah no; they do not understand the philosopher. He comes forth, after twenty years of sleep, for a deeper lesson than Faust ever taught. He comes back to the scenes of his youth to find that his son, who ought, in this country, to have been a man of vigor and enterprise, taking a leading part in political and social things, is a drunkard, an outcast, a loafer, the worthless curse of the community—a reproduction of himself in his destruction of all social ties and disregard of all political duties, an example of all that is bad for the community about him. No lesson of

temperance, no lesson of a decent life, of industry, of adherence to the principles of virtue, was ever taught more plainly, more beautifully, and with more living and practical force than in the story of Rip Van Winkle.

Now, to show you how little, in our time, in this home of Mammon and of Philistinism, Washington Irving is understood, I record simply an incident that occurred at our dinner two or three years ago. When the dinner was over, a couple of the most successful brokers in Wall Street stood at the door, and one of them asked me to come out, and I went. They said: "Depew, what is all this about?" "Well," I said, "we are celebrating the birthday of Washington Irving." And then one of them, after looking up at Dr. Peters for a while, said: "Well, isn't the old gentleman a little full?" Now, it is one of the missions of the Irving Club to educate such Philistines. I sometimes think, as I muse on the literature of America, in the little time I have for musing—I, who have only a few hours daily, which should be devoted to sleep, and only a few hours on Sunday, which should be given to devotion, to give to literature and to thought—I have sometimes mused, when another century shall have passed by, and its jury comes to pass upon the first century of the Republic, what reputations will live? Our literature for the last hundred years is rich in poetry—one of whose writers is in Westminster Abbey—rich in fiction, rich in the works of historians and philosophers. Who will live? I believe that when the jury of the second century comes to pass upon the first, that there will be larger poets than the first has created, greater philosophers than the first has known, more comprehensive historians than the first has seen, essayists of a grasp far beyond anything that the first has contemplated. And I believe that in the second century there will be but two names that will live to be enshrined in the temple that it passes down to the third, of all that it received from the first, and those two names will be Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper. And that will be for the fact that they are simply and only of America—that they have occupied their genius with things entirely and only American. By that time the Indian race will have disappeared from the continent, to be remembered only as a dream. Lo, the poor Indian, will then have been etherealized to a form in which he would not know himself. And Fenimore Cooper will live, not because his ro-

mances are the equals, or the superiors, of Scott's or of Thackeray's or of Dickens's, but because they represent the Indian as the second century will love to recreate him, and will paint him in its pictures, and will present him in its comedies and tragedies. And Washington Irving will live because the Hudson will live. So long as the Rhine is the inspiration of Europe, so long will the Hudson be the inspiration of the romance and the poetry of America. And every spot upon the Hudson, as the centuries roll on, will be more picturesque and more beautiful, because around it centers so much that will carry the undying fame and memory of Washington Irving, the Father of American Literature.

ST. NICHOLAS SEMI-CENTENNIAL

SPEECH AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE ST.
NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

GENTLEMEN: I trust we shall not have many more semi-centennials, because they seem to lead to a plenitude of weathercocks, and the staid and consistent characteristics of our society do not encourage too many emblems of that nature.

I do not stand here to-night, as did my friend Dr. Vermilye, to recall from personal recollections the first landing of the first Dutchman in New York; nor am I one of the several gentlemen on this platform who, in middle life, inaugurated this society fifty years ago, and are still in a state of good preservation. The committee have arranged with commendable discretion, and with that sense of propriety which characterizes the work of all our committees, a memorial which recalls and distinguishes in a peculiar way the thoughts and aspirations of the members present at the first meeting of this society. The day after that first and memorable gathering, the gentlemen present on that night gave an order to the proprietors of the Gobelin tapestries to have woven in wonderful and enduring pictures the portraits of those sons who were expected to succeed the fathers who founded this organization; and in the rosy cherubs playing amidst the tropical foliage of the tapestries which adorn the galleries, and which we borrowed from Sypher, you will find correct representations of the Beekmans, the Fishes, the de Peysters, the Livingstons, the Millses, and the rest of them, as they appeared at that early day. The artist, being a Frenchman, supposed that perpetual summer reigned in these latitudes.

But, gentlemen, we meet to-night not to be facetious, and upon me falls the duty of delivering the historical address, which is necessarily serious. All of us, for fifty years, have been having a good time—that is, all those who are fifty years old; I am not—and the object of our gathering on all festive occasions has been to have a good time. A Scotchman cannot thoroughly enjoy himself, for he is continually plunged in dejection and gloom in the

effort to grasp the jokes which he doesn't understand; and the English and the French recall with sorrow the land from which they fled. But these, our festive occasions, are free from griefs, and are marked by no jealousies or strifes. We meet as becomes those who have life to enjoy, and know how to enjoy it, and we do it on these and all other occasions where our circumstances will permit. Our fund of thirty thousand dollars has accumulated from the fact that the committee appointed by the Society to seek out the objects who should be the recipients of its assistance, have never been able to discover one worthy of its charity within the limits of their view. He was always just beyond. But, for once in fifty years, you will pardon me if I am serious. Gentlemen who are present representing other nationalities and societies will forgive us, if once in half a century we lay aside our characteristic modesty, and emulate their frequent examples by speaking of ourselves. It is emphatically our night and our hall. We are met to recall the purposes and history of the Saint Nicholas Society, to commemorate the object for which it was organized, and the excellence, the nobleness, and the virtue of the ancestry from whom we sprang.

In the ordinary life of a nation or a municipality, fifty years have been but a day. The original conditions of our American existence have destroyed the value of time as an element of progress and development. Cities whose founders are still living rival in population and prosperity the oldest and most successful capitals. This Society was organized to "collect and preserve information respecting the history, settlement, and manners of New York, and to promote social intercourse among its native citizens." Its first half-century, though devoid of incident to itself, covers a period of municipal growth unparalleled in history. For more than a hundred years in different forms the descendants of the early inhabitants have sought to preserve the traditions of the fathers. *Rivington's Gazetteer* reports a celebration of the Sons of Saint Nicholas at Waldron's Tavern, a road-house on the Brooklyn side, in 1763; and again in 1784 that old chronicle records that the anniversary of Saint Nicholas was celebrated "by the descendants of the ancient Dutch families." Doubtless each recurring birthday of our patron saint has for over two hundred years received appropriate recognition in festival and speech.

But it was not until fifty years ago to-night that, with constitution and definite purposes, a society was formed to perpetuate the memories of old New York and the virtues of its founders. Washington Irving walked into the assembly carrying the gilded rooster that had served as a weathervane upon the old Stadt Huys, or City Hall, from the first settlement of the city until the needs of a larger population required a new structure. He was so overcome with fright that he forgot the little speech he had prepared, and broke down during the first sentence. But this ancient bird, built in Holland after an old model, looking down for a century upon the city's daily life, its steady growth, the gathering of patriots, the conventions and congresses which preceded and formulated the Republic, and now the silent Mentor at our meetings, speaks more eloquently than any records or musty documents of the sources of our strength. It saw the land from which we sprang. It marked the storm signals for the early mariner sailing in and out of our harbor, and under its weather-eye political clouds burst, first in protest and then in arms, to be followed by the pure atmosphere and clear sunlight of liberty.

Our Society may properly trace its origin to 1609, when our Dutch ancestors first established their colony on Manhattan Island. The Puritan proves his claim to have originated and inspired all that makes our country free, intelligent, and great, by the repetition of the history, principles, and characteristics of his forefathers. It is often better for fame to have eminent historians than to have enacted history. The judgment of mankind upon nations and peoples of the past is never formed from original sources, but made up from the accepted picture of the most popular artist. While the Pilgrim fully merits most of the praise which has crystallized into settled opinion, it has been his wonderful fortune to have the highest genius, eloquence, thought, and philosophical acumen devoted to throwing about himself, his mission, his words, and creations, now as they assert in course of partial realization in our institutions and progress, a meaning, a self-denial, and prophetic construction for humanity, of which Brewster and Carver and Captain John Smith never dreamed.

The Dutch settlers, on the other hand, by the magic pen of the father of American literature, became the victims of a caricature which captivated the fancy of the world and made the most

potent factors in the founding and development of the freedom and prosperity of our country the accepted subjects of good-natured ridicule and merriment. Two generations have been laughing at a marionette, whose antics have concealed the most important figure in the preservation of civil and religious liberty.

Pliny says of this indomitable people, that, though dwelling in marshes and subsisting on fish, they resolutely refused to become absorbed into and enjoy the benefits of the great Roman Empire. Their conquests were beneficent victories over nature, and not bloody confiscations of subject peoples. They won their country from the ocean, and by their dykes set bounds to the waters. They have pumped out the Harlem Sea and the Zuyder Zee, and transformed their depths into fruitful soil. They alone for a thousand years have enforced upon Neptune, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Though their country is only one-fourth the area of the State of New York, they fought for sixty-eight years to secure their independence against the power of Spain, then the strongest nation in Europe. And they won, because with them was liberty of conscience and of the individual, and universal education; while the Spanish despotism crushed into dungeons, and punished with torture and the stake, enlightenment, religious liberty, and opinion. When the rest of Europe was in intellectual darkness, Holland had her universities, and a system of general education upon which our common schools are founded. While learning languished elsewhere, Grotius promulgated a system of international law, Erasmus taught Greek to Oxford, Zacharias Janssens invented the telescope and the microscope whose revelations created modern science, and Lawrence Koster discovered the art of printing. When Koster made a Bible for five crowns, which before him had cost the ransom of a prince, the American Republic first became possible. For a time free thought was impossible in England, or upon the Continent, and Holland became the bulwark, the refuge, and salvation of humanity. The spirit of her sons was illustrated at the siege of Leyden. There was but little food, and that the vilest offal; starvation and pestilence afflicted the inhabitants; but when the Spaniard proposed surrender and generous terms, with submission to king and creed, "No," they replied, "we will eat our left arms and fight with our right, and set fire to our houses, and die

in the flames, before we will be slaves." When, for their heroic defense, they were asked what should be their indemnity and reward, they answered: "Give us a national university." They gave to England that Bill of Rights which is the basis of Puritan liberty, and to us our form of Government. In 1579 the seven provinces of the Netherlands formed a republic at Utrecht, and adopted for their motto, "Unity makes Might"; and in 1581 they promulgated their declaration of independence in these memorable words: "The people are not made for the prince, but the prince for the people, who always have the right to depose him if he should oppress them." This grand formula of liberty the Dutch asserted and maintained with their swords a hundred years before the English Declaration of Rights, and two hundred years before the American Declaration of Independence, and at a time when the belief was universal that kings were gods anointed, and could do no wrong. Here was the inspiration of Cromwell and of Milton, of Hampden, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams.

This was the people who in 1609 settled upon Manhattan Island, and founded our city and State. They bought twenty-two thousand acres from the Indians for sixty guilders, and upon an honest title founded their city. They had circled the globe with their colonies; with their three thousand ships and a hundred thousand sailors they were the chief of maritime powers, and controlled the commerce of the world; but they had no country save that submerged land, where Puritan and Huguenot, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, have found hospitable and tolerant asylum. Their coming was attended by no loud professions of their virtue or their mission, their object being to extend the trade of Holland, and by increasing the wealth and opportunities of her people to add to their happiness; but the things above all others which they guarded and maintained were the common school and religious liberty. The first Dutch Governor brought with him a domine and a schoolmaster, each the first of his class on this continent, and Everardus Bogardus, the preacher, and Adam Roolandson, the teacher, were the pioneers of our American civilization. In this free and tolerant atmosphere the witchcraft superstition never found lodgment. The unfortunate victims fleeing to New York from New England for their lives, were warmly welcomed, and only by threat of war did Governor

Stuyvesant rescue his sister-in-law, Judith Varlet, from the clutches of the fierce sectaries at Hartford, who had determined to burn her as a witch, because the Connecticut swains had lost hearts and heads for the Dutch beauty, who safely returned, married a Dutchman, and became the ancestress of some of the noblest people in our State. While the Puritan colonies were in their wild terror imprisoning and executing the suspected, and every family was at the mercy of the accuser, the Dutch and Huguenot ministers of New Amsterdam unanimously resolved that "the apparition of a person afflicting another is very insufficient proof of a witch, and that a good name obtained by a good life should not be lost by mere spiritual accusation." Baptists, and the dissenters of every creed, fleeing from Massachusetts, were given homes and lands, the deeds declaring that they should "enjoy in peace the free exercise of their religion." The only effort to curb heresy which was affecting the prosperity of the Dutch church was made by Peter Stuyvesant. But the sturdy old Governor received from the home Government so sharp a reprimand, that neither by him nor any man has the right of freedom of worship and opinion ever been questioned in New York. In words which should be put upon our public buildings in letters of gold, they wrote: "The consciences of men ought to be free and unshackled. Such have been the maxims of prudence and toleration by which the magistrates of this city, Amsterdam, have been governed; and the consequences have been that the oppressed and persecuted from every country have found among us asylum from distress. Follow in the same footsteps and you will be blessed."

When the English conquered New York in 1664, the city had about a thousand inhabitants, and three hundred houses; but there were three public, one Latin, and twenty private schools. The accession of William of Orange to the English throne brought here about five thousand more Dutch, and with the increase of the means of education the society of New York was the most learned and cultured in the country. Both men and women were familiar with the classics and the modern languages. The English paid little attention to education, and it continued under Dutch auspices until ten years after the Revolutionary War. The formation of the Free School Society in 1805 was a remarkable example of the Dutch faith in universal education.

For fifty years, almost unaided, it furnished the means for popular learning, and surrendered its great and magnificently administered trust only when the State was prepared to undertake this most important duty.

Upon this broad basis of civil and religious liberty, of toleration and education, was formed the metropolis of the New World. Here, nearly a hundred years before the Boston Tea Party, Jacob Leisler began the battle of colonial rights. Here, forty years before the Declaration of Independence, the trial of John Zenger established the freedom of the press upon principles which have since been incorporated in every State in the Union. Eleven years before the battle of Lexington, the Assembly of New York protested against the Stamp Act and organized the colonies for resistance to British aggression, and the Stamp Act Congress, sitting in this city, first boldly proclaimed that taxation without representation is tyranny, and paved the way to American independence. When the last British soldier had embarked at the Battery, those two most prominent citizens of New York, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, began the publication of *The Federalist*, which out of the chaos of confederation organized a constitutional republic. The Government of the United States, which began life in this city with the inauguration of Washington in Wall Street, reflected in every part the influence of Dutch examples. Its federal form, its toleration of creeds, its hospitable invitation to the oppressed of all lands, its liberal views on trade and commerce, its official terms and titles, came from the home of the first settlers in New York. They proclaimed no mission for themselves or mankind, but without boasting, with modesty, industry, and inflexible principle, they so builded their part of our great temple of liberty as to deserve the undying affection and reverence of their descendants, and the respect and gratitude of the world. This city and State, which they founded, and in which, in their spirit, the peoples of every nation and of every faith enjoy equal privileges and freedom with their sons, are their monuments. When William of Orange received the crown of England in the old hall of Westminster, and the charters of English liberty were read to him, with his hand on his sword he swore, "I will maintain." To-night we take up anew the glories, the traditions, and the lessons of old New York, with the solemn oath, "We will maintain."

ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY, AT THE
METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1891.

It is many years since I have had the pleasure of meeting the St. David's Society. I have met many Welshmen in my life. This is the first time I ever saw a company of Welsh-women. My boyhood appreciation of a Welshman was a venerable man with a bald head and a long beard, who, whenever he could get an audience, sang of the glories and the woes of his race, and accompanied himself in extemporized music on his harp. My manhood and mature acquaintances with the Welshman have led me to believe that in the concrete he has the intellect of Gladstone and the obstinacy of an army mule.

Three years ago I attended a national eisteddfod at the Albert Hall, in London. All the bards were present with their beards and their harps. The Prince of Wales presided. He delivered a speech which for tact, delicate flattery of national sentiment, and easy and forcible expression, demonstrated that a royal personage can be an orator. I remember one point which he made—and which was the success of the meeting—that whatever else might be the attributes of the heir to the throne of the British Empire, his principal glory was that his title came from Wales. In the torrent of enthusiasm which greeted the expression, from the ten thousand Welshmen present, I was so borne along myself that I came to the conclusion that his Royal Highness meant it.

We try to analyze at these festivals of the various nationalities which constitute our composite American civilization what each has contributed to the glory, the wealth, the power of the land we live in. I find on a careful analysis of the claims of them all, that under a broad generalization the Welshman may be said to be the producer and the rest the consumers. The Welshman manipulates the raw material into riches, and the rest toll the riches for a living. The Irish in a general way undertake to solve municipal government. They do it to their own satisfac-

tion, whatever may be the result to the taxpayer. But then, for this patriotic service, they have to be paid, and that comes out of the taxpayer and the treasury. The Frenchman runs our restaurants and gives us art, and each of them depletes our surplus, however much it may gratify our inner man and cultivate our higher nature. The German, if he gets into the country, becomes an excellent farmer, but under metropolitan and urban influences he is a merchant, a trader, or a brewer. But the Welshman delves into the bowels of the earth. He is a miner. He brings out the coal and the ore. He creates national wealth from that which, in its natural bed, had no value. He gives to us the stream of Pactolus, flowing with gold into national, State, and municipal treasuries, into the banks of deposit and for savings; into the pockets of the workers and the stockings of the frugal housewives. He gives to us the sources of our income, of the solid realities from which we all derive our living.

Every country in Europe has been conquered and subdued except Wales. That little spot of earth has often been conquered, but never subdued. The Romans, the Danes, the Angles, and the Norsemen each in turn conquered and subdued England, and gave to us that self-assertive and all-conquering individual whom we call the Anglo-Saxon.

The Cromwellian conquest of Ireland has been the woe and the sorrow of two centuries. But the haughty Norman noble, to whom Wales was assigned as a feoff skinned alive the Welshmen whom he caught, but failed by this drastic method to reduce to vassalage those who lived within their skins. The Welshmen are fixed in their opinions, both in religion and politics. When once a Welshman has declared his fealty to his party or his Church, you can safely leave him. He does not need a guardian or a trained nurse.

No matter how many years you may be away, when you return you find him voting with that party and attending that Church. It is because, having once, after careful examination, satisfied his brain and his conscience, he is anchored to his principles. Very few Welshmen, therefore, become Mugwumps, and when they do, their case is absolutely hopeless. A Welsh Mugwump is always suspecting gangrene in his friends and seeking to cure it by a red-hot poker, forgetful or oblivious of the transparent sins of his enemies.

The sentiment says that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Uncle Sam's farms from which a living can be gained without irrigation at the national expense are all distributed. This does not disturb a Welshman, because he seeks that which is under the soil, and not the crop which he can find on top. The Welshman has destroyed by his modesty the two most pronounced and conspicuous sources of race pride in our country. The Irishman claims that St. Patrick—one of the best of saints—was an Irishman, and the Yankee glories in the English Puritan who stood upon Plymouth Rock. If Welsh history is good for anything, St. Patrick was born in Wales, and the cathedral in which he was baptized still possesses the font; while the captain of the *Mayflower* was Jones, a well-known Welshman of that period, whose family outrivals even that of Smith in our own country, and has contributed enormously to that population which increases the wealth and adds to the power of the land.

The best contribution of the Welshman to the land we live in is his indomitable devotion to civil and religious liberty. It was that which carried into the Continental Congress for the Declaration of Independence a larger representation of Welshmen in proportion to their numbers than of any other nationality in the Colonies. Whatever party is most liberal in its tendencies commands the almost unanimous support of the Welsh. Whatever cause enlarges the area of human liberty within the lines of law and mortality receives the support of the Welsh. The Welsh can be always found casting their votes, giving their influence and yielding their enthusiasm to the cause which stands most conspicuously for the Decalogue.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

SPEECH AT THE WELCOME OF THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY TO IAN MACLAREN,¹, DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1896.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Nobody appreciates more deeply than I do what a vacuum there will be in the recess of my intellectual anatomy for the rest of my life in having missed the speech of your president. I heard him last year, and I will not say in regard to his speech then what I was compelled to say in reference to a speech of a friend of mine in many a political campaign: "I always did like that speech." Nothing grieves me more than to interrupt the regular order of any Scotch organization; if there is any race in the world which clings to the regular order of events, and orthodoxy in general and in nature, it is the Scotch; but I had made an engagement before the invitation to St. Andrew's dinner came to me, and then, when the exigencies of that engagement pressed upon me very hard, I presented a plea, much more eloquent than I shall make here, which got for me a recess of thirty minutes—and she is waiting for me now. Every Scotchman understands that.

I was reading in one of the papers this morning a letter on the subject of Moody's phenomenal success as a preacher in New York, written by a theosophist, in which he said that Moody had succeeded, not because of the religion he taught—for there was nothing in it; not because of his personality, for there was nothing in it; not because of any eloquence that may have been given to him or acquired by him, because there was nothing in it; but because any man who devoted himself to one thing, believing in it and teaching it for thirteen years, acquired power and influence with those with whom he came in contact, to make them believe as he did, and the theosophist called it "vash."

Now, I have been talking twenty-five years to the Scotch, and I cannot say that I have the "vash," if the "vash" means the brogue. I have tried it here; I have tried it in Scotland; I have

¹The pen-name of the Rev. John Watson, minister and novelist, author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," etc.—*Ed.*

tried it on Carnegie; I have tried it on your president; I have tried it on Kelly, and then I tried it on Ian Maclarens; but every time I tried it I made this phenomenal and humiliating discovery, that I was precisely in the condition of the chief of the tribe of interesting savages on San Salvador when Columbus landed there, who turned to his tribe and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, concealment is useless; we are discovered."

Last week I was in Vermont to deliver a patriotic address in a State that is more peculiarly and isolatedly Yankee than any other of the New England States. No emigration has ever gone there, for the reason that no emigration ever goes into Scotland—nobody else would live there. The Irish and the Germans and the Scandinavians, and even the French Canadians, have given Vermont a wide berth, because they cannot make a living in Vermont, no more than a Jew can make a living in Scotland.

There is this to be said, however, for these pure-blooded, isolated, hard-fisted and hard-living Yankees, that they are the most cheerful people I know of. They have the most economical and the best Government of any State in the United States.

I have been often in Scotland and often in Vermont—both mountainous States—one a pure Yankee and the other pure Scotch, and the similarity between them is simply remarkable. I do not know whether it comes from the mountains or from the race, but you find these people are always cheerful, and they always think that their conditions are the best in the world. You find that they have representatives of themselves and their households in every part of the world, and wherever their representatives are, they are on top. You cannot get a Vermonter any more than you can get a Scotchman to admit anything or to confess it.

A friend of mine, a doctor up there, said as he saw a Yankee farmer sitting on his stoop one morning, looking pretty sad, "How is your mother this morning?" and the farmer replied: "She's dead." "Dead," said the doctor, "well that is rather sudden, isn't it?" "Well," said the farmer, "sudden for her."

Looking at this pure Scotch development of pure Yankee development up there, and then reading as I have been reading in the papers lately, since the election, a discussion as to whether a proper understanding of our institutions comes to the people of pure colonial blood or to those of foreign blood who came here

afterward, I found it a most interesting matter for reflection as well as for study.

Our Government stands unique among all the Governments of the world. It was founded in 1789, when Washington was inaugurated. It stands to-day the only Government in the world unchanged in its institutions in that hundred and seven years. The Government of George Washington is the Government of Grover Cleveland and of William McKinley. That condition applies to no other Government that I know of in Christendom. Certainly the Government of Great Britain of the present day is not the Government of Great Britain of 1799. The Government of Great Britain in 1799 was a Government of landholders absolutely controlling it. No suffrage gave the people any voice in it. The Government in the evolution of a hundred years, leaving out of consideration the throne, has become almost a pure democracy. The Government of France in 1789, before her troops came to the United States and carried back the principles of American liberty, was the weak Government of a weak tyrant, governed by a corrupt aristocracy. To-day France, after many trials and much tribulation, has made a wide leap forward, and seems capable of maintaining it, toward republicanism and liberty. The Germany of 1789 was the Germany of Frederick the Great. The Germany of 1896 has just been tested on the principles of Frederick the Great, and the young and brilliant Emperor, when he called upon Germany to worship the coat of the Emperor, has found the Reichstag and the Parliament and the people against him.

Why has our Government remained just as it is? Is it due to the fact that we have preserved our pure colonial blood and that has done it? Is it true to the fact that the colonial blood has resisted the alien blood, or is it due to the fact that the Scotch and the Irish and the English and the French and the Scandinavians and the Germans coming here and marrying, have produced a new type which, mingled with our blood, has produced an American type, which understands our Government and sustains its principles?

Our institutions as they were founded by Washington, by Hamilton, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Jay, have been three times assailed. They were first assailed in the attempt of South Carolina to resist and nullify the Federal laws. Every man en-

gaged in that attempt at nullification was of pure colonial origin. There has been no foreign emigration into South Carolina, and the man who put it down and brought the power of the Government to bear by his will and exercised that power with imperial force was one remove from an Irishman, and that was Gen. Jackson.

The second attempt to change the form of our Government was the rebellion of 1860. It was carried on by States that were a purely colonial development. They fought superbly, every man ready to die in the last ditch, as the Anglo-Saxon race is always ready to fight and die when it believes it is right; and yet the men who fought them and beat them understood our institutions better than the old colonial stock, for they went into the Army and put down the rebellion and restored the Government of Hamilton and Jefferson, and they were an admixture of the blood of all the races who had come here since the Colonial period.

We have just passed through an election. I do not intend to talk politics. But certainly in that election both sides admit that it was an attempt to change the institutions of the country, as they were understood at the time of the formation of the Government. It was understood that we should have an unvarying currency; it was an effort to change that; that we should have a Supreme Court that should be supreme and independent over President and Congress. It was an effort to change that. In this third attempt to change the form of our Government, and certainly 6,000,000 people believed, that it ought to be changed, where was the preponderance of pure colonial blood or of mixed blood? Look at the votes of the States and you find in the Southern States, in which there had been no introduction of immigration, the great majority of the pure colonial blood voting to change the Government, while you find in the State of New York, the State into which has poured 14,000,000 of emigrants, people going through our borders to settle our West, to people our prairies, to build our railroads, to promote our industries, to create new commonwealths and add new stars to our flag—this cosmopolitan State, in which there is scarcely a family of pure colonial blood, has furnished more soldiers and more majority for the Government of Washington than any other State in the Union.

We started as no other State did in the cosmopolitan way. New England was purely English; Virginia was purely English;

Georgia was purely English; South Carolina almost purely French. But here the Dutch settled our Manhattan Island; the French settled New Rochelle; the English settled along the borders of our State and Connecticut, and they commingled together and intermarried together, and they produced in our State, as they have produced in every State where there has been this emigration, the American type, which is a mixed type, and it has brought out the best qualities of our race, which are mingled in the manufacture of the American to-day. The cosmopolitan American of to-day has no prejudices; he has no provincialism. He believes his country is the best, but he can recognize the merits of every other country. He does not believe that the pictures and the statues which we have here are superior to the old masters in the old world. He admits that those fellows who have been studying art for hundreds of years can beat us at that; but when you come to doing things that are in line with modern development, modern materialism and modern individualism, then they have to come under the Stars and Stripes.

Now it is said that a Yankee cannot take a joke well, except he tells it himself, and a Scotchman cannot take a joke unless it is his own. It was a villainous slander of old Samuel Johnson that you have to perform a surgical operation on a Scotchman to make him see a joke. I spent Sunday and Saturday with Ian Maclaren, and if there was ever a man who told a better story, or ever a man who was hungrier for a good one than he, I have not met him.

I have tried my stories on all nationalities, and some of them say they have remembered them. Try a story on an Irishman. He is always mighty impatient until you get through, and then he doesn't laugh because he wants to tell one himself. Try it on a German. He wants it in large quantities, as he does his beer. Try it on a Frenchman. He stops you many times with *moues* that interrupt the progress of the story. Try it on an Englishman. He is a good listener. He watches you intently to see where he ought to laugh, and he comes round two or three days later and asks what the point was. But try it on a Scotchman, and he will listen and listen. If there is no point to it he waits until he sees where you think the point is, and then he laughs as if he had never heard anything so good before, and if there is a

real point, he laughs heartily, puts it down in his notebook, and gets it off to the next man, and gets it off as his own.

I am glad that our guest has come here to America to give us the real flavor of the Scotch Highlands and the real breath of the heather; for certainly nobody has heard him who has not felt both. What makes Scotchmen so like us in their later development, what makes the cosmopolitan American so fond of the Scotch, is the Scotch literature, and Scotch literature is the best in the house of the American—in that the center, source, and substance of Scotch literature is the home. The one thing that the American, no matter how many kinds of blood he has in his veins, loves, is his home, the one thing that he hates to leave to make his way in the world, the one thing he loves to get back. He builds a home of his own. In that home of his own is Walter Scott and Robert Burns, because the heroes of Scott fought and bled and expired as countless generations of alien races have fought and bled for country and home. He loves his Robert Burns and he reads it in his family, and he teaches it as he teaches the Bible, because Robert Burns speaks of the fireside, of family, and of love. He likes to have the old family Bible, because the old family Bible is what his mother taught him upon his knees, and made him what he is, and gave him the grit and the nerve and the pluck and the stamina which has made his success in life and made him illustrate the best principles of American liberty.

REPUBLICAN CLUB LINCOLN DINNER

ADDRESS AT THE LINCOLN DINNER OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB: It affords me great pleasure to be at last at home. I have been speaking since election to audiences mostly composed of the enemy or the friends of the enemy. I have been compelled to say those sweet and pleasant things that help to carry off an occasion of that sort without disagreeable recollections, leaving such "pizen" in the taffy as I could devise. But to-night there is no fly in the ointment. I have felt as the proceedings have gone on, and I approved of them all, that instead of being a memorial meeting this was a Republican ratification meeting, ratifying the inevitable of the future.

It is a pleasure always to meet with the Republican Club of the city of New York when it celebrates the birthday of that man whose genius was never so admirably described, whose qualities were never so beautifully stated, whose grand nature was never more grandly put than by Col. Ingersoll here to-night.

It shows the capacity of Republicans for all sorts and kinds of things that tend toward Republicanism that, after a feast like that you can take the rest of us. But I occupy only the intermediate stage between that great master of the English tongue, whose sentences and the variety, the felicity of whose expression make him the Shakespeare of our American platform, the peerless meteor of the West, who has won for himself upon this platform before a national reputation, and on every occasion where he has had the opportunity to speak has adorned that art of all arts which Americans love, the art of American oratory.

The Republican Party is now in a reminiscent and prospective mood. Its past is history. Its present is watchfulness and preparation, its future is glory. Our friends the enemy are preparing to make it "Glory Hallelujah."

The Republican Party has been in power for thirty-three years. Occasionally it has lost the House of Representatives;

once it lost the Presidency; but never the country until now. A generation of the people of the United States have lived and thrived and prospered and known unequaled happiness among the nations of the world under Republican principles, Republican measures, and Republican statesmen. At the high tide of prosperity, a tide moved to its flood by Republicans and their principles, we are removed from power.

Power carries with it always the elements of its own overthrow. Power becomes arrogant; power becomes blind as a rule. We look over the history of great parties in governments which are free. We look over the parties of Great Britain as the suffrage has been enlarged so that a comparison may be made with our own conditions. We look over the history of parties in our own country and we find no record of such unequaled and continued confidence of the people in one policy and one party as this generation of Republicanism. Power is overthrown because it becomes incompetent and corrupt. Power is overthrown because the measures that it devises and upon which it stakes fortunes prove disastrous to the country; but no Republican administration has been either incompetent or corrupt from Abraham Lincoln to Benjamin Harrison. Every great Republican measure has been beneficial to the country, from the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln to the tariff of Major McKinley and the reciprocity of James G. Blaine.

We look over the field with a calm and philosophical view at the present, sounding our conditions, the causes of our defeat, the prospects of our victory, and rejoice in the fact that the timid, that the wavering, that the fortune seekers and the place hunters, that the independent thought which talked with us and voted the other way are now all with the enemy.

The Democratic Party, with its usual anxiety to have some Republican element for its salvation, if the reports of to-day are to be received, goes for a candidate before the Republican National Convention of 1888 to put him at the head of their Cabinet. And then it goes into the unknown for agriculture and discovers Hoke Smith.

The Republican Party created a system of finance which has given to the country for a quarter of a century stability in its business, credit in its public and private transactions, and prosperity everywhere. The Republican Party has given to the coun-

try an industrial policy which in the protection of manufactures, development of American labor, of American manhood, of Americanism upon this continent, has given to the old South a new South of industrial prosperity; has given to the old North the conditions that have saved it from industrial paralysis; has transformed Alabama from pauperism to prosperity; has taken West Virginia out of the column, the mouldy column of the medieval past and put it abreast with the life, energy, and hope of the present; has taken New England when the rich and chief soil of the West had ruined her farms and given to her manufacture which was the salvation of her farmer; has taken the West when its overflowing products could not find a market and built the cities where the market was to be had; has given to our constellation of States ten new commonwealths, planted cities and villages everywhere, kept New York Empire among her sisters and Pennsylvania the keystone of the arch. It has even accomplished the miracle of making Chicago the possible capital of the continent.

And yet, after the accomplishment of all these glorious, beneficent, and universally admitted results, it is pushed from power. We can understand when business reverses push a party from power; we can understand when great excitement in finance pushes a party from power; we can understand when the paralysis of industries leaves workmen beggars upon the highway that a party should go from power; but when all business is unusually prosperous, when workmen are receiving twice the wages they did when the party came into power and their wages have greater purchasing value than when the party came into power; then we wonder why this has resulted. It is a revolt against prosperity.

The American people are nothing, if not original. We wanted to put a party out of power upon some reason for which no other people put out a party before and we have done it.

You remember the man in the play who always was attended with good luck and who never heard anything but praise and flattery, called aloud and said "I want a little misfortune; I want to meet an honest man who will tell me I am a fool and kick me." He expressed a principle of human nature, which pervaded the election of 1892. The most astounding and astonishing combination of contradictory elements that ever got together accumulating for thirty-three years have won this Gov-

ernment. As the grand procession moves on the Fourth of March up Pennsylvania Avenue we will look at its component parts. At the head of it will march the brigade of those people of the United States who know only that passage in the Scripture, if my friend Col. Ingersoll will forgive me, which says "The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." That brigade is expecting Mr. Cleveland's administration to establish the currency mills all over the country so that the wayfarer who has endeavored to live on other mens' wits and industry, may put his hat under the spout and find the needs that he wants. Then will come that army corps of miscellaneous concomitants, led by Gen. Weaver and Mrs. Leaske. They will enter their protest against that Republican system of finance which founded national banks over this country and gave it a uniform currency and which on the principle that has governed gold bugs and monopolists, always demands security for a loan. They will ask Mr. Cleveland to establish the people's banks where modest merit and good intentions will be the security for the national money. And tramping behind, led by the braves of Tammany, will be that vast host of the Democratic Party, shouting the shibboleth of Democracy, "We want the offices." When the procession is over Mr. Cleveland will enter the White House, the brass plate upon the door will be changed from Harrison to Cleveland; and then its occupant has my profoundest sympathy. He has already tried his hand, and in the language of Colorado it was not a full hand.

The Republican Party is the only organization in this country which has always fulfilled its pledges. It made platforms to live up to and the platforms of the Republican Party for twenty-five years are the statute law of the United States. We promised to save this country: we saved it. We promised to reconstruct these States preserving all the principles of the Declaration of Independence, striking out all the crimes of the fathers; and we reconstructed it; we promised that we would give sound finance; that we would give a United States currency; that we would restore prosperity; that we would repair the ravages of war; that we would re-create a republic grander, larger, broader, greater than the world had ever known before; and here it is.

The Democratic Party, until last year, never made any pledges and so they had none to break. It was the party of negation; and nature abhors a vacuum. Their line was criticism of Republican measures and abuse of Republican statesmen. But last year they came out into the open and gave a clear and understandable policy, and the country desiring change of these elements came together for a change and have taken them at their word. Will they fulfil their pledges?

A Democratic friend of mine, who is a mine owner and a manufacturer said to me, "Depew, it is an outrage for you Republicans on the platform and in the press to be crowding and nagging Mr. Cleveland to carry out the principles and the measures of the Democratic platform at Chicago; you know, we all know that it will ruin the country." I said to him "My speculative friend, you have promised the country something better than they have got, and they are entitled to the experiment. We do not believe it will succeed but the voters must have what they voted for, and it is upon this principle when a patient is sick and he has the best advice of the most eminent, skilled, and trained physician, and he loses confidence and wants to try the quack, that skilled physician brings the quack right in in order that no time may be lost when he can by well understood rules and by the experience of his life save his patient's life and save him from the nostrums of the quack."

The Democratic Party has already tried to fulfill one of its explicit promises. It promised to repeal the Sherman Silver Act. From Lakewood there went down to Washington a solemn delegation, clothed with imperial power by the chosen leader of the Democracy; one of the gentlemen is to be the Secretary of the Interior and the other has hopes of being the Secretary of the Exterior. The majority of the Democratic Representatives in Congress voted "No" to that request, voted "No" to that platform, voted "No" to that solemn promise, and their leader, Mr. Bland, sent back to Lakewood the defiant message: "If you, Mr. Cleveland, attempt to carry out the promises upon which you have won, we will split the party and wreck your administration." The Democratic newspapers of this city and of this country are calling upon the Republicans to save Mr. Cleveland.

Gentlemen, we are here to-night facing conditions which are

unusual, which are unique, and which are original. Underneath all the flame of this revolution that has come is a principle which is all over the world, it is the revolt of adversity against prosperity, the revolt of failure against success, the revolt of the man who has less against the man who has more. The principle of American liberty is that all the people shall be educated at the public expense, with a fair and equal chance, and then let brains, energy, industry, and thrift do the rest. The phenomenal conditions which have given us this great prosperity, which have built 170,000 miles of railway, which have opened new mines, new territories, built new States, new cities, created the opportunities for masterful men who have the genius for making money to make it, but it also created the opportunities for men who are not masterful to live better, more happily, with more money in the house, more in the savings bank than any people ever had before.

The Republican Party stands for that principle of American liberty. Socialism may utter its cry in Great Britain against caste, it may utter its cry in Germany against imperial power, it may utter its cry in Russia against despotism; but in America socialism has no place when the people understand the case. Let the dance go on; let the Populist come to the front; let the Socialist raise his cry; let the Anarchist raise his banner and four years from now when the country faces the inevitable it will face American liberty and all that it means in the Republican Party. It is time now, when for the first time in thirty-three years we are out of power, that we pause; that we look over this first chapter of the history of the Republican Party. It opened with the election of Abraham Lincoln; it closed with the death of James G. Blaine. Every page of it is illumined with brilliant thoughts, with beneficent measures, with inspiring patriotism. Every page of it reads like a novel and inspires you like a blast from the lips of all the heroes and all the patriots of America. It is, as those pages show, preeminently the party of the people and the party of the people in the opportunities of American liberty. Look at its dead heroes in those pages—Lincoln, the rail splitter, Grant, from the little farmers' store at the country cross roads in the Ohio wilderness; Garfield, ragged and poor and barefooted on the towpath of the canal; Blaine from the country printing of-

fice: all of them from the people and rising to those conditions where they command the homage of the civilized world and admiration among their countrymen.

When a Roman mother was asked to say what she had done for her country she pointed to her children. When the Republican Party is asked what it has done for its country it points to the Republic.

REPUBLICAN CLUB LINCOLN DINNER

ADDRESS AT THE LINCOLN DINNER OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Celebrations of the anniversaries of heroes and statesmen, of battlefields and significant events, have, as a rule, only an historical interest. They lack the freshness and passion of touch and attachment. It has always been the habit of peoples to deify their heroes. After a few generations they are stripped of every semblance to humanity. We can reach no plane where after the lapse of a hundred years we can view George Washington as one of ourselves. He comes to us so perfect, full-rounded, and complete that he is devoid of the defects which make it possible for us to love greatness. The same is largely true of all the Revolutionary worthies, except that the Colonial Dames have raised or lowered Benjamin Franklin to the level of our vision by deciding that he was so human that his descendant in the fourth generation is unworthy of their membership. Thank Heaven, we can still count as one of ourselves, with his humor and his sadness, with his greatness and his every-day homeliness, with his wit and his logic, with his gentle chivalry that made him equal to the best-born knight, and his awkward and ungainly ways that made him one of the plain people, our martyred President, our leader of the people, Abraham Lincoln.

The Revolutionary War taught liberty from the top down; the Civil War taught liberty from the people up to the colleges and the pulpits. The Revolutionary struggle was the revolt of property against unjust taxation until it evolved into independence. It was the protest of the leaders in commercial, industrial, and agricultural pursuits against present and prospective burdens. Sublime as were its results and beneficent as was the heritage it left behind, there was a strong element of materialism in its genesis and motive. The Civil War threw to the winds every material consideration in the magnificent uprising of a great and prosperous people moved to make every sacrifice for patriotism,

for country, and for the enfranchisement of the bondmen. The leaders of the Revolutionary struggle represented Colonial success. Washington was the richest man in the United States. Jefferson and Hamilton, Jay and the Adamses were the best products of the culture of American colleges and of opportunity. In the second period, when the contest was for the supremacy of the principle of the preservation of the Union against the destructive tendencies of State rights, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay represented the American farmers' sons who had received also the benefits of liberal education. In the third period, the protest against the extension of slavery, the war for the Union and the reconstruction of the seceded States, with the contributions which came to our statesmanship from the newly settled territories, we had heroes born in log cabins. Their surroundings and deprivations were not those of poverty, but of struggle. The log cabin in the new settlement, with civilization, the school, the academy, and the university not far distant, were the training schools of independence and greatness. From these homes in the woods Grant and Sherman went to West Point and Garfield to Williams and the Presidency. The makers of our history during the last fifty years have come largely from the log cabin or its scarcely more ambitious successor, the primitive farmhouse. The great leader who was to wield more power in his time than any ruler in the world, who was to hold his authority by the continued and increasing confidence of the people, was destined to be born and reared amidst surroundings and conditions which never before had produced a man capable of making an impression upon the history of his country. He was born in the log cabin, but it was not the log cabin of the frontier settlement, with its unclouded horizon of new States and great cities, and of limitless development along the lines of education, science, and material prosperity. It was the log cabin of the poor white of the South while slavery existed, with its helplessness, its hopelessness, its idleness, and paralysis of mental and moral ambition. A little clearing in the wilds of Kentucky from which enough could be raised simply to support life; a shiftless wandering to Indiana and a repetition of the experience; another shiftless movement to Illinois, with no better results; a neighborhood of rough, ignorant, drinking, and quarreling young men, with no advantages of books, of household teachings, of church influences,

of gentle companionship—these were the environments from which came, without stain, the purest character, the noblest, the most self-sacrificing and the loftiest statesman of our country or of any country. The age of miracles has passed, and yet, unless he can be accounted for upon well-defined principles, Lincoln was a miracle. At twenty years of age, dressed in skins, never having known a civilized garment, he was the story-teller of the neighborhood, the good-natured giant who, against rough and cruel companions, used his great strength to defend the weak and protect the oppressed. He thirsted for knowledge, and yet was denied the opportunities for its acquisition, and he exhausted the libraries for miles around, whose resources were limited to five volumes, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Weems's Washington," a short history of the United States, and the Bible. As a laborer upon the farm he was not a success, because he diverted his fellow laborers from their work with his marvelous gift of anecdote and his habit of mounting a stump and eloquently discussing the questions of the day. As a flatboatman upon the Mississippi he was not a success, because while among the class that delighted to call themselves half horse and half alligator in their mad debauches on the route and in New Orleans, he was not of them. As the keeper of a country store he was not a success, because his generous nature could not refuse credit to the poor he knew could never pay, and he could not perform the dishonest act of so manipulating his accounts that those of his customers who could respond should make up, through an increase of price or the falsification of their passbooks, for those who could not. As a surveyor he was a failure, because his mind was on other and larger questions than the running of a boundary line. As a lawyer he was successful only after many years of practice, because unless he was enlisted for right and justice he could not give to the case either his eloquence or his judgment. As a member of the Legislature of Illinois he made little mark, for the questions were not such as stirred his mighty nature. As a member of Congress he came to the front only once, and then on the unpopular side. The country was wild for war, for the acquisition of territory by conquest, and for an invasion of the neighboring republic of Mexico. When to resist the madness of the hour meant the present, and perhaps permanent, annihilation of political pros-

pects, among the few who dared to rise and protest against war, and especially an unjust one, was Abraham Lincoln.

As he was then, so he was through his whole life, the evangel of peace, seeking by every possible means to promote amicable relations among the discordant sections of his own country and between his own country and foreign powers. But when the enemy would accept no suggestion, no offer of friendship, and reciprocate no kindness; when the stake was liberty, union, and the preservation of the Republic, then this man of peace could be the concentrated energy of war. He could unloose all the elements of destruction and invoke the aid of God for the extermination of the enemies of his country, believing that he had a right to call upon Deity because those enemies were equally, in his judgment, the enemies of God.

The orators of all times have had previous orators for their models, and they have formed their styles upon the examples of the geniuses of the past. Old Sam Johnson dominated generations with his turgid periods; Addison other generations with his simple and liquid beauty; while Chatham and Burke, Macaulay and Patrick Henry, and Otis and Fisher Ames were the models of our schools and academies. Daniel Webster had all the resources of Dartmouth and the Boston libraries for that ponderous and tremendous eloquence which saved his Alma Mater in the Supreme Court of the United States, and planted on impregnable foundations the doctrine of the Union of the States in the Senate of the United States. Seward and Chase, Garrison and Channing, and Phillips and Beecher were instructed by professors of rhetoric and teachers in elocution and the leaders of thought in our English tongue. But Lincoln formed his style by writing compositions with a piece of charcoal upon shingles or upon the smooth side of a wooden shovel, and copying them afterwards upon paper. The shingle was limited in area and paper was scarce in the wilds of Indiana and Illinois. In this school, poverty of resources taught Lincoln condensation and clearness, and he learned that the secret of success in appealing to the people is directness and lucidity. Cæsar had it when he cried, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" Luther had it when he cried, "Here I stand, I can do no other; God help me, Amen." Cromwell had it when he cried to his soldiers, "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry." Napoleon had it when, before the battle of the Pyramids,

he called upon his soldiers to remember that forty centuries looked down upon them. Patrick Henry had it when he uttered those few sentences which have been the inspiration of the schoolbooks since the Colonial days. Webster had it when he said, "Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and for ever." Grant had it when he said, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And Lincoln had it when he drew to him the men and women of his country by the tender pleadings of his first inaugural, by the pathetic, almost despairing appeal of his second inaugural, and by that speech at Gettysburg which made every hero who had died a soldier again in the person of a new hero created to take his place by that marvelous invocation. He expressed in a single sentence the principle and the policy of the purchase of Louisiana and the supremacy of the United States upon the North American Continent when he said, "The Mississippi shall go unvexed to the sea." He added to the list of immortal utterances which go down the ages to lead each new generation to higher planes of duty and patriotism. "With malice toward none, with charity for all." "We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom—and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Beyond the rulers of every age Lincoln was the leader of the people—of what he called the plain people. His training in the wilderness, in the rough surroundings of his boyhood and early manhood, and as a lawyer upon the circuit, with the judges, the counsel, the jurymen, and the witnesses, and his experience upon the stump in direct contact with great audiences, had made him understand and know the sentiment of the American fireside as no other statesman ever did. A more timid President would have made concessions which would have disrupted the country. A more rash and radical President would have moved so fast that he would have lost the Northern support and sundered the Republic. But when those who would sacrifice everything for peace—and they constituted almost a majority of the North—wanted him to recognize in some form or another, at different stages of the war, the Southern Confederacy, he was as immovable as a rock; and when others, like Ben Wade, Winter Davis, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and Lloyd Garrison,

were denouncing him because he would not abolish slavery, he was again as immovable as a rock. He knew as no other man did, as Cabinets and Congresses did not know, the sentiments and feelings of the plain people of the Northern States. He knew that they loved beyond everything else the Union, and he would move only so fast as over the electric currents, which connected his heart and brain with every fireside in the land, came the tidings to him that they were ready for another advance along the lines of revolutionary action which would preserve the Union. He had the Emancipation Proclamation in his desk for months while he was subjected to every kind of attack and assault, because he knew that the time had not arrived for issuing it. But when defeat after defeat had brought the country to a full understanding of the desperation of the struggle and that all means must be used if the Union should be saved, as soon as Antietam gave the justification, he freed the slave.

Tradition and education teach statesmen to approach the people of the country through their representatives. The speech from the throne or the message of the President goes to Parliament or to Congress, and through Parliament or Congress to the country. Lincoln, unlike all other rulers, believed the people of the United States in their homes—the men and women of the country at their firesides—were a parliament always in session. By letters to conventions, to popular assemblages, to newspaper editors and to individual citizens, he was arguing day by day, and week by week, and month by month, with the people of the United States the questions affecting his duty in the means which he should take to preserve for them the Republic and their heritage of priceless liberties.

At the day of his death Lincoln possessed a power in the United States which no President ever before had, not even Washington. Courts and Congresses were his servants, and armies and navies the obedient ministers of his will. His death set back into the realm of passion the reconstruction of the States. Had he lived, a plan would have been carried through by him which would have prevented the horrors and scandals of the period, would have established the fact that in being the best friend of the South upon the lines which he had laid out, he was also adopting the wisest policy for his country.

The great characters of history are always dramatic. It is

not because they wish to be spectacular, but because the majestic events in the drama of nations make them unconscious actors upon this wonderful stage. Lincoln was one of the most distinguished actors of modern times. He performed his part superbly, whether in comedy or melodrama or tragedy. The accomplished, the erudite, the able and the strategic Seward, looking with distrust upon this awkward backwoodsman, sent him a program for the management of the Government by more experienced minds, to receive back the message that the Springfield lawyer would run the Government himself and ask such assistance from his Cabinet as he might think he required. The receptions held by the President day by day was a series of amusing or affecting scenes. To the millionaires of New York, claiming protection for their palaces and their banks when the *Merrimac* escaped from Hampton Roads, he said with grim humor, "The treasury is empty; the Navy was sunk yesterday; but if I was as 'skeered' as you seem to be and had as much money as you claim to have I would go back to New York and find some means of defending my property." To Lord Hartington, who, it had been reported to him, had worn a Confederate favor at a ball in New York, he gave the strange greeting, as he crushed his lordship's hand in his vicelike grip, "My dear Lord Hartington, your name reminds me of our own Mrs. Partington." He at once satisfied and reconciled an importunate but lifelong friend who wanted a mission to a distant but unhealthy country and would take nothing else, by saying, when all arguments failed, "Strangers die there soon, and I have already given the position to a gentleman whom I can better spare than you." But when a little woman whose scant raiment and pinched features indicated the struggle of respectability with poverty, secured, after days of effort, an entrance to his presence, he said, "Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?" She replied, "My son, my only child, is a soldier. His regiment was near enough our home for him to take a day and run over and see his mother. He was arrested as a deserter when he re-entered the lines and condemned to be shot, and he is to be executed to-morrow." Hastily arising from his chair, the President left behind Senators and Congressmen and Generals, and seizing this little woman by the hand, he dragged her on a run as with great strides he marched with her to the office of the



Secretary of War. She could not tell where the regiment then was, or at what place or in what division the execution was to take place, and Stanton, who had become wearied with the President's clemency, which, he said, destroyed discipline, begged the President to drop the matter; but Mr. Lincoln, rising, said with vehemence, "I will not be balked in this. Send this message to every headquarters, every fort, and every camp in the United States: 'Let no military execution take place until further orders from me. A. LINCOLN.'"

He called the Cabinet to meet, and as they entered they found him reading Artemus Ward. He said: "Gentlemen, I have found here a most amusing and interesting book, which has entertained and relieved me. Let me read you what Artemus Ward says about the waxworks at Albany." Chase, who never understood him, in his impatient dignity said: "Mr. President, we are here upon business." The President laid down the book, opened a drawer of his desk, took out a paper and said: "Gentlemen, I wish to read you this paper, not to ask your opinion as to what I shall do, for I am determined to issue it, but to ask your criticism as to any change of form or phraseology;" and the paper which he read was the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, which struck the shackles from the limbs of four millions of slaves. And when the Cabinet, oppressed and overwhelmed by the magnitude of this deed about to be done, went solemnly out of the room, as the last of them looked back he saw this strangest, saddest, wisest, most extraordinary of rulers again reading Artemus Ward.

This man of peace and gentleness and tenderness was the most courageous of mortals. When Richmond surrendered, and he landed in the Rebel capital, and walked through the streets filled with stragglers of the Confederate Army and enemies naturally envenomed by their misfortunes, with no escort and no companion except his little boy, whom he held by the hand, he performed one of the most courageous as well as one of the most picturesque acts in our history. In the Trent affair, notwithstanding the difficulties of our Civil War, there was a unanimous sentiment for holding Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners, who had been taken off the British ship; yet when Lincoln understood that it was a violation of international law, he did what he alone could have done, because of the confidence of

the people in him, surrendered the Rebel Commissioners. But when France invaded Mexico he did not hesitate for a moment to protest against this flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine, nor to assure Louis Napoleon that when his hands were free he would send the victorious army of the Union to drive the invaders from the soil of our neighboring republic. But he possessed another courage of a higher order, the courage which courts certain defeat for the accomplishment of a greater purpose for party and country than the satisfying of personal ambition. When he wrote the famous lines at the beginning of his struggle with Douglas, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot exist permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other,"—every politician whose future was at stake in the success of the Republican Party in that mighty contest warned him that this utterance would defeat him. His answer was: "Yes, I know it will defeat me; but it will make the success of the party of liberty in the State of Illinois and in the country." When he prepared his query to Douglas, how he could reconcile popular sovereignty for the people of the Territories with the Dred Scott decision, which said there was no popular sovereignty under the Constitution, he was told that Douglas's answer would be, that the popular vote overrode everything else, and on that Douglas would certainly be returned to the Senate, and Lincoln's answer was, "Yes, he will be returned to the Senate, and I will be defeated; but it will drive away from him the South, and he never will be President, and in the division of the Democratic Party the Republicans will carry the country."

To-day, for the first time since Lincoln's death, the 12th of February is a legal holiday in our State of New York. And it is proper that the people should, without regard to party affiliation, celebrate in a becoming manner the birth, the story, and the achievements of this Saviour of the Republic. But it is equally meet and proper for us gathered here as Republicans to celebrate also the deeds and achievements and the character of the greatest Republican who ever lived. This party to which we belong, this great organization of which we are proud, this mighty engine in the hands of Providence for the accomplishment of more for the

land in which it has worked than any party in any representative government ever accomplished before, has its teachings and inspirations more largely from the statesmanship and utterances of Abraham Lincoln than from any other man. The first speech he ever made was a speech for that policy which was the first policy of George Washington, the first policy of the greatest creative brain of the Revolutionary period, Alexander Hamilton—the principle of the protection of American industries. With that keen and intuitive grasp of public necessity and of the future growth of the Republic which always characterized Lincoln, he saw in early life that this country, under a proper system of protection, could become self-supporting; he saw that a land of raw materials was necessarily a land of poverty, while a land of diversified industries, each of them self-sustaining and prosperous, was a land of colleges and schools, a land of science and literature, a land of religion and law, a land of prosperity, happiness, and peace. Abraham Lincoln was the emancipator of the slave; and the Republican Party, from its organization in 1856 down to to-day, has been the organized force for larger liberty to the people of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was an American of Americans and believed in America for Americans. The Republican Party, in the policy which fosters business, employment, and wages; which stimulates emigration and the distribution of wealth throughout the land; which encourages the construction of railways, the digging of canals, the opening of mines, the founding of States, and the building of cities, is the party of America for Americans. Abraham Lincoln stood, as no other name in our history stands, for the union of the States, for the preservation of the Republic, and the Republican Party—his party—proudly boasts that no member of it ever fired a shot at the flag or did aught against the perpetuity of our Union. Abraham Lincoln stood for principles and measures which could be advocated in every State as the best for that State and for the whole country; for a policy which could break the Solid South and do away forever with sectional divisions and unite the people of the United States for their prosperity and progress. The Republican Party in 1896 stands before the country as the only national party, with the Solid South broken and sectional lines gone. Abraham Lincoln would draw the last dollar the country possessed and draft the last man capable of bearing arms to save

the Republic. He would use any currency by which the Army could be kept in the field and the Navy on the seas. When the peril was so great that our promise to pay only yielded thirty cents on the dollar, he prevented the collapse of our credit and the ruin of our cause by pledging the national faith to the payment of our debts and the redemption of our notes and bills at par in money recognized in the commerce of the world. The Republican Party stands for a policy which will furnish abundant revenue for every requirement of the Government and which will maintain the credit of the United States at home and abroad up to the standard which is justified by its unequaled wealth, power and progress.

All hail the spirit, all hail the principles, all hail the example—the inspiring example—of that man of the people, that wisest of rulers, that most glorious of Republicans, Abraham Lincoln!

REPUBLICAN CLUB LINCOLN DINNER

ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK,
AT THE LINCOLN DINNER, DELMONICO'S, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

GENTLEMEN: For nearly two decades this club has celebrated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Some of these occasions have been memorable for the brilliancy of the oratory, the importance of the principles enunciated, and the discriminating and eloquent tributes to the character, life, and services of this great patriot and Republican leader. In some years our meetings have been held in the despair of defeat, and in others while flushed with victory; but whether the political conditions were gloomy or bright, the sentiment of the meeting has always been full of hope and inspiration.

The truth and the courage to speak it, no matter whom it hurts or where it hits, is the spirit of this night. No good cause was ever injured, and every good cause is always helped by fidelity to the truth.

When we came together on the 12th of February, 1892, we were enjoying with all our countrymen the unequalled prosperity of that period. The administration of President Benjamin Harrison, one of the wisest and ablest of our chief magistrates, had just ended, and left behind a glorious legacy. The flood of national wealth and employment was at its height, and Father Time cut deep in the memorial post which records the rising tide —the notch which had never been reached before, and never has been reached since. A year later the receding tide had left the shores littered with the wrecks of business, of fortunes, and of families; 1894 was still darker, and 1895 saw the country in industrial paralysis from general distrust. In 1896 the greatest battle of the century between the economic forces of the land and with the currency theorists had been settled by the vote of the people for the Republican principle of the protection of American industry, and the Republican and honest Democratic principle of sound money. The response of capital and labor to our victory is heard in the humming of spindles and the roar of

machinery, and is seen in the fires of furnaces and factories, and in the employment of hundreds of thousands of the unemployed, who are now laboring and enjoying the fruits of their labors. We have won but half the fight, and yet there is this satisfactory result. But the victory can not be permanent, the conditions of prosperity can not be lasting, the factors of credit can not be complete until the other principle, the one of honest money, is impregnably placed upon the statute books of the Republic. The fight is on and must be fought to the finish.

The responsibility of those who believe there can be no lasting prosperity until the standard of value is fixed and we are placed beyond question in harmony with the commercial nations of the world is limited by the boundaries of no single State or group of States. When a Senator from this greatest of business commonwealths casts one-half of the vote of New York for the silver basis we have the same duty imposed upon us as rests on the Republicans of Kansas or Colorado. It is to agitate, agitate, and again agitate until our currency is no longer a political question.

Our motto to-night and for this discussion is the maxim of our Great Chief, uttered in sympathy and sorrow when pleading with our misguided Southern brethren to return to their allegiance to the Union, "With malice toward none and with charity for all." There is not a Republican leader nor a Democratic leader who does not need in this discussion to crawl under some corner of the mantle of charity. That there has been such an earnest, wide-spread, and honest belief in the free coinage of silver, in other words in depreciated and irredeemable currency, is due to the teachings of nearly all of our leaders and most of our organs of public opinion. The results demonstrate that when you compromise with the Devil the Devil will get you in the end. A distinguished Senator said to me in Washington last week, "I have been teaching bimetallism to my constituents for years in order to beat fiat money and free silver, and never woke up until within a year to the fact that I had made a mistake, and was really stimulating the heresies against which I was contending." The most gigantic and universal system of university teaching ever engaged in during a presidential canvass was conducted by the business interests of the country during our late presidential campaign, and after all the tremendous effort nearly one-half the

people of the country voted for the heresy of fiat money. It was in our platform, and therefore in fulfillment of one of our pledges, that we should try European countries to see if there could be international bimetallism. The result, however, of that, and of the attitude of our party leaders in Congress and upon the stump has been seen in the elections this fall. Multitudes of voters, though only partially convinced that gold is the true standard of value, cast their ballots for McKinley and Hobart and sound money, but the moment that they saw anywhere any wavering on the question they came to the conclusion that, after all, the plea for honest money was only a campaign cry, and that in our heart of hearts we still believed that bimetallism was wedded with prosperity. History is ever repeating itself. Periods of financial and industrial distress breed economic fallacies. Millions accept them as measures of relief, as drowning men grasp at straws. The experience of the past, the proof of their repeated trials and failures, the current opinions of the prosperous and solvent commercial nations of the world are disregarded on the plea that our conditions are exceptional. The truth stated and reiterated with calmness and courage is the cure, and the only one. Palliatives, compromises and substitutes which partly admit or half-heartedly deny financial heresies reveal the weaknesses of the advocates and confirm the faith of the votaries of irredeemable currency or double or fluctuating standards of value. It is utterly futile to attempt to convert the heathen by fooling with the fetich. You must smash it. Then he sees that it has no divinity. Demetrius of Ephesus understood this principle when he raised the riot that drove out Paul. He knew that if Paul destroyed Diana the business of selling her images was ended. It was a frightful and brutal desecration of art which led the early Christians to destroy the masterpieces of Praxiteles in the Parthenon and at Olympia, but the early Christians knew that Paganism in art had assumed the livery of Heaven and captured the souls of men, and only by proving its earthly character could the eyes of the darkened soul be opened to the light. Our Puritan forefathers, those fearful iconoclasts, those enemies of images and pomp and ceremonials and vestments and cathedrals, shocked the learning, the piety, and the culture of generations by their ruthless raids upon them all, but they made possible that faith which gives to us civil and religious liberty.

Thank Heaven, the clear and superb utterance of President McKinley at the Manufacturers' banquet two weeks ago, and the impregnable front of the Republican members of the House of Representatives, have cleared the atmosphere. Those two things have done much for national credit and Republican hope. Now the representative must take one side or the other. The "good Lord and good Devil" period has passed. There is no room any more for that large class of preachers of whom I remember one as an illustrious example. The village church had been disrupted by a free-thinking lay member, whose intellectual equipment was too much for the old pastor, who was more a shepherd of the flock than a militant theologian. So the eldest called a gentleman who had the reputation of being a popular preacher and was famous for smoothing over difficulties. Evangelists and infidels gathered to hear him, and he said: "My brethren and sisters, I understand that some of you believe that there is a God, and some of you think that there is no God. The truth must be somewhere between the two."

It has been the glory of the Republican Party, as distinguished from the Democratic Party, that its principles and its policies were national. The Democratic Party might be free trade in a free-trade State, and protectionist in a protection State, and sound money in a sound-money State, and fiat money in a fiat-money State, and for free silver in free-silver commonwealths, but the Republican, whether of the North, the South, the East or the West, belonged to one party, which stood upon one platform, and had only one kind of principles for every latitude and longitude. I have no patience with the now loudly-professed doctrine of expediency. The Whig Party went to its grave practicing compromise and expediency; the Republican Party went to defeat in its first great canvass, because it dared not proclaim the full truth, nor express the whole of its belief. The birth of victory for the Republican Party, the beginning of its triumphant career, was at Springfield, when Abraham Lincoln made the speech with which he entered the canvass for Senator against Stephen A. Douglass. He submitted his speech to the conference of the State leaders, and they all said: "Mr. Lincoln, if you make that speech we are doomed to defeat, not only in this contest, but in the national election two years hence." Lincoln's reply was: "I would rather go to defeat on a declara-

tion of the real principles of our Party than to win by any compromise, because, in that defeat will be the courage and the education which will win us the Presidency two years hence." That immortal declaration which frightened the timid, scared the politicians, and nerved the conscience of the Nation, was this: "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." That declaration made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States; that declaration led to the Emancipation Proclamation; that declaration reunited and recemented the union of the States; that declaration has never failed in its spirit to lead the Republican Party to victory.

It is almost an axiom in Washington that the utterances of McKinley, Gage, Reed, and Dingley are good principles, but bad politics. But temporary success is worse than defeat when it is won upon the maxim recently enunciated by Mark Twain that "faith is believing what you know is not so." The story of a great battle stirs the blood. When the war is in progress the news of a victory thrills every nerve and fibre, and the victorious general becomes a demi-god. There are battles in the representative halls of as great moment to the country, requiring as much courage and skilled leadership as those which move armies and carry on great campaigns and win the decisive conflicts of history. There has been no more inspiring and no more hopeful spectacle, no more dramatic picture of the battle in the forum than when the silver resolution, which meant, as we believe, if successful, disaster to public credit and private business, came down from the Senate. With the prestige of the most august body in our Government behind it, its descent upon the House was like the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. But the Old Guard bit the dust and crumbled to pieces upon the impregnable squares of honest money led by that greatest parliamentarian of our times—Speaker Thomas B. Reed.

The plain duty of the House of Representatives is to pass a sound currency bill. The able and experienced delegates to the Indianapolis Convention have furnished an admirable basis for action. As often as the Senate rejects it, pass it again. Defeat

will promote discussion, and in debate will be encouraged and revealed an overwhelming popular sentiment which will surely succeed.

Our wreaths to-night crown the statue, and are strewn about the monuments of Abraham Lincoln. We hail his memory dead as his countrymen hailed him living. We hail him as the man of the people illustrating the possibilities of American citizenship. We hail him as the great statesman who proved the second savior of his country. We hail him as the genial humorist whose wit and stories will forever prevent his being elevated above the plane of our common humanity. We love him because his name and fame are the inspiration and education, and the continuing leadership of the Republican Party.

REPUBLICAN CLUB ROOSEVELT DINNER

ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK,
AT THE DINNER TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLUB: The world has been seeking always a recipe for happiness. None of them has met the requirements of the seeker nor satisfied his ideas. A definition rather narrow but true within its limits is that the Republicans have been since last Tuesday supremely happy. They are satisfied with the popular indorsement of their principles and with the success of their candidate. Inquiring minds have also sought to discover the secrets of success. The only broad rule is first to deserve it and then use every fair and honorable means of winning. We to-night, as politicians and citizens interested in the welfare of our State and country, know what it means. Often in politics a party deserves to win, but fails to do so, and then the fault is often with the management. This time, however, the party which was entitled to the victory is master of the field. Many politicians and political managers advise a still hunt. Most of them fear oratory, fireworks, and a brass band. The lesson of the late campaign is, if you are sure of the soundness of your platform and the merit and ability of your candidate, then the policy of the campaign should be exhortation and exhibition. The truth improves by analysis and under inspection, and the right man becomes more popular and wins more friends under the highest candle power of publicity. The doubters who questioned the wisdom of our speaking tour and lightning circuit of the State are now its enthusiastic admirers.

As the train rolls into each station for its stop of five minutes or an hour or the night there are waiting thousands of saints and sinners. The saints are lukewarm and the sinners scoff. When the cheers evolved by the enthusiasm of the greeting and the speaking have sped the candidate and his orators upon their way, the Republican saints are filled with the gospel of Republicanism, are extemporizing miniature mass meetings on the street cars, in the drug stores, around the stove and the nail kegs

in the country store; they are making parish visits to the unconverted, and the atmosphere is charged with their faith and enthusiasm. Here in our late campaign we find 100,000 majority from the fields, farms, and villages of the country, which overwhelms the forces of the enemy in New York City.

Any one who has frequently crossed the ocean has experienced the sudden transition from calm to storm. For days there will be the sunshine and quiet of a summer sea. Suddenly and without warning the waters are lashed into fury, and the ship is riding the crests or sinking into the trough of mountain waves. Then comes the test of the staunchness of the ship and the courage and the seamanship of the captain. Without the storm the sea would be stagnant and putrefy, but the mighty movement of the elements brings the depths to air and light, purifies the waters, and gives life-saving qualities to the atmosphere. The conditions are the same with Governments by the people. There is and can be no rest in the evolution of liberty. The ship of state will inevitably be intrusted to the party which is always prepared for and equal to the emergency of the gale or the cyclone. Our conditions at the opening of the present campaign were full of peril. New questions, never discussed and never thought of in our scheme of government, had been precipitated upon the country; new problems, for the solution of which we had no textbooks, must be met and answered. In our State we had before us a defensive campaign. It is the rule of politics that to excuse is to accuse. It is the experience of politicians that the jury of the people regard with distrust the party in power when under investigation, even if with the best motives it is investigating itself. With the wisest administrative ability and the best intentions many years of power create difficulties which require defense or explanation.

We can account for the marvelous victories of Dewey, of Sampson, and of our Army only by reverently recognizing the interposition of Divine Providence. We began a war for humanity with a smaller Army and a Navy of less strength than our enemy. In a hundred days we had sunk the enemy's fleets without the loss of a ship and with but one man killed. We had received the surrender, after two battles, of armies of 250,000 veteran troops. We had expelled the Spanish government from its possessions in the Western Hemisphere, where it had mis-

governed the fairest portions of the earth for three hundred years, and our flag floated over an empire in the Pacific.

We had the unexampled record of not having lost a standard, a flag, a gun or a battery. These results showed unmistakably the directing hand of Providence. Now, in our situation in the Empire State—and I say it with due reverence—Providence equally preserved from perils by land and perils by water, from perils of fever and perils of battle, and gave the marvelous prestige with the popular mind of a charmed life to the hero who filled every requirement for the gubernatorial office of this great commonwealth, to whom, with great wisdom and foresight, the party leaders turned, and who was hailed by the convention as the people's choice. The situation changed, current questions became obsolete and the campaign resolved itself about the personality, the record in civil office, the record in private life and the irresistible and on-rushing gallantry as a soldier of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Our candidate proved as invulnerable to the shafts of slander and lies as he was safe from the bullets of the enemy when leading a desperate charge against the entrenched Spaniards. Every invention, however cunningly or maliciously devised, fell harmlessly from his spotless record. The circulation of lies against a candidate in a political canvass always indicates weakness and fear, because if there is time to separate the lie from the facts with which it is mixed the bolt becomes a boomerang. I have heard of but one man who could give an excuse for a lie. He was a deacon who had the habit of justifying his falsehoods by quoting unrelated passages from the Bible. His minister called him sharply to account in a flagrant case and said, "Deacon, how could you tell such a brazen falsehood?" "Well, doctor," said the deacon, "my situation was desperate, and I thought if I succeeded in saving my reputation and the feelings of my family by a lie there was authority for it in that passage of the Psalms which says 'Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord, but a mighty present help in time of troubles.' "

We are done with the fighting and the shouting. Now come the fulfillment of our pledges and our ability to meet the expectations we have raised. The election demonstrates in the transfer of the House and the Senate of the United States to Republican control that the people wisely adopted Lincoln's famous maxim

not to swap horses while crossing streams. The Cuban problem, the Porto Rican situation, the condition in the Philippines, have come to us under the administration and wise policies in peace and war of President McKinley. The voters have decided that he has so far done so well that they leave to him the settlement of these questions, in which the future of our country is so deeply involved. The situation is not easy, but things worth doing are never easy. The conditions are not free from peril or difficulties, but things worth having are never had except by those who wisely work and courageously dare. The Republican Party for the next two years, in the untried field of government for distant possessions and alien races, is facing difficulties which will make or mar its fortunes in 1900. But the party which reconstructed the union of the States, which restored specie payments, which inaugurated the policies which have made our country supremely great and prosperous, has the initiative, the heredity, the experience and the statesmen to make these new conditions work for liberty, humanity and the glory of our country and the happiness of its people wherever the flag floats.

In reckoning the factors which contributed to our success we pay tribute to the wise leadership in this campaign of Senator Platt, the energetic and tactful management of the chairman of our State Committee, Mr. Odell, and the vigorous and aggressive discussions by the Republican press of our State. Albany, for the next two years, will be the most interesting capital in the country. Every department of the State government, every bureau and commission, will feel the force of the tireless energy, the inquiring mind and the enforcing public spirit of Governor Roosevelt. Every city, great or small, will know in its government that the executive chair is occupied by a chief magistrate who has been both a commissioner of police and a soldier, and acted to his own great fame the public good and the glory of both services upon his own courageous initiative.

Gentlemen, here's to a successful administration and long life and increasing honors to Governor Roosevelt!

REPUBLICAN CLUB DEPEW DINNER

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO MR. DEPEW BY THE REPUBLICAN CLUB, OF NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1899, IN HONOR OF HIS ELECTION ON THAT DAY TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure that the first formal greeting upon my election by the Legislature to-day to the United States Senate should come from my associates in the Republican Club. Greatly as I appreciate the honor, that appreciation is enormously increased by the unanimity of the party action, by the cordial approval of political friends and opponents, and by the fact that the office is to represent in part the State of New York. It could hardly be expected that within eight hours after the declaration of the ballot there should be a formal speech or anything in the nature of an inaugural address. It is one of the unwritten laws of that mysterious institution known as the courtesy of the Senate that the new member shall sit at the feet of the older Gamaliels in awe and silence for two years. The general legislation of the country, however, grants certain exemptions to men who have passed sixty years of age.

I enter upon my duties free from pledges. I have no obligations of any kind, except to meet, to the extent of my ability, the expectations of my constituents and to promote the welfare of the country and of our State. I will except only the gratitude which I feel toward my political friends, whose loyalty and love have been so conspicuously and gratefully my best possessions these many years. If I were asked to state what effort of a busy life gives the most gratification, the answer would be this: Some twenty years ago, at a time when there was extreme friction and irritation against the railroads and their management in our State, I determined to exhaust every effort to take the railways out of politics and make the railway business the same as any other pursuit. State supervision by a commission, publicity, the abolition of discrimination and favoritism have accomplished this desired result. I labored to have placed upon the Commission a worker from the ranks of railway men, so that the employees

should be represented in the State control. The wise and able service of a locomotive engineer as Commissioner, Mr. Rickard, proved the wisdom of his selection and the education given by the railway service for the performance of public duties.

The success of these measures is evidenced, first, by the fact that with some thirty millions of freight transactions conducted by the Central Road during the last year of my administration as president, involving property worth hundreds of millions of dollars, with some twenty millions of passengers carried, with constant discussions and suggestions with the hundred and twenty-five cities and villages through which the railroad runs, less than a dozen complaints have reached the Railway Commission. These complaints have been of trifling character, and in the aggregate have not involved the value of a single one of the thirty millions of freight transactions.

The other and pleasing illustration is a personal one—that the delegation from the State of New York for almost the only time in its political history was unanimous in its choice for the presidential candidate of the United States in 1888, and now for the first time in our political history has unanimously chosen the same candidate for Senator of the United States.

I believe that every company which owes its existence to a charter from the State or the National Government should be subject to the most rigid scrutiny and supervision by the State or National Government. I believe that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be strengthened in its power, its discretions, and its judicial dignity. It is one of the elements which is rapidly solving the railway problem, that no interest or combination of interests any longer controls a majority of the stock of our great railway corporations, but that the stock is distributed so widely that it is held by individuals mostly of limited means, estates, institutions which hold the savings of the workingmen and workingwomen, and the reserve for the protection for their policies of life insurance. Thus the voting control of these great corporations is more than three-fourths of it in the hands of the thousands upon thousands of the small investors of the country. New York is now the second city in the world in population, and the first in the magnitude of its manufacturing interests and its commercial and financial transactions.

I believe from the pivotal position of our city and State that

what benefits New York helps the whole country. The restrictions placed upon commerce at this port should be removed, and this should be made as far as possible a free port. Every obstruction should be taken away, so that into this unequaled harbor can enter at all times the largest ships of the world.

The gold standard should be so settled by legislation that it can be disturbed only by legislation enacted under the will of a majority of the people through their representatives in Congress, and not by the whim of a President. Currency, which is the life blood of the Nation's commerce and prosperity, must be both sound and elastic. Reform need not necessarily be radical or experimental. We should break the endless chain by adopting the suggestion of the President that greenbacks paid into the Treasury for gold can only be taken out for gold. We should allow banks to be organized for the need of small communities with a capital of \$20,000, and allow the banks to issue currency to the par of their National bonds. With the stability thus secured we can move as it may become necessary to other measures.

Since May we have been making history. From an isolated country, little known as to our resources and strength, we have become one of the great powers of the world. We celebrated in 1892 the discovery of America by Columbus four hundred years ago. Then the great explorer added to the Spanish Crown the North and South American continents, and the islands of the Western seas. A new Nation, founded upon new principles of government and moved by the irresistible impulses of the liberty which had made it free and great, in a hundred days broke the power of Spain and removed its despotism forever from the Empire of Columbus.

The issues presented by the victories gained by our Navy and our Army are too grave and far-reaching for discussion to-night, but I am convinced that the first duty of the Senate is to ratify the treaty of peace with Spain. So long as that treaty is under discussion or in doubt Spain is necessarily a silent participant in the debate and its results. Let the treaty be ratified, let diplomatic relations be resumed between Spain and the United States, between the new Spain and the United States, then the patriotism, the wisdom and the statesmanship of our country will adjust our relations and formulate for them governments.

I do not share the apprehension entertained by many people,

for whose judgment I have the profoundest respect. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines have never yet experienced the benefits of a government of law and liberty. From rapacity to security, from oppression to freedom; from arbitrary power to justice, from ignorance to education; from the merciless suppression of intelligence, enterprise and ambition to training in self-government, is the gulf between revolution and contentment, between revolt and peace, between misery and happiness. Seventy-five thousand British soldiers supporting the institutions of justice and the recognition of native rights govern 300,000,000 of people in India. The Dutch have redeemed from tribal ferocity and made a happy and producing people of the 30,000,000 in their East Indian possession, and have there an army of only 14,000 men.

The German Emperor, a brilliant and energetic ruler, in the efforts he makes to extend the sphere of German commerce and colonization, said last Sunday: "I care nothing for Africa. The markets and opportunities for commerce and trade in the future are in the Far East." The unsurpassed mineral and agricultural opportunities of our Pacific slope are only partially developed because of its distance from European and Eastern State markets; but with China open to us, with our foothold in the Philippines and midway Hawaii, there will come to the Golden Coast a new birth for its farms and its mines which will add incalculably to the wealth, employment and population of the Pacific. From wars come victories, from victories come territories, from the power of conquest comes the power to capture, to hold and to govern. Nations no more than individuals can escape obligations which come to them unsought. If Dewey had not entered Manila Bay then we would not have had upon our hands and consciences the Filipinos; but Dewey did. We must begin to solve our problems not from the battle of Lexington but from Dewey's victory at Manila.

While giving to the administration of President McKinley a loyal support, while living up to the principles and promises of the Republican Party, I hope to be as Senator a party man, but not a partisan. The generous and flattering compliment which has been paid to me by almost the entire Democratic press, and by Democratic politicians with whom I have been in lifelong political antagonism, is one of the unique and charming incidents of this canvass. They do not expect me to be otherwise than a

Republican, but outside of measures which are purely of a party and political character I hope that they will feel, as they will certainly find, a representative in the Senate whose greatest pleasure it will be to have them feel that he is their representative, to whom they can freely come and with whom they can frankly consult.

I long since discovered that life is too short and the opportunities for happiness too few to harbor enmities or waste time in executing revenges. The most wretched people are those who in the gall and bitterness of spirit are more or less miserable as they think their poisoned arrow has punctured the victim and created a painful irritation. I have found friends and friendship filling to the full the measure of the joys, the ambitions and the achievements of life. Through my friends, to the multitude of my countrymen and countrywomen with whom for over a quarter of a century I have discussed the church, politics, education, workaday problems and every phase of human effort, and with whom I have laughed and made merry, and who in return have given me so much enjoyment by their goodwill and "good luck to you," through you I send them to-night hail and greeting, to you and to them I say in no respect has the Senator changed the man.

REPUBLICAN CLUB LINCOLN DINNER

ADDRESS AS PRESIDING OFFICER AT THE LINCOLN DINNER OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1899.

GENTLEMEN: For many years the Republican Club has celebrated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. At each annual recurrence we have paid loving tribute to the memory of one of the most marvelous of men and most farsighted of statesmen and the greatest Republican who ever lived. Our meetings having upon the platform the representative men of our party, have crystallized Republican opinion and sometimes set the pace for the passage of Republican measures.

One year ago we expressed our confidence in the President and our faith in his administration. The basis of our judgment was his record and demonstrated ability in formulating and defending the industrial policy of our party. To-night we are proud of his wisdom and statesmanship in the conduct and settlement of our war with Spain.

It is a wonderful exhibit of the wisdom of its practical statesmanship that while many laws have been enacted in these years vitally affecting the interests of the country by the Republican majority in Congress and signed by Republican Presidents, they have all worked well for the Republic, and when tampered with or repealed by the opposition have been subsequently restored to the statute book under the mandate of the American people.

From February 12, 1898, to February 12, 1899, has been an epoch-making year. The story of many decades will be told in paragraphs compared with the pages that will be required by the historian to describe the events and picture the results of this year. When we last met there had been a trial for twelve months of a return to Republican policies and Republican statesmanship. General Distrust, who had command of our industrial forces for three years, had been dismissed, executed and embalmed, and General Confidence was in command of the labor and capital of the United States. We had demonstrated that a political party only deserves to live which keeps the promises and fulfills the

pledges upon which the people gave it power. We had restored protection to American industries, and while, on account of the Senate, we could not yet formulate into laws currency reform, yet, nevertheless, the House of Representatives, under the leadership of Speaker Reed and the Chief Magistracy in the person of William McKinley, made Sound Money the policy of our Government, and secured for years against all assaults of its enemies the gold standard of values. We had kept the faith, and in keeping it the country saw the redemption of our promises that prosperity should return to our industries and employment to our people.

The children in the Sunday schools often have their imaginations fired and enlarged by the story of the "cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night" which guided the Children of Israel through the wilderness to the Promised Land. But this generation saw in 1898 and 1899 the clouds of smoke from the factory stacks, and the flames illuminating the heavens from the furnaces and the coke ovens, which told the joyful story that America was once more the land of peace, of plenty and of hope.

We left this hall one year ago to-night to join the march and participate in the benefits of our industrial development. To our mortal vision the stage of the world's theatre would be occupied, as it had been for a century, by Old World tragedies. The scene might be placed in Europe or in Asia. It might be acted in the chancelleries of foreign ministers or on bloody battlefields; it might be the destruction of African tribes and the absorption of African territories, or it might be the dismemberment of ancient empires in the East. We expected that the actors would be Salisbury for England, Faure and any minister of the hour for France, William for Germany, Nicholas for Russia, Humbert for Italy, with the Turkish Sultan and the Grecian King as the villain and the victim of the play. Suddenly, however, the scene shifted, and when the curtain rose the pictures were of the Western Hemisphere, the drama was a war of rescue and of liberty, the actors William McKinley and Sagasta, Admirals Dewey and Montijo, Admirals Sampson and Schley and Cervera, and Generals Miles and Shafter and the forgotten commanders of the Spanish armies. If there was any halting in the movement on the stage, it was forgotten by a subordinate part

being changed to a leading one by the genius and brilliant action of Colonel Roosevelt.

When Hungary was making her heroic struggle for liberty in 1848 the Congress of the United States expressed its emphatic sympathy with the Magyars and sent a man-of-war to bring Kossuth from the Dardanelles to the United States. The rage of the Austrian monarch was excited both by our expressions of sympathy and by our friendly succor to the patriot and hero. To the angry remonstrance of the Austrian Ambassador, Daniel Webster framed a reply in which was embodied the whole spirit of American liberty and American sympathy for peoples everywhere who are struggling to be free. At the same time he reminded the Austrian Minister that "the power of this Republic, at the present moment, is spread over a region one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburg are but a patch on the earth's surface." When charged with the brutal frankness of this letter, Webster said that his excuse for writing it was "that the people of Europe might know who and what we are, and have a just sense of the unparalleled growth of our country." The inability of the American people to suppress, if they desired to, their sympathy for peoples struggling to be freed from oppression and injustice, which was condemned by the unanimous voice of Europe in 1851, found no objector to the active measures to enforce that sympathy in 1898. Since Daniel Webster wrote his dispatch our power had become too well known and the purposes of our Government too well understood to require an explanation from our Department of State.

History is full of wars remarkable only for bloody sacrifices, and which accomplished nothing for mankind. Providence works always through slight agencies to bring about revolutions for which the nations are ripe. Seven farmers killed upon the common at Lexington wrested the American colonies from the British crown and created the Republic of the United States. A shell, exploded against the walls of Fort Sumter, broke the shackles from four millions of bondmen, freed this country from the stain of human slavery, and reunited the Union in indissoluble bonds. An American man-of-war blown up in the harbor of Havana aroused to action that resistless force in the affairs of our time —the American conscience. No matter what was the cause of

that explosion, its flash light revealed to every man, woman and child in the United States the hideous conditions in a neighboring island, and the responsibility of the American Government. Within thirty days, out of a million volunteers who had offered to enlist, 250,000 had been moved into camp, Sampson and Schley had placed around Cuba an impenetrable blockade, and Dewey, sailing across the far eastern oceans to find the enemy's ships and destroy them, no matter what might be the discrepancy between his own force and that of his foe, had won the right to repeat the famous phrase of Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

I cannot see how the Administration or the Peace Commissioners representing the United States could have made any terms milder than or different from those which were embodied in that treaty which was happily ratified by the Senate last Tuesday.

Aguinaldo builded better than he knew when he ordered that midnight assault upon the American soldiers. He assured for his people American liberty, law and justice, instead of the autocracy and the sure and certain development of tyranny under the government of an adventurer who had once sold his country for Spanish gold and kept the money and repudiated the contract. By the ratification of the treaty the wavering prestige of the United States with foreign nations has been restored. The solemnity of the situation, the gravity of the responsibilities we have assumed and the difficulties of the task which are before us, we all admit. But governments "of the people and by the people" demonstrate their capacity for leadership in the affairs of the world by solving difficult problems, overcoming great obstacles and so settling perilous complications that civilization is advanced, freedom enjoyed and commerce extended.

The United States will not go beyond this continent for new stars for the flag or new States for its Union. Cuba may in time be the exception, because of its proximity to our shores and because a ferry will be run between our coast and that beautiful island. But that event will not occur until American emigration and settlement have made free Cuba a prosperous American Republic, with American ideas, American institutions and American spirit, and clamoring for admission as a fully demonstrated American State to the American Union. Far distant countries, people by alien races with alien civilizations, will never be in-

corporated as part of our governing body. I believe that the untried experiment of American law and justice will, when understood in the Philippines, gradually educate these peoples to the point where they can be safely entrusted with the management of their own affairs. Native armies, and a native police, officered by American officers and supported by the revenues of the islands in which they serve, will keep the peace and protect lives and properties. American courts and American schoolhouses will rear a generation which can appreciate the value of liberty, which does not mean license, but does mean law. While the United States is meeting the destiny and fulfilling the mission which God has so mysteriously devolved upon it, the American Congress will formulate laws and organize governments for these new possessions, which, while developing them, will prevent any interference with the rights or the position or the income of American labor. On the contrary, these new possessions and the foothold we have in them for the extension of our trade will open the markets of the far East, and the markets in these islands to the products of our fields and our factories. Abraham Lincoln struck the key-note of American development when he said that the Civil War must be prosecuted "until the Mississippi River runs unvexed to the sea." He saw that while the United States was the greatest market within itself of the world, the surplus of our production must become so great that to prevent suffocation we must seek and find the countries and the peoples which would need the products of our labor.

When the echoes of the guns of the American Navy and the American Army died away, the world-wide Empire of Charles V, Philip II, and of Ferdinand and Isabella had vanished. It had become a mirage of history. The guns of Dewey against the Spanish fleet made us a world power, the guns of Dewey against the assaulting hordes of Aguinaldo have made clear the pathway for Philippine government. The unknown Dewey of a year ago has taken his place among the foremost naval heroes of our time, and as we think of his treatment of delicate complications with Germany and with other foreign nations, and with the Spaniards and with the natives across the sea, we are obtaining a clearer vision of a great American statesman.

We look back over the past to wonder and rejoice at the settlement of the reconstruction problem—the greatest ever forced

upon a government coming out of a civil war. We look at the events of to-day, and see that reconstruction so complete, that Union and Confederate, Federal and Rebel, are emulous only as to which shall more gloriously serve the flag of the Union. We look forward to the future with confidence and hope, for the nation which reconstructed itself out of the ruins of civil strife will successfully solve the problems of the expansion of its territory and the extension of its power.

REPUBLICAN CLUB LINCOLN DINNER

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL LINCOLN
DINNER OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, AT DEL-
MONICO'S, FEBRUARY 12, 1900.

GENTLEMEN: and I suppose I should say ladies, for it is the peculiarity of the Republican Club that it never celebrates this annual festival without having ladies present, in the gallery. We feel that whatever we profess and whatever we believe is an inspiration which comes from them and that their hearts beat in unison with the sentiments which we will express here to-night.

The Republican Club claims to be the pioneer in the celebration of the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln. The significance of the event and its relations to the times, and the character and achievement of this wonderful man have been illustrated here during the fourteen years of these discussions better than anywhere else. No civic, military, or naval hero deserves or can maintain an annual commemoration unless his works and his principles are of continuing vitality. The man of the hour has his mission and performs his task. The everyday problems which are continually arising to be solved could not be successfully met without him. It is his fate to have for his reward only the applause of his contemporaries. We celebrate in our country the birthdays of George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, General Jackson, General Grant, and Abraham Lincoln. It is a singular and significant fact that the living principles and ideas of all these statesmen are the living principles and ideas of the Republican Party of to-day. It is a still more significant fact that while the Democratic Party celebrates the natal day of Thomas Jefferson and General Jackson, they have wandered so far from their teachings that if the spirits of either or both could be materialized and attend a Democratic banquet on either of their anniversaries the room would be cleared.

It is an interesting question as we close one century and enter upon another to speculate as to who will survive of the

nineteenth as the representative of what has been done during these hundred years. Though we are only one century in advance of the eighteenth yet of all the worthies who fill the mind and eye of the generations of that period only two are universally and commonly recognized of all men—George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte. When the twentieth shall have been lost in the twenty-first or the twenty-second and the story of the nineteenth is recalled, I doubt if there will be in the mind of the school boy and the average man or woman any other well-known names than in Europe, Bismarck, in America, Lincoln. Bismarck united that most powerful of material and intellectual forces when acting in common for a thousand years, the Teutonic race and the Teutonic spirit. He made possible modern Germany and the tremendous part she will play in the destinies of the world. The distinguishing characteristic of the nineteenth century is emancipation—emancipation of the soul from bigotry and dogma; emancipation of the mind from the formalities and dead forms of the past; emancipation of the individual from divine right to govern, from class, from privilege, and from slavery; emancipation of education from the studies which consumed valuable time without imparting compensating instruction; emancipation from the restrictions upon the suffrage, emancipation of commerce, of travel, of the fertile lands and navigable waters of the globe, from the restrictions of nature by discovering the secrets and utilizing the forces and powers of nature. For the first quarter of the nineteenth century Catholics were denied political privileges in some countries, Protestants in other countries, and Jews in all countries, and in every State of the United States there was some form of restriction upon the suffrage. We witness to-day the emancipation of religion from political disabilities and the practical admission of the right of manhood suffrage.

Events stand for little except with students. The mind and imagination of the people personify ideas and measures in their most conspicuous representatives. While Washington stands clearer on the hundredth anniversary of his death, which occurred only a few weeks ago, as representing the constructive forces which created modern representative government and the power of the people, Abraham Lincoln will stand as the representative of this marvelous advance in emancipation and

reconstruction. In these days when it is common to try to build parties and create issues upon class hatred, Lincoln stands as the representative of all classes, if there be such in our country.

While the conditions of his early youth were poor beyond anything known in the home of the artisan or the workingman of to-day, yet it was not poverty in any sense in which that word is understood. The pioneer who settles in the wilderness, who tries with the help of all his family to clear a farm from which he may earn only a living, whose home is a log cabin, and whose children have none of the advantages of schools or books, is not a pauper. He is a State builder. Lincoln, after a hard day's work lying on the ground and, by the light of the pine knot, reading the only two books of the neighborhood, the Bible and the Statutes of Illinois, was illustrating that determination to secure by education the tools with which to work out a career which has characterized most of our men of success in business, in politics, and in letters. Lincoln studied expression and rhetoric in the poverty of a neighborhood which had no stationery by writing with a piece of charcoal upon a shingle. But this industry, zeal, and pluck, made him, as it has made many another poor boy, a master of style and of the English language, and it culminated with our hero in that gem of American oratory, the Gettysburg speech. If there are classes in our country he was a reputable and honorable and useful member of them all. He was a backwoodsman, clad in the skin of wild beasts; he was a flat-boatman, assisting in an humble capacity, in the commerce of the country on the Mississippi River. He was a lawyer, first without fees, and then with a lucrative practice. He was a worker who lived during his early struggles upon the smallest possible wages and yet who when he died left a considerable fortune. He was President of the United States during the most critical and trying period in its history. He met, with marvelous ability and wonderful success, the perils of civil war and of revolution, and he displayed the highest qualities of statesmanship and wisdom of administration. In this also was an illustration, and a conspicuous one, of that constant education for public affairs which comes from the exercise of the franchise and from the interest of the boy, and then the man, in the questions of the hour and the Government of his country. Every polling place, every caucus, every political meeting, is a school

of statesmanship and of government. The great administrators of the country who have won distinction in the chair of the Chief Magistracy, in the Cabinet and in Congress, have been educated in those most practical of schools. He dared proclaim that the United States could not live half free and half slave; that one or the other must perish, and that slavery would perish and the Union survive, when so to declare periled the life of the orator and ruined his political career. He aroused a storm of protest, of discussion and of denunciation, by his Emancipation Proclamation as a violation of the Constitution, even if it saved the country, only equaled by the denunciation and discussion from the same class of minds of the action of President McKinley in sanctioning the acquisition of new territories and the imposition of American institutions upon Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The student of the teachings of Lincoln will find instructive lessons applicable to the present conditions in the State of Kentucky. The situation in that commonwealth brings emphatically to the front one of the perils to our institutions. The country is filled with horror both at the murder of Mr. Goebel and the causes which led to it. One crime never justifies another, and the only safety of communities is the stern punishment of the criminal and condemnation of the crime.

Dismissing the tragedy, which we all lament, and which was the culmination of Kentucky's electoral difficulties, we come at once to the lesson of Lincoln. The whole spirit and philosophy of Lincoln's politics was the power of the people. No statesman ever so thoroughly believed that the voice of the people is the voice of God. His appeal was always to the judgment and conscience of his fellow citizens, and he bowed with reverence to the decision of the majority when that decision was clearly rendered.

Mr. Goebel prepared and had enacted an election law, which went by his name, and whose avowed object was to prevent the people from having their will unless their votes were in accordance with his wishes. The opportunity for fraud upon the ballot and violations to the popular judgment was placed upon the statute books of the commonwealth of Kentucky. This crime against liberty and popular government aroused such indignation among the intelligent and honest voters of Kentucky that they repudiated this invasion of their rights by an overwhelming majority. Upon orders from the chiefs thousands

upon thousands of votes were thrown out in different localities.

When this wholesale slaughter of the suffrage still left a large majority against Mr. Goebel and his associates on the arrival of the returns to the Supreme Board at the Capitol the American conscience in two of the three judges rose superior to the partisan demand for the commission of the highest crime known to free government. These two judges, standing against the conspiracy which threatened their political lives and their public career and acting honestly upon the law and the facts, deserve to be placed in the highest position of honor in the list of the patriots of their State. Against that judgment of these two honest partisans Mr. Goebel and his associates appealed to the Legislature to use the authority which that body possessed for the purpose of carrying out the original object of their legislation, which was to prevent the people from having their way, to corrupt the suffrage, to nullify the ballot and to crucify every principle of representative government. Such a crime in a presidential election would produce consequences from which the imagination shrinks.

This event may be a most interesting issue in the coming presidential campaign. The distinguished man, who will probably be the Democratic candidate, and who is delivering daily and nightly orations upon the violations of the Declaration of Independence in the Philippines by organizing government there without the consent of the governed, also twice visited Kentucky during these troubles and gave the moral support of his presence and influence to the Goebel side of the divided Democratic Party. Should he be nominated the line will at once be drawn between our constitutional right to govern the Philippines as colonies and the unconstitutional action of the Colonel's friends in Kentucky.

The safety of the Republic within the States which form our Union and make us a nation is Lincoln's great principle, "Government of the people, by the people and for the people."

The emancipation for which Lincoln stands in the nineteenth century will bear its fruits in the twentieth. The twenty knot and the twenty-thousand ton steamship are bringing all parts of the earth and their productions together. The telegraph and the cable not only present to all markets the instantaneous intelligence of every one, but they break down territorial boundaries and link distant climes to the flag. Whatever Old Glory stands

for as it waves from the dome of the Capitol is instantaneously felt in every part of our country, in the islands of the Pacific and in the Philippine Archipelago.

Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to suppress the rebellion in South Carolina, and half the constitutional lawyers and judges of the country declared it to be a violation of the Constitution. Lincoln sent the armies of the Republic marching along the Mississippi and down the Potomac and across to Savannah to bring sovereign States within the authority and power of the Constitution and of the flag, and half the judges denounced it as tyranny and usurpation. Lincoln emancipated the slave by proclamation, and the constitutional lawyer and the constitutional judge of the strict construction order could find no authority for his act. But the mighty spirit of emancipation for which he stood and of which he was the noblest and most conspicuous representative, has worked a salvation for the North and the South, and the East and the West, which has demonstrated both the elasticity of our Constitution and the resurrecting and revivifying powers of American liberty and American institutions.

REPUBLICAN EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

SPEECH AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK TO THE NEW YORK STATE REPUBLICAN EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION, APRIL 3, 1902.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Springtime is the period of happiness and of hope. All nature wakes up resurrected, regenerated and refreshed. After the somber winter of the city a day's outing in the country in April and May compensates for the gloom and the cold and the general discomforts of the preceding months. It is because the flowers and the trees are budding, the birds have returned from the South and are mating, and nature is clothing herself in most attractive garb. But this is not the only pleasure of spring. For many years it has been the period when those of us who have been too busy to go to the country have had the country come to us. It is the time when the country editors flock to New York, especially those of this Association. They bring with them all the cheeriness and the charming associations of which we have been deprived. I pity the man born in the city and condemned to pass his life within its limits. I know that the best inheritance which I received was to have seen life first in the country and then to have remained amidst its associations until past thirty. If one possesses a heredity of many generations of hard-working, temperate-living, honest-thinking country folks he can come to town and, doing as they do, bury generation after generation of city dudes and still have about him all the virility, the vigor and freshness of his springtime. In the many phases of life which I have enjoyed, and I have enjoyed them all no matter what their limitations or how hard they may have been, one of the pleasantest was the brief period when I was a country editor myself. Happily I did not, like Phoenix, ruin the publication, but I do find in different publications the lucubrations of those early days ascribed to many other people, who may or may not be proud of the reputed authorship. My brethren of the press, if I may be permitted to call you such from my brief connection with and

after my long absence from the craft, you must not felicitate yourselves that you are the sole recipients of remarkable compliment and recognition. I am just in receipt of a letter from a constituent of mine in our grand old State who is both worthy of its imperial position and is of the kind whom Napoleon the Great would have decorated with the cordon of the Legion of Honor. He writes that his wife has presented him with three boys at one birth, whom he has named respectively, Theodore Roosevelt, Marcus A. Hanna, and Chauncey M. Depew, and wishes me to give him my views on the situation.

It is difficult to get at public opinion in a great city. Competition is too acute, the struggle for material and professional success is too intense for that attention to public questions upon which depend good government and prosperity, but in the country, at the gathering places of the church on Sunday and of the store on week days and of the market place, the editor comes in immediate touch with opinions which make and unmake parties and careers. Each time that the Republican Editorial Association has visited New York in the spring for some years back the meeting has been one of congratulation—congratulation upon party triumphs and greater congratulation upon the demonstrated success, carried out in measures and policies, of Republican Party principles. There never was a period so full of the victories of industries and of arms as of that of the Republican administration of our Government from the commencement of McKinley's first term to and including the first year of Roosevelt's administration. In all our periods of prosperity we have been accustomed to set-backs, panics, temporary stagnation, to the gathering up again of broken threads before the country could advance; but for the past six years the movement has been upward and onward without a misstep or a slip.

My sympathies go out to the Democratic editor, whether of the city or the country paper. Republicanism stands for hope, for growth, for expansion, and for progress; it stands for that liberal construction of the Constitution by which its spirit is seen in its letter. The spirit of the Constitution, broadly interpreted according to the needs of succeeding generations by the Supreme Court, has made that instrument the most beneficent scheme of government ever devised by man. It is the only form of government, written or unwritten, which has stood the strain of the last

hundred years—not only stood the strain of the last hundred years, but after one hundred and fifteen years of demonstration under it, is to-day more perfect, more beneficent in its operations, better adapted for radicalism and conservatism, for caution and for progress than all the experiments and all the changing forms of rule which have been devised by the statesmen or the peoples of other lands. But the Democratic editor, brought up in the school of strict construction, cannot be an optimist, while optimism is the very breath of American life and the inspiration of American growth. For a hundred years he has been shocked. The acquisition of Louisiana shocked him, though since there have come out of that territory fifteen great States; the opening of the Mississippi shocked him; the command of the Pacific Coast, which came through the Territories secured from Mexico, shocked him; Alaska gave him a chill, and the Philippines are giving him convulsions. It is not only the expansion which has made our country so great and strong which is to him so dreadful, but it is that we have to govern our new possessions when the Constitution has not written in it in plain language anything about such government. To him the letter of the Constitution is an iron band confining within narrow limits this giant of the Western world. If such interpretations had worked out into policies in our last hundred years the United States would be like the Chinese child which is put at its birth within a porcelain cylinder and has to conform itself in its growth to the shape of its prison.

We met two years ago to rejoice over the results of the war with Spain. Its triumph in a hundred days, its victories on sea and land made that occasion one of congratulation and of exultation. Mingled with our cheers and our joy there was an undercurrent of anxiety as to the disposition and the government of these great possessions which had come to us as a sacred trust. The hour was full of gloomy predictions of disaster. The Philippines were never to be pacified; Porto Rico was to be a constant trouble, and Cuba a thorn in our side. But, happily for the country, the settlement of these questions was wholly in the hands of the Republican Party. These problems were to be solved by Republican principles and Republican ideas; the Constitution was to work out the salvation of these dependencies, or colonies or territories which had come to us or were under our

protection upon that broad interpretation of its living spirit which had made us so strong and great that in a hundred ways we could drive Spain from the Western Hemisphere, free Cuba, and gain empire in the East and entrance to the markets of the Orient. Two years have passed by and those predictions of disaster have all been falsified. Porto Rico is regenerated, the school house has taken the place of the jail, the school teacher of the policeman, and justice of tyranny. In the Philippines every vestige of organized revolt has disappeared, orderly government has been established, the native police are gradually taking the place and performing the work of the Army, courts have been established and are administering what the Filipino has not known for three hundred years—absolute and impartial justice. A thousand young school-marms, carrying with them American education, American ideas, American hope, delicacy and consideration, are being welcomed everywhere by Filipino children, and from them the Filipino children are receiving lessons of the beneficence of American institutions and laws, and the spirit of American liberty.

But our rejoicing in this spring meeting takes more concentrated form. Every American is a student of government. The novelty of our original situation at our beginning, our struggle for independence, the processes by which our Republic was fashioned and our institutions have grown up, have made us the keenest people in the world in the study of the institutions of other nations, and the conditions of other peoples in order to compare them with our own. We find that Germany has been a thousand years reaching German unity and the solidification of the great German peoples. We find Italy slowly and painfully through the centuries working toward Italian unification. We find France going through revolution after revolution seeking some stable form of government with guarantees of freedom. We find Great Britain evolving through hundreds of years toward the ideals of the best British thought. We find also countries like Poland where conquest has ended their existence. Everywhere, every nation which to-day is independent has come to freedom by tremendous sacrifices and sufferings. Wherever a struggling nation has fallen under the protection of a stronger power it has remained subject or been incorporated. Selfishness has ruled in the affairs of nations with each other as in the affairs

of men with each other. But to-day we are looking forward to an event that will occur on the twentieth of May. It will stand alone in its characteristics, in its generosity, among the actions of governments. The cry of Cuba, crushed, bleeding, helpless, was responded to by us with a pledge such as an invading army never made before. We said to them, "We will drive out your oppressor, we will restore order, we will start you fairly on the road for self government by eradicating the evils from which you have suffered and giving you the benefits of the institution and their practical operations for which you have so long labored and prayed." In two years the United States has, by wise sanitation, stamped out the yellow fever and made the island healthful; it has ended brigandage and made the island safe; it has destroyed corruption and made the island possible for the conduct and safety of legitimate business and employment. It has taught a lesson of orderly liberty and brought a revolutionary people to understand that their salvation, their growth, and their happiness are in liberty governed by law.

The United States demands no repayment of the millions expended in the rescue of Cuba, asks for no bonds and no share of her revenues to reimburse us for the enormous expenditures of those two years of battle, of experiment and of administration. The Army which has done such magnificent work for Cuba, both in war and in peace, retires from the island and returns to the United States. Cuba free, Cuba an independent nation, sends her representative to Washington, and an American ambassador goes to Havana. The family of nations will receive the youngest of republics coming into the circle under conditions and by a creation such as none other of its members can boast and such as the world has never seen before. Our flag is hauled down. It is hauled down in honor and glory. It is hauled down that another flag may be substituted in Cuba which owes its existence to Old Glory. There may not be another star in the blue, but there is another star in the firmament over free peoples whose existence and whose brilliancy are due entirely to the Stars and the Stripes.

Just now, this being springtime and the time of hope and plantings, and craving for harvest growth, our Democratic friends are engaged in their annual search for an issue. Mr. Bryan visits Washington, but says there is no issue for the De-

mocracy to fight on but Bryanism. Mr. Cleveland breaks his silence and says that Democratic success must be won by Democratic principles, but even the Sage of Princeton does not let his party know what those principles are. Our friend, Governor Hill, mistrusts a bill of particulars for a Democratic campaign and says, "Let us fight under the platform, 'I am a Democrat.'" The brainiest, most suggestive and original mind in the Democratic Party in the United States is our friend Henry Watterson of Kentucky. Watterson seizes the old Democratic harmony harp and seeks to mend its broken chords but takes time to strike first one and then another of those intact to see whether there is any music in it that will enliven the party. Last week in Washington he tried a new tune upon the old harp—the man on horseback. It was a tune that had been heard when Grant was President, but it did not work. It was a tune that was tried when McKinley was President, but that sweetest and loveliest of all the men whoever occupied that high station was not of the stuff which could be built into a Cæsar. Now, however, our friend Watterson thinks that he has found the issue for the coming Congressional campaign and which will create a big scare in the presidential one. He says that President Roosevelt, under the free and easy manners of the cowboy and the broncho buster, conceals the dire purpose of a despot. I believe that Col. Watterson's discovery will prove a boomerang. The independent press has already repudiated it and the Democratic press has not accepted it. The cowboy and the broncho buster could never, under any environment, become a despot. The freedom of the plains and the subduing of the wild horse make him the frankest and the most fearless of human beings, and Theodore Roosevelt is the frankest and most fearless of all men. I have been brought in more or less intimate contact with Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley. I have had abundant opportunity to see, under favorable auspices the presidential manner and characteristics. There is the presidential cordiality with the vacant look that means warmth in the hand and not in the heart and that with your departure will go your memory from the mind. This is known unofficially as the "glad hand" and "marble heart." I remember joining with General, afterward President, Arthur, in a strong recommendation to General Grant for a high position for a distinguished

citizen of New York. He failed to be appointed, but boasted that the President received him like the toast to Washington, standing and in silence.

There is the hope held out which never materializes; there is the tentative toying with public measures until the executive judgment can be satisfied as to the way in which public opinion is to move; there is the executive indecision, so exasperating to the aspirant for office, and to the people who are anxious for measures to be formulated and become laws or for policies to be put in practice which will clearly point the way out of the industrial or financial difficulties of the time. None of these characteristics can be found in Theodore Roosevelt. If his mind is made up, the Senator or the Representative or citizen to whom it is a personal matter knows that decision at once; if his mind is not made up he is anxious for information from all available sources and he wants it "quick." If it is a measure of policy there is no evasion, no truckling, no subterfuge, no two-facedness in his expressions. His first message to Congress is the clear and frank communication of the President of a great people to his people of what he believes to be the purposes of government. His veto of the bill removing the charge of desertion was an admirable illustration of the high plane of his courage. It is easy to let such measures go and avoid enmities and controversies that would arise from stopping them. Hundreds of bills pass every week for the purpose of restoring deserters to the rolls so that they can secure pensions, for granting pensions to those who could not receive them under the pension laws and for increase of pensions. All of these bills receive from the President quick and appreciative attention and his signature, except the ones for desertion. These cases were passed upon by court-martials thirty-seven years ago, the findings approved by the commanding General and by President Lincoln. The attempts to reverse these decisions have owed their origin and success to a very natural sympathy on the part of Senators, Congressmen, and Presidents. But with Theodore Roosevelt a crime higher than any known to the criminal code is desertion of the flag. Life, fortune, family, everything is as nothing to him compared with the duty of the soldier to the flag of his country and of the citizen when the country is in danger. With a wife and young family dependent on him and holding an honorable and lucrative

position, he was one of the first to drop them all and become a soldier when the President called for volunteers in the Spanish War. The same high sense of honor which led him to risk his life and sacrifice all that he held dear when he raised the regiment of Rough Riders is the mainspring of his action as President. His ideals of his country are very high, his faith in its future is infinite, and he is keenly sensitive to the position of the United States among nations and in the affairs of the world. But the principles of constitutional government, of American liberty, of the subordination of the military to the civil authority, of the President as the representative of the people and the executor solely of their will, never had in any President a bolder or more patriotic champion than they have in Theodore Roosevelt.

NEW REPUBLICAN CLUB HOUSE

SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CLUB HOUSE OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1903.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The opening of this club house is an auspicious event, not only for this organization, but for the Republican Party in the City, State and Nation. All roads lead to New York. Here the State and National committees have their home. Most of the trade and industrial organizations are represented here in permanent headquarters. The need of a home for Republicans in this city, so equipped that its hospitality would be equal to the entertainment and the comfort of active members of the party from all over the United States, has long been felt. That home has at last been secured. There is not anywhere else a political club house which possesses in size, in appointments, in conveniences and in up-to-dateness what this house offers to its members and guests.

As our population increases every aspiration in religious, philanthropic, educational and political affairs, every measure, every business, requires associated effort for success. This is nowhere felt so much as in party work. Men of every profession, business and trade have a common purpose in the success of the party in whose principles they believe. But there is no opportunity for them to become acquainted, to meet and to work together except under auspices like this. There must be the acquaintanceship which comes from the sort of family relationship existing in a club. There must be the confidences which can only be had perfectly in the honor which presides in communications "under the rose," in the familiar and friendly conversations within the walls of the club house. The State and National committees, from their rooms at hotels and offices, can find here not only seclusion and privacy, but the opportunities to meet party leaders for necessary campaign work and the formulation of plans for the benefit of the party which can be had nowhere else. This club is destined, under proper management, to become an important factor in municipal, State and National affairs.

That its useful purposes may not be thwarted or impaired certain rigid rules must be adopted and adhered to. It must always be remembered that the club is the home of the party, not of a faction in the party nor the partisans of a party leader. It gives everything to its members which can be had at the best appointed of social clubs. But its object and purpose are far beyond what can be had in social organizations. Its spirit and effort are and ought to be to keep alive Republican enthusiasm, to promote Republican principles, advocate Republican measures, and educate the people into the understanding of and belief in the ideas and purposes of the party.

In other countries where they have representative government there are high politics all the year round. Orators are always upon the platform, and the clubs are constantly sending out their manifestoes and their pamphlets. We have little of that popular discussion which means public political education except in our national campaigns every four years. But party success, and with it the best interests of the country, as we believe, are secured only by stated preaching all the year round.

There always will be factions in great parties. It is essential to harmony in the club that the partisans of all factions shall be its members, but they must leave their differences and disputes at the door. The moment the club takes part in internal wrangles of the party its usefulness is gone and its future is ruined. In its public capacity and general meetings it must never be a caucus. The ambition of candidates for office must not be either promoted or discouraged by its action. It exists, first, to educate by pamphlets and resolutions and then to support what the great conventions of the party have solemnly decreed. It can have great influence upon the decision of these conventions when it is known that its efforts in behalf of the ticket, its moral, its intellectual and its financial support will be governed by the excellence of the candidates who are presented, as well as the annunciation of principles.

This club has done magnificent work in the past. Its influence has been felt for reform in our city. It was an agency of distinct force in the campaign which gave to New York Mayor Low and the admirable city government elected two years ago. Publications which have emanated from its political committee and been adopted at its meetings have found their way upon the

desks of members of the Legislature, of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, have received wide publication in the press and had a happy influence upon the country. The force of an argument is not only in the felicity of its expression and presentation, but in the power and authority behind the utterance. It was said of Daniel Webster at the height of his marvelous influence upon the country that every word of his great orations in the Senate weighed twelve pounds. As our greatest orator and statesman never used less than ten thousand words in his important addresses, it will thus be seen that his ideas were sent through the Senate and over the country by a mental locomotive of sixty-ton brain power.

The effect of a position which a political club takes is enormously enhanced by its heredity, its strength and its distinction. The Republican Club was fortunate in the year of its birth. It came out of the throes of the resumption of specie payments in 1879. We are accustomed to look upon the results of the Civil War as virtually creating a new republic. It was a new republic with slavery eliminated and the principles of the Declaration of Independence standing in letter and spirit for what they expressed where its utterances had before been denied both in letter and spirit. But the reunited Republic was partly the government of an industrial people. For years after the war every interest was in peril or ruined by wild speculation or disastrous panics. The results of the Civil War, glorious as they were, remained unstable and insecure until the commercial life of the nation was made safer by the resumption of specie payments in 1879. With the triumph of this great achievement of the genius of John Sherman this club came into existence. It was a happy beginning. It has actively engaged since that time in every campaign in the city and State and in the presidential contests of 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896 and 1900. Significant and splendid as was the financial victory of 1879 for the resumption of specie payments, our industries were still disturbed, our farmers unable to rely upon the stability of the markets, our manufacturers at fault in forecasting the future and our labor uncertain of employment or rewards. The energies of our people, our undeveloped resources and our indomitable courage overcame almost insurmountable difficulties. But, though our industries were growing and prosperous, they suffered from frequent disasters

which were the results of a financial system still inequitable and false. No organization worked harder or more intelligently for right principles of finance during all these years than the Republican Club. It was never deluded by silver and never led astray by fiat money. Consistently and persistently its public utterances were for sound money and the gold standard. It was not able to accomplish as much as if it had been settled in a home like this, but every influence was effective which spoke for the right during those trying times when the ablest men were frightened into compromise.

Now, happily, we have been enjoying since the election of President McKinley in 1896, the results of these two peaceful victories of the resumption of specie payments and the gold standard. The future historian will be at a loss for words to fitly portray what has come to the country from these bloodless revolutions. Our progress from 1897 to 1903 in industrial expansion, in the development of our resources, in the creation of wealth, in the enlargement of employment, in the advance in wages and in everything which counts for the prosperity, happiness and power of a great country cannot be estimated.

An eminent author has written a book whose conclusions, which are usually accepted, are that the fifteen battles he describes were decisive of the fate of empires and the course of civilization. They portray hecatombs of dead, hundreds of thousands wounded, devastated countries, and frightful sufferings of millions of people. But life and health given to our credit by sound currency and a stable standard of values have enlarged cities, founded manufacturing centers, built homes, expanded the opportunities for education in universities, colleges and schools, raised our country to a place in the front rank among nations, in commerce and finance as well as in military and naval strength, and endowed the people of the United States with better conditions for the present and more hopeful prospects for the future than the world has ever known before.

Our duty as a club and as a party is with the future. No organization could so happily say, because of having done so much to make it so, the past indeed is secure, as the Republican Party, but our work is with the future. Vigilance and fight are the necessities of good government, the success of right principles and the enactment into law of beneficent measures.

May the Republican Club, entering upon its new life in this its splendid home, speak with greater power and authority year by year for honest administration in municipal government upon non-partisan lines where necessary; for the continuance of such administration in our State Government as has come with Republican governors and Republican Legislatures and never more successfully than with Governor Odell, and for the continued predominance of those principles which, beginning with Lincoln, received their most brilliant illustration in McKinley and are worthily represented and enforced by Theodore Roosevelt.

REPUBLICAN CLUB LINCOLN DINNER

SPEECH AT THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1904.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Who of any nation have contributed most to its stability, greatness and power, has always been a favorite theme for historians and orators. In older countries the warrior stands pre-eminent. Agreement becomes almost impossible because the judgment is clouded by party passions. A distinguished writer named fifteen battles as decisive of the course of the history of nations. But these decisions are based largely on the success of arbitrary power or the loss or gain of territorial domain. There can be no consensus of opinion as to the makers of modern Great Britain, France, Germany, or any other of the great powers of the Old World.

Our situation is entirely different. No part of our history is obscured by age. There are those now living who have heard at first or second hand the story of our origin and growth and been part of it themselves. This occasion which commemorates the memory of one of the undisputed builders of the Republic, is an eminently proper one for our investigation. All peoples are hero worshippers. The man and the hour are the essentials of every great event. The time may be indefinitely postponed for the realization of the hopes and aspirations of the people, until a man arises who is capable of accomplishing the result. The leaders of the world whose influence has been felt down the centuries, and whose genius in laws and institutions still lives, can be numbered on the fingers of one's hand. We celebrate the birthdays of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant. I do not think that we have here the real builders of our institutions. We admit the wonderful part that they all played in the drama of our national life, but our development has been so brief and yet so logical, that it is easy to follow its evolution. Each crisis has developed the leader who carried the country forward to victory.

During the Revolutionary War there were conspiracies

against Washington in which many eminent and patriotic men participated. It is now universally admitted that any change to any other general would have been followed by disaster, and that the death of Washington would have resulted in the defeat of the cause of the patriots. We therefore call him the Father of his Country, because he so eminently deserves the title. When the victory was won, the young Republic was rapidly drifting into anarchy under the loose union of the Articles of Confederation. It was Washington's appeal to his comrades in arms and to his old associates in civil life which brought together the convention that framed the Constitution. The jealousies between the States, the fears of the smaller ones and the demands of the larger would often have dissolved the convention and disrupted the country, except for the commanding influence of Washington, its presiding officer. The Constitution, marvelous as it seems to us, was a series of compromises upon general principles interpreted by Hamilton for a strong central government, and by Jefferson for State rights. Washington during his two terms saved the country on the one hand from a new conflict with Great Britain, which would have destroyed it, and an alliance with France, which would have been equally disastrous. When he retired to Mount Vernon to pass the remainder of his days in well-earned rest, he had won the independence of his country in war, had secured for it a written Constitution, and, as President, had put that Constitution for six years in successful operation as a charter of power and perpetuity in the central Government. With the defeat of the Federalists and the election of Jefferson, the party which believed that all power not reserved to the States was given to the general Government disappeared from control for sixty years, and the ideas of Jefferson came in with him and prevailed for sixty years that all powers not granted to the Government are reserved to the States. Eight-tenths of the best opinion of the United States believed that the States had the right to nullify the acts of the general Government, and that there was no power in the nation to enforce its laws or decrees upon sovereign States or to prevent their retiring from the Union and forming separate governments.

The last act of John Adams before retiring from the Presidency was the appointment as Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of John Marshall, of Virginia. For

thirty-four years this marvelous jurist was formulating and rendering a series of decisions so interpreting the Constitution as to create a workable and powerful Government. In order to override or to neutralize him, successive Presidents of opposite faith appointed his political opponents as his associates, but, one after the other, they were won over by the will and judgment of the master-mind. He came to the court when it had decided only about two hundred cases, and when he retired his decisions filled thirty volumes, and nearly one-half had been delivered by Marshall. The court was little understood, and there was not much reverence for it. Jefferson early saw where these decisions of the Supreme Court as to the power of the Federal Government were tending, and in a letter to President Madison denounced Marshall for the "rancorous hatred Judge Marshall bears to the government of his country, and for the cunning and sophistry within which he is able to enshroud himself." Andrew Jackson fought the court, because on the question of the national bank it would not yield to his arbitrary views and will. He said angrily, "John Marshall may make law, but he cannot enforce it." The controversy raged in Congress, the press and upon the platform as to the powers of the general Government and the rights of the States, while the people kept returning in presidential election after presidential election the strict constructionists whose doctrines would have made secession a success. But unnoticed and almost unknown, except to the lawyers practicing in the court and to the Presidents who endeavored to defeat him, this mighty jurist was calmly laying the foundations and building the structure of constitutional liberty into an indestructible Union. He brought Presidents, Cabinets and Congresses within the law as interpreted by his court. He rendered decisions upon the powers of the States in foreign commerce which gave the ocean to the National Government. He drew the lines about State sovereignty in internal commerce, giving the National Government the control of all navigable waters, which insured us that unrestricted internal trade which is neither bounded nor limited by the lines of the States. He made possible the canal, the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone, which bind us into one people. He gave to the Federal Government the power to raise armies and navies, to establish banks, to collect revenues, to enforce its decrees, and to be everything and possess

everything which constitutes a self-perpetuating sovereignty. At the end of thirty-four years his work was completed. He had put into the letter of the Constitution the spirit of eternal life. He had welded the members of the Union beyond the possibility of their ever being separated. He had created a Constitution upon the lines and within the limits of the written charter, and without altering a word of it, so much broader and beneficent than the words of the convention, that the interpretation gave that immortal instrument the power which fought successfully the Civil War, expanded our territories north, south, east and west into continental dimensions, and carried us safely across the seas.

But all this was unknown to the people. There must be a popular evangelist for constitutional education. He arose in the person of the greatest orator, the largest brain and the most brilliant intelligence in our history—Daniel Webster. As Marshall had been educated by association with Washington and Hamilton, so Webster grew into a defender of the Union and the Constitution under the guidance of Marshall. He gave to us the patriotic and political literature which has become our American classic. In speeches in the Senate of unequaled power and upon the platform, Webster made plain to the people the Constitution as interpreted by Chief-justice Marshall. He found in those teachings the doctrines of free soil and the principles of the Wilmot Proviso long before they had captured the country. He evolved out of Marshall's compendium the doctrine of the Government of our territorial possessions by which we are enabled to rule Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The splendid literature of his speeches appealed to the colleges and was incorporated into the school books. More than a generation of American youth committed his patriotic addresses to memory, and delivered them from the stage of the academy and the school and in debating clubs. When he died, the forces of union and disunion were preparing for the inevitable battle. But Webster had educated more than half of his countrymen and countrywomen to a glorious maxim which was the embodiment of the thought of Washington and the judicial decisions of Marshall—"Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever." Under this banner at the call of Lincoln over two millions of men sprang to arms. They had been educated by

Webster in the faith of Marshall's interpretation of national unity and Webster's passionate devotion to the Union and the flag.

The stress of civil war demanded a President of unusual genius and equipment. None of the well-known statesmen at that period could have accomplished the work of Abraham Lincoln. His humble origin, his struggles and sacrifices to secure an education, his eloquence, always in touch with and of the fibre and thought of the plain people of the country, his exquisite humor for explanation or palliation or avoidance, and the pathos welling up from a great heart which responded in sympathy to the universal sorrow, were elements never before united in one man. When the country despaired, he could give it hope. When death and disease had disabled the Army, he could fill up the ranks. When revenge and the passions of civil strife would have kept alive for generations the bitterness of conflict, he could touch and enforce the lesson of brotherly love. From the Emancipation Proclamation to Appomattox he held the people, amidst all the sacrifices and discouragements of war, to the truth of his early declaration which had made him President, that, "I believe this Government cannot exist permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." When Lincoln fell by the hand of the assassin, the Constitution of Washington and of Marshall as interpreted by Daniel Webster for "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever" had become the impregnable charter of the American people.

After nearly three quarters of a century of internal strife which retarded development and produced industrial and financial instability, the United States was a Union. It had unlimited resources and a people eager for their development. The problems of the future were the material ones of the employment of labor and capital and of foreign and domestic commerce. Whether every agency which could be devised by wise statesmanship should be at the service of the American people for their prosperity was the overwhelming question of the future. Happily the party and the statesmen who believed that development could only be rapid, beneficent and complete under the operations of the principle of the protection of American industries, held

possession of the Government for nearly a third of a century. Invention and immigration had stimulated our productive power beyond the capacity of our markets, great as they were. The expanding energies and necessities of the people were bursting continental bounds and looking for opportunities in competition with the great workshop nations of the world. Another crisis was upon us. The man was wanted whom the people could unanimously trust for war and who could command their confidence for construction. Almost in a day American isolation had ceased to exist. Uncle Sam was an invited guest at the table of the family of nations. Alien peoples had to be governed until laws could be enacted by presidential discretion, anarchy suppressed, brigandage subdued, and government established in other climes and among other people. In the mean time the principle of the protection of American industries which had brought about this unprecedented development and marvelous prosperity must be held up high beyond assault before the American people. The one man above all others who possessed rare qualities of command and persuasion, of gentleness and firmness, of courage and charity to carry the country through triumphantly while these grave problems were being solved, was William McKinley.

So here, to-night, we pay tribute to the pillars of the Republic, to the builders of this structure of Government, as we live in it and enjoy it to-day. These, our benefactors, were all of ourselves.

We can look for a moment upon their human side. Washington has been so obscured by a hundred years of veneration for his greatness, that we cannot pierce the veil. The rest of them were pre-eminently men of the people.

Marshall was a soldier, a Congressman, a Cabinet officer, and a foreign ambassador. He gave himself both an education and the equipment of a lawyer and became the head of the Bar of his State. He lived happily for sixty years with his wife, reading to her every night when at home, and when she died, continuing to read aloud to the chair in which she was accustomed to sit. He would relieve the tedium of the solution of the complex problems of the Constitution by playing quoits. He always took a mint julep before the game, measured the distances between the arcs with a straw, and jumped into the air and clicked his heels together and shouted if he won.

Webster also was self-educated, and secured the means for prosecuting his studies by copying deeds in the clerk's office at twenty-five cents apiece; but when his equipment was complete, his transcendent ability carried him from the country to the city and almost at once to an unapproachable rank in his profession of the law. He was intensely human. He had foibles and weaknesses almost as great as his genius. He so won the admiration of his countrymen, that alone of our statesmen they called him "the godlike." But in his love of nature, his fondness for the field, his pursuit of game with gun and rod, and quick sympathy for human rights, he won and held a place in the people's affection and esteem. Like Marshall, he also possessed humor. Without imagination and humor no man can be great, and Webster had both.

Lincoln had learned to read after a hard day's work in the field by a pine knot in a frontier cabin. He had acquired his incomparable style from the Bible and writing essays with charcoal upon shingles, because of the meager equipment of the woodmen of those days. He was the story teller among the Presidents. Rough illustrations, derived from his early experience in frontier life, made the country laugh between its tears, while the point of the anecdote overwhelmed his enemies or enforced his argument.

McKinley we all knew. His presence at any gathering, Cabinet, Congressional or popular, the club or the platform, the banquet hall or the friendly circle, melted animosities, inspired good nature, good fellowship and friendship. Every family in the country counted him a member, and the day rarely passed without the fireside echoing with loving expressions for McKinley. He too loved the lighter vein, to laugh with, but never at his friends.

Columbia can well say from the heights where she now dwells, "Behold! Washington, Marshall, Webster, Lincoln, and McKinley, these are my jewels."

KANE MASONIC LODGE

ADDRESS BEFORE KANE LODGE ON ITS THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY, AT
THE MASONIC TEMPLE, NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1888.

WORSHIPFUL MASTER AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am put forward to-night for the purpose of revealing to you the mysteries of the craft. When I get through you will know almost as much of Masonry as I do, and by that means may possibly work your way into any lodge and give your husbands, your brothers, and your lovers points which they never had before. The art of talking upon Masonry is to so reveal its secrets as to conceal them, and to keep the ever vanishing door just beyond the point where you get in.

I stand here in the most uncomfortable of all relations on the one hand, and the most pleasant on the other. Certainly there can be no more agreeable field than that which is presented in this thirtieth anniversary, and there could hardly be a more embarrassing position than to stop the procession. Here are the artists longing to give you those notes and that instrumental music for which they are famous, and here all about me are the fair dames and gallant knights whose eager feet are within to chase the flying hours. Whatever has superstructure has its base. Without a foundation, there would be no pyramids, no temples, and while the foundation receives no honor or praise, yet it is the most important part of the structure in every architectural design; and I am the foundation of this entertainment.

Lodges of Masonry select their names from characters in sacred writ; from distinguished Masons of the present or of the past, or from localities; but the most difficult thing in this world for a great ship, a lodge, or a girl, is to give the proper name; one which not only describes and separates the object or the person from all other things of the kind, but which shall in itself be a poem, a history, and a description. The other lodges have designations of a character which are cold and expressionless beside the warm, heroic, and perpetual immortality which is symbolized in the name of Kane.

We as a people are young, have little of ancestry, and nothing of antiquities; we are too apt to think that the present is everything and the past is nothing; we believe in the philosophy expressed so beautifully by the Poet Laureate, when he said:

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”

But what he meant was a comparison of the dead civilizations of the East with the living, growing, developing, life of Europe and America. And yet, as you go over the Old World, the shrines that attract the visitors are those which are hallowed by the ages and by the commemoration of great events and glorious deeds. There would be little of inspiration and instruction in America, except for the glorious recollections of the Revolution and its heroes; of the great men who brought about the independence of the country, who formulated the Constitution which has stood the test of all trials, and who, under all conditions, in the Senate, in the field, and on the wave, have upheld the honor of the American name, protected American nationality, and given us precepts and examples equal to the best traditions of antiquity.

But while we have as a nation little that is old, there is in this country one organization whose vigor has outlived all nationalities and dynasties, which here is architecturally and distinctive-
ly American, and yet is as old as anything in the world; an institution whose greatness is due not only to the merits which recommend it to its members, but to that glorious life running back to the dawn of time, which, coming down along the centuries has accumulated in each one of them a grand body of treasure, in virtue, genius, patriotism, love and friendship—in all that makes life worth the living; I mean the Masonry of America.

It is an extraordinary tribute to American Masonry that of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, fifty-two could have formed a lodge; and of the Major Generals in the Army of the Revolution, all were bound by the mystic tie. One was expelled the order, but his infamy and its punishment have given more brilliant and permanent fame to the virtues of the rest.

The execrated memory of Benedict Arnold serves by contrast to exalt to nobler and grander heights the pure Masonic patriotism of George Washington. It appears from the records of King Solomon's Lodge of Poughkeepsie that from 1771 Benedict

Arnold was a frequent visitor. In 1781 is found this remarkable entry: "Ordered, that wherever the name of Benedict Arnold occurs in these minutes, it shall be cut out because he is a traitor."

Many famous assemblages have formed the theme for the orator and the inspiration for the artist. Upon their deliberations have depended the fate of nations and the welfare of peoples. Many of the most interesting pages of history recount the story of these parliaments, conventions, and popular assemblies. But none of them have left such lasting and vital forces as the unrecorded and unheralded meeting of the Architects and Master workmen of King Solomon's Temple who founded Masonry. What a picturesque gathering and how infinitely better than they knew did they build? The best constructive talent of the age had been secured for this sacred work. They represented all the creeds and faiths of the time. The followers of the Assyrian Baal, of the Tyrian Aphrodite, of the Chaldean Moloch, of the Grecian Jupiter had come to join their Hebrew craftsmen in building a Temple to the ever living God. Mutual interests naturally led them to organize a guild and in their grip signs and pass words, these men of many tongues found a common language. As they better knew the great work in which they were engaged, they became of one faith and their souls were in harmony with the spirit of the place. They separated to carry back to their distant homes the order they had formed and the religion to which they had been converted. They prepared the soil in gentile lands for the New Dispensation. When Paul the Apostle, who was close to Masonry, if not one of the craft, spoke to the philosophers of Athens he not only astonished them with a learning and subtlety equal to their own, but finding there an altar erected to the unknown God, possibly by the builders of the Temple on the Acropolis as a silent protest, he revealed its significance and irradiated the schools of Socrates and Plato with their first knowledge of the truth.

All of you who have been to Europe have stood in those grand cathedrals in England and on the Continent. We have nothing like them in our time, and the liberality and genius of our period do not seem equal to the construction of their types. We have been for years in New York, with all our wealth, ambition, and piety, trying to build a cathedral which should be equal to the least of these that have come down to us from the Dark Ages,

and we are no nearer to it than we were fifty years ago. You wonder who designed and erected these grand edifices, because they symbolize in stone the piety of the times and the aspirations and immortality of the human soul. There is nothing so impressive in the world as these old cathedrals whose architects and builders are unknown, and yet you can see that while they were constructed in an age which had no architects whose names survive, their builders must have been men of both faith and culture, and it is for us to claim that their creeds and skill have been transmitted down the lines and in the chapters of both speculative and operative Masonry.

In all ages of the world, the one thing beyond all others which has lifted man above the earthly, and freed him from the weight of the grossest materialism, has been hero worship, and it has been the fruitful creation of heroes. The noble stories which fire the orator, inspire the poet, illumine the pages of history, and make themes for the painter and sculptor are warriors and their triumphs. But the knights, who, trained to arms, believed that for their prowess was the laurel crown, the smile of beauty, the princely title, or the great estate, charged and fought and dared for grand prizes. The soldier rushing into the imminent deadly breach has before him glory, promotion, fame, and the gratitude of posterity, and these inspire him. But Captain Kane went to the Arctic Ocean to brave perils the Crusader never met; to endure hardships the soldier never faced; to sustain by patience and heroic endurance, trials such as never came before to those who have been the advance guard in the great struggles of humanity. What was his incentive? There was the unknown and frigid North; there the icy barriers which had never been overcome; there the prospect of suffering and no glory; there the almost certainty of death. What lured him on; what impelled him forward? It was simply that a brother Mason of an alien nation and foreign land had gone to the North Pole for the purpose of scientific research, and imprisoned by the ice had not returned or been heard from. Civilization regarded him as lost; but Captain Kane saw in the Northern sky, and in the aurora borealis, the Masonic Sign of Distress; he heard in the Northern gale the Masonic cry for help, and he said, "I will go to his rescue." That expedition, with all its achievements and heroic surroundings, was a Masonic crusade sent forth in the sublimest

spirit of the Order of Friendship and of Faith, Hope, and Charity to rescue a brother from the gravest peril.

This anniversary suggests two pictures of priceless value to humanity. Captain Kane's ship was shut in the ice. The arctic night, the fearful cold, and the hopeless desolation all around had broken the spirits of the crew. Part of the company despaired of ever seeing friends or home again; and Kane said, "I shall remain here one year more to prosecute the search; those whose hearts fail them may go southward and see if they can find the open sea and the opportunity to return." Half said, "We will go." He gave them one half of all that he had which supports life in that most inhospitable clime. They disappeared in the snow and sleet, marching for home. They lost their way; weeks elapsed and the survivors came back, weak, broken in health, helpless, and the hero receives them as brothers, forgives them, divides with them again his stores and nurses them back to life.

Our hero lay in the little cabin sick. He had become so enfeebled that he weighed less than a hundred pounds. His companions expected every day that death would claim their frail Commander. But he was an extraordinary example of the triumph of mind over matter. His dauntless spirit conquered his physical weakness. The wanderers' story was soon told. A storm unprecedented even for that region had overtaken the party. The thermometer fell to fifty degrees below zero, and all of them had succumbed but these two messengers. "Where did you leave them?" said Captain Kane. "Fifty miles North and buried in the snow." "Then," said he, "a rescuing expedition must start at once and I will lead it." There could be no laggards in the presence of such a leader. When men's lives were to be saved his heroic soul, overcoming the limitations of disease, seemed to inspire his frail body with supernatural strength. With an enthusiasm which was contagious and with resistless purpose, he marched at the head of the stalwart crew over mountains of ice and through sleet and snow until they came in sight of a little American flag floating over a drift. As they dug down they came to a Masonic banner, and beneath that lay their companions benumbed with the cold and welcoming death. They were taken out, revived, inspirited with hopeful words and good cheer, placed upon the sleds, carried safely to the ship and tenderly nursed to life and usefulness. The dangers faced and the difficulties over-

come in this immortal rescue under the emblem of our order, form one of the noblest recorded illustrations of unselfish heroism and the devotion of Masonic brothers to the principles and practices of their faith.

In the trophy room at Windsor Castle are the captured banners and standards that mark the world-wide conquests of England and the glories of her sovereigns and generals. But the most famous of them are not more worthy of preservation than the National and Masonic flags of the Kane Expedition which adorn the walls of our Lodge. Of that expedition we have with us to-night two survivors. One is our friend Captain Wilson, the companion of the gallant Kane, and the other is the fair Augusta. The fair Augusta was the figurehead of Kane's ship, and with a devotion to the noble hero, worthy of all praise and exhibiting what the sex can do, she kept her position in ceaseless battles with the surging ice until she lost her nose, and no woman could be expected to head an expedition after her nose was gone. But the dispairing look she gave to the departing men whose vessel she had led through all storms until it was frozen and abandoned was such that they broke her away from her surroundings and brought her back to civilization, and Kane Lodge keeps her as its presiding angel. She knows all our secrets and never has given one away. She is not pretty, but she is good.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, thirty years have passed since this lodge was born. It has become one of the strongest lodges of the Order in the United States or in the world. There is a peculiar warmth to the mottoes of Friendship, of Faith, Hope, and Charity in Kane, through the perpetual presence of the spirit of him after whom it was named. He seems to have belonged to the distant past, and yet if he had lived he would have been only sixty-eight years of age to-night. We in celebrating our thirtieth anniversary, commemorate also his sixty-eighth year. Byron died at thirty-six, and it was said his genius had dried up. Kane died at thirty-seven, his genius outlived the miserable frame in which it was encased, and his soul which survived Arctic winters, heroic battles for his country against a foreign foe, and physical infirmities such as few men contend with, bursting the bonds of earth, and soaring to heaven where God has welcomed it, to-night hovers over this gathering, giving us a Masonic blessing and a brother's grasp.

COLLEGE WOMEN'S CLUB

SPEECH BEFORE THE COLLEGE WOMEN'S CLUB, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1898.

LADIES: I asked a committee of young ladies from Vassar who invited me to address their college what the subject should be. They said: "Any topic except the mission of the educated woman. That is worn out."

The libraries are full of books about women. Most of them are dreary nonsense or fallacious theories. We have a surfeit of the Greek and Roman matron. Eloquence, fiction, and poetry have done their best for the queen of love and beauty of the age of chivalry.

I doubt if women ever had true emancipation and equality until the latter half of the nineteenth century. There has often been a parity of material conditions, but never the same opportunities for intellectual development. The whole question is narrowed to opening the colleges and universities to both sexes, or giving equal advantages for higher education in separate institutions of learning.

When Athens represented the highest culture of antiquity, the wife and mother had little place outside the domestic circle and its duties, and only adventuresses were so educated as to be companions for men of brains and culture. The Roman matron was a fine example of home virtues. She could enjoy, with her husband, gladiatorial fights and the bloody battles at the Coliseum, but she was not in the society of the classic orators, authors, and poets. The much vaunted age of chivalry worshiped woman in a way which did no credit to her sense or ability. Knights went on romantic pilgrimages and fought and died for her as an idealized doll. I have great respect for that much abused creature, Xantippe, the wife of Socrates. He has passed her down through the ages as a common scold and a virago. He put on deathless record the story of her stormy temper, and then said that he married and endured her "for self-discipline." We have never heard her side. Some years ago I visited Athens. I went

over the scenes of the activities of the philosopher and absorbed the spirit of his period. Then I understood Xantippe. She felt keenly the degradation which made her a household drudge and denied her the learning to appreciate and hold her husband, and left that better part to those who, because of their loose morality, could not be permitted in her house or tolerated in her presence and that of her children.

Socrates was the homeliest and most repulsive of men, with the broadest and most creative mind of the ancient world. He would neither work nor wash. He had the tip-tilted and sharp end of a flat nose which indicates restless inquisitiveness abroad and endless nagging at home. His philosophy would not permit him to teach for money. He spent all day in the streets, in the groves and the market places, arguing with those who would listen, exploiting his theories and gossiping. She, poor woman, had to find the means to pay the rent, support the house, and care for the children. Socrates was a brilliant talker, a great wit, and phenomenally lazy. His pupils took down his conversation. He was too indolent to write. Alcibiades was the leader of the rich and fashionable young clubmen. Their fad at this time was philosophy, and Socrates was their idol. In all ages this class are sometimes dissipated, and soon go to the bad and to early graves; or they take to athletics and become vigorous, healthy, and patriotic citizens; or they do the society act until nerves and mind are impaired; or take to journalism and mistake personal malignity for argument; or, as was the case during a few years of the Socratic period, they study hard to become scholars and soldiers and do much service for their country and win great distinction. We had some brilliant examples in our recent war with Spain. Alcibiades would give a dinner to the poets and dramatists, the philosophers and wits, the orators and writers of Athens. The night would be memorable. Socrates would carry it off and be easily the master of the feast of reason. The flow of soul would hold the guests until morning and leave them drunk. Plato or Xenophon would keep their heads and take notes for posterity. Xantippe was not permitted to be present or to hear afterward the good things said. She was deemed incapable. Tired and nervous with work, worry, and the children and the unpaid bills, she would, as he thought, weakly throw her arms about his neck as he was going out and say: "My dear, where will you be to-night?"

Who is to be there? What is the meeting for, and when will you be home?" and he would loftily reply, as he threw his cloak over his shoulders and walked away: "Woman, you could not understand if I told you. Take care of the children and the house." And yet that inspired genius thought all women impossible because when he came back tipsy in the early morning she gave vent in vigorous language to her righteous wrath. Happily, though uncultured, she had the power and vocabulary to pierce that most offensive and irritating pride in a husband, the ostentatious display of his intellectual superiority.

Though conditions and civilizations have changed many times since Socrates, Xantippe of the succeeding centuries have not had the opportunity to become the equals and companions of their Socrateses until the foundation of women's colleges, within this century, with the same grade of studies and professors as in the older universities. In every age a few women of wonderful genius and energy have broken the bonds that bound them and by self-culture risen to great heights, but this is not equal opportunity for all girls with their brothers. When I was in Germany, a few years ago, its press had just come to the knowledge of our new woman. The German Emperor took up the subject and was reported to have said that the whole duty of women could be condensed into three things—"the kitchen, the children, and the church." Here we have a survival of the Athenian idea, after 2,400 years.

A story within my own knowledge of a couple nearly related to me, who died many years ago, develops like conditions in our country during the present century. He was a handsome Hercules, who had received the ordinary education which was all that was deemed necessary among the Huguenot Dutch of the Hudson. Much more than what was called by scoffers the three R's—"readin', ritin' and rithmetic"—was thought to impair the relentless brutality necessary for a successful business career. He successfully hewed his way through life with a broadax. She was the brainiest, ablest, and wisest woman I ever knew. But there were no schools for higher education. Her father was a lawyer and university man, as were her uncles, and from them she got by persistent labor a thorough knowledge of the literature of the classics and of the periods of Queens Elizabeth and Anne. Her old school Scotch Presbyterian minister, appreciating her

rare talents, gave to her both the text and spirit of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, the Scotch philosophers, and grounded her immovably in the stern doctrines of Calvin. The sciences and languages were not attainable. This accomplished and highly cultured girl was the terror of the town. She was that dreadfully mysterious being, a bluestocking. An American traveler says he was asked by an English lady why James Whitcomb Riley is called the Hoosier poet, and she said, quickly, answering her own question: "Oh I see! Hoosier—yes, one of your American jokes—a bluestocking! Funny! awfully!"

Mothers and sisters warned brothers against this rarely educated and gifted village maiden but the Hercules won and married her. Cultivated women admire strength. She loved him for his honest manhood, and he adored her as a superior being. They lived a long and happy life, and gave their children vigorous constitutions and active minds. Their experience shows the difficulties which surrounded the most intellectual and ambitious girl seventy years ago, and demolishes the belief, still entertained, that the college girl going back after graduation to her home is unfitted to be the wife of any one of the young fellows who have been preparing for the serious duties of life on the farm or in the factory or store.

The benefactors of the world are few, and most of them lived in this century. Only those who have done or discovered what contributes to human happiness and is of universal use can be put in this category. Koster and Gutenberg, the inventors of printing; Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination against small-pox; Pasteur and Koch; Sir Joseph Lister, with his adaptation of anæsthetics in the dressing of wounds; Watt with his steam engine, and Morse with his telegraph, are conspicuous examples. A high place among them must be accorded to Emma Willard, to whose memory a grateful alumnae recently erected her statue in the college grounds at Troy.

She had the courage and initiative to found a school for the higher education of women. Her effort met with every form of ridicule, denunciation, and abuse from the press, warning from the colleges and criticism from the pulpit, inspired by thousands of years of unreasoning bigotry and prejudice against the equal education and opportunity for girls and boys. From her courage and success we have Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn

Mawr, Barnard, Holyoke, and other liberal institutions in this country, and Girton and Newnham in England.

The striving of our age is for equality. We have it in this country before the laws of the land. It does not exist in fortune, for every man's condition is different from his neighbor's. It cannot be found in society, which is split up by literary, hereditary, plutocratic, or other standards. It is not in business, for business is perpetual warfare. The merchant and manufacturer try to drive their competitors into bankruptcy, and the great lawyers or eminent doctors put out thousands of lesser lights. This eternal strife in human affairs, in the animal world and in nature, with the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, is one of the terrors, and sometimes, as on the ball field, pleasures of existence. I knew a brilliant preacher who had been ordained a bishop. Having to drive into the country to a small parish church for a confirmation service, he asked the liveryman to let him have the gentlest horse in the stable. He jogged quietly and slowly out. On the way back, a minister who had a double duty, in the country in the morning and in the city in the afternoon, was hurrying past the bishop. Whereupon the old horse pricked up his ears and tail, and started in with a long-strided trot. The harder the bishop pulled, the faster went the horse. He was a discarded trotter, who had done a mile in 2.10 in his prime, and been taught to increase his speed with the pressure on the bit. The bishop, at a rate of about 2.20, dashed past the church where he was formerly rector just as the congregation were coming out. The vestry called upon him, and said: "Really, Bishop, you will create a scandal if you do this sort of thing on Sunday." "Well," said the bishop, ruefully, "anyhow, I beat the Baptist minister."

The best demonstration of the democratic spirit is to be found in the colleges. There, with the same standards, imperative for every student, neither wealth nor family counts. All, whether the rich or those who are working their way, are judged by their merits and attainments alone. The class goes out into the world, and its members have varying and widely divergent measures of success. When, however, the alumni gather at Commencement on the old campus before the genius and embodied spirit of the university, they are one in the common brotherhood of the college and the common motherhood of Alma Mater. In this, our day, when girls as well as boys, and women as well as men, can

claim this kinship and heredity of liberal learning, at least, and for the first time in the centuries, is there equality.

The club has become a necessity of modern municipal life. The difficulty experienced by people who are interested in organizing for helping some good work in getting together, is met at the club. Most of the political, religious, and charitable movements and efforts for the relief of a community stricken by fire, flood or pestilence are started in some club. It is there that great soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and men of letters are entertained and the welfare of seats of learning promoted. It is the only place where the warriors in business, finance, and the professions can meet peacefully upon the same plane. "Sorry I did not speak to Smith just now," said a proud English duke. "We are equals. He is a member of my club." A bright woman wrote recently that women as yet do not find repose in a club. They gather in groups and talk, in couples and talk, and when one is alone for a moment she frantically plunges for the first group, whether she is wanted there or not. She has not got over the sensation that a woman who stands alone is a wall flower, and who sits alone is ostracized. The clubman delights in isolation. He can be chummy if he likes, but no member ventures to disturb him when reading his newspaper or book, or dreaming by the fire, or solving his life problems in the corners, or taking liquid or solid refreshment in the *café*. Time, experience and opportunity will do as much for women in the club as it has in the college. The Women's College Club is sure of success. Its recruits will come constantly from the graduates of the colleges. Get your university club building, my sisters, and I am sure it will be a center of vast influence, great comfort, and constant enjoyment.

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF ST. LOUIS

ADDRESS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY CLUB OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
JUNE 14, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: Your invitation has been an agreeable surprise to the college men who are attending our National Republican Convention. You give us the unexpected opportunity to escape, at least for an evening, from the maelstrom of politics.

The delegates to our national conventions have but three days in which to name the candidates and formulate the principles to govern for four years this great Republic. This concentration of such mighty issues in so limited a time gives us the opportunity for neither rest nor sleep. You have happily, for those who are university men, given the required relief. From the close committee rooms, the crowded hotel corridors, the surging masses on the streets, the wild excitement, the intense feelings, and the fierce discussions of the hour, we are here once more upon the old college campus. It is a festal night for Alma Mater. The air is vocal with college songs, the trees are hung with Chinese lanterns, and the speakers are met with that most inspiring of sounds, the old college cheers.

The colleges of the country have not escaped the universal tendency to association. You may call it monopoly or you may designate it as a trust or you may apply it to any other name, and yet the tendency of the times is for those of similar minds and pursuits to get together. Twenty-five years ago graduates of the different colleges and universities knew but little of each other. Their meetings were of their own kind, and they were in touch only with the men of their own institutions. The university clubs now existing in all the cities of the country are the centers of college unity and of the university spirit. As the Federal and Confederate soldiers meet together in yonder convention for the good of their common country, and meet again at the social board to talk over their old campaigns, so in these university clubs gather old enemies who fought their fights as Yale men or Harvard men, as Columbia men or Princeton men, or the men of the fresh-water

colleges, with the oar, with the bat, and with the ball. Here we lay aside our strifes of politics and our competitions of business or the professions, here we cultivate the true college spirit and form new and life-long college associations.

I am specially delighted to meet here upon this campus of your club and under your warm Southern sky that grand old war governor, and gallant soldier of Illinois, General Oglesby. It is seldom that the untamed giant of the West finds himself among metropolitan conditions in what you are pleased to call our effete East. I am sure the governor will permit me to remind him of and relate to you an incident connected with one of his visits to New York. It was at the banquet of the Republican Club; there were eight speakers and two hours for the addresses. The Governor said to me: "How long is a man permitted to talk on Republican principles at a Republican meeting in New York?" "Well," said I, "how long is a man permitted to talk on Republican principles at a Republican meeting in the West?" "In Illinois," said the Governor, "never less than three hours and frequently five." "Well," I said, "Governor, there are six speakers to talk after you; it is now half-past ten o'clock; you will be called about eleven, and if you talk more than fifteen minutes you may never return to Illinois." "Well," said he, "it is difficult for a man to concentrate his thoughts within that space, but I will try." At twelve o'clock the Governor was careering in the full tide of eloquence; at one o'clock he went back to his hotel with Governor Foraker, denouncing the dyspeptic New Yorker who could not digest a fair dose of the great doctrines of Republicanism. Foraker says that at four o'clock the Governor came into his room and said, "Foraker, these weaklings of the East do not understand our Western vigor and the strength of our western thought. Now, I will tell you what I intended to say." Foraker managed to meet me the next day at lunch. One other incident of the visit which also showed how little confidence the West places in our eastern conditions was the following: Said the Governor, "Depew, where were you born?" I said, "Up in Peekskill, on the Hudson river, about forty-five miles from New York." "Where was your father born?" "At the same place and on the old farm." "And your grandfather?" "On the old farm." "And your great-grandfather?" "On the old farm." "And your great-great-grandfather?"

"He bought the farm of the Indians; he was a Huguenot, and born in France." Said the Governor, "I don't believe one word of it; there is no such case in the whole State of Illinois." I believe the first settler in Illinois went there less than one hundred years ago.

We hear much of the influence which the educated men should exercise upon public affairs. We little estimate how great, how mighty, is the power of the graduates of our American colleges. The people of the East do not appreciate, and apparently cannot understand that in the western cities and towns are a larger number of university men in proportion to the population than in the older East. The university club flourishes and is the strongest in the country between the Mississippi river and the Pacific slope. I have yet to find a municipality of any considerable population which has not extended to me the cordial greeting of its university men when I have visited the town. From the farmhouse and the miner's cottage, as well as from the dwelling of the merchant and the professional man and the palace of the millionaire, the youth of America are constantly being recruited into the under-graduate army of our colleges and universities. There merit alone wins distinction; there the conditions of the boy outside the college walls have no influence upon his standing inside the college campus. Colleges are the great leveling influences of the country, but they level up. Their standard is manhood—American manhood. They give to their sons that broad culture, that liberal learning and that catholic spirit which brings you together in this university club, which leads you to extend to us of all the colleges who are strangers within your gates your charming hospitality and which makes this night the most agreeable of our visit to St. Louis.

NEW YORK PRESS CLUB

ADDRESS BEFORE THE PRESS CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY 13, 1895.

GENTLEMEN: It is a rare pleasure to participate in the celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Press Club. No majority could be more unique or interesting. I was present at its birth, and have been an interested observer of its career until this its culminating and triumphant day. Its story is typical of American progress and success. Its pathway has not been strewn with flowers, nor is there any American record worth reading which has not been full of triumphs and of difficulties. It has had its periods of doubt and despair, but it has never given up—never surrendered. Its internal dissensions have been healed or fought out. Its ambitious elements have been elevated or eliminated, and it at last finds itself solvent, in the possession of funds, the owner of property, and occupying that position which is now the only real aristocratic one in the United States—fearing the collection of an Income Tax.

It can almost be said that the United States did not exist until after the Civil War. Prior to that they were provincial, and since that great event they have, with startling rapidity, evolved into a place among the nations and the peoples of the Old World, discarding their worst and utilizing their best. When Dickens wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Jefferson Brick" and the "Colonel" were familiar types all over our country. There were then no clubs worth the name outside the city of New York, and in the city club membership was so small as to have no impression upon our metropolitan life. Within the last thirty years, however, the club has been established in every village and become numerous in every city, while in the greater ones along the seaboard they are more numerous than the churches. It is club-life, with its associations and its attritions which rubs off the corns, its companionship which broadens and develops, that has made Americans a cosmopolitan people. Every church has its club. Every political party and every section and every faction

of every political party has its club, and every trade and pursuit grows gregarious within the walls of these institutions. The dining club has grown so in the busy districts that the business man takes there a lunch of such generous proportions that he arrives home for the evening meal without an appetite and coolly informs the partner of his bosom and his children that a light tea is the only source of domestic happiness and perfect health.

The Press Club is like to and differs from all. It teaches politics, but it has none. It is a source of religion, in its way, but it professes no creed. It is a literary center, but not a literary club. It has been efficient and most generous in its charity, but not a charity organization. It is a university of journalism and of the liberal arts, without faculty or teachers. It is a center and a source of good fellowship among its members, but is far more than a social organization.

Publishers of the great papers have fought it, thinking it was a sort of labor organization to raise prices. When the Public, in the rare intervals in which they desired to throw stones at the Press, did not care to experiment upon some great paper, they hurled them through the windows of the Press Club.

The best result of the twenty-one years of its existence has been its development of the reporter. It requires great financial and business capacity to manage one of the great journals of to-day. The editor must have the learning of old Parr, the philosophical acumen of Herbert Spencer, the spirit of inquiry of Huxley or Tyndall, the word picturesqueness of Ruskin, and the genius of McCoy. But the reporter must have more; he must be a judge of human nature; he must be a general, a tactician, and a man of the world. He must not be misled by "fake" stories or "fool" stories; he must not be imposed upon by humbugs or frauds or cranks. He must know what is news, and what are opinions that the Public would care to read, and separate the grain from the chaff. The mass of the community look upon the reporter as an enemy. They say he is prying into their business, or their social or their personal matters; and drive him from the counting-room, their office, or from their house. They do not or they will not understand that he always goes with a blue-pencil order from his chief; that he is not responsible for his mission, but is held responsible for its failure. If he is deceived, and the story turns out to be untrue, or if he can accomplish nothing, his

career is seriously endangered. The meanest man is the great politician or great financier who gives the reporter an interview, by which he wishes to spread himself before the world, and when he finds that he has made a mistake repudiates the interview and discredits the reporter. One of the most brilliant journalists of the country came near being ruined at the beginning of his career by an experience like this, but when the great magnate whose refutation of the interview had lost him his place told the managing editor that he had lied about it, and then requested that he might lie again in order to escape from the consequences of his interview, this reporter permitted him to do it. With a larger experience than any man, or perhaps any ten men, in the country with reporters, I have rarely been misrepresented, and then, I think, more from a deficiency than maliceousness.

There is a chivalry in the craft. In times of great public excitement, when the "Reformers" are on the rampage and justice up, they have reached a point where they want victims and blood regardless of the innocence of the victims. At such a crisis the prosecutors gave out to the reporters who were present a startling story, which would have blackened some of the best characters in the community. It would have been easy in half an hour to ascertain the truth or falsity, but in the ardour of the inquiry and in the heat of passion of the hour it was not the business of the inquisitor to find out the truth, but to publish the story. The reporters met. They had the material for startling head-lines and sensational columns, but they said, "Shall we, for the temporary benefit which we may derive, put this brand upon these people without finding out its truth?" And their decision was unanimously to find its truth; and finding it untrue, they did not publish the story.

One of the interesting developments of the reportorial profession is the lady reporter. The managing editor seems to confine her to special lines, which sadly perplex the person upon whom her inquiring gaze is bent and to whom her interrogatories are put. She wants a column upon the question whether women can be after-dinner speakers; whether women should propose, rather than men; what is man's ideal woman; how should a professional masher be treated, and kindred subjects, all bearing upon the relations of the sexes.

I delivered an address not long ago for the benefit of a home

for inebrates. The report of that speech was so written that I have since been in daily receipt of letters giving remedies for drunkenness. One came recently, in which the writer said: "I have tried the various suggestions which you made in your address, without effect, but I have been to the institute of 'Dr. Whiskey,' and after two months am perfectly cured. I send you his card, thinking his method might meet your case."

There is an impression that reporting is new and the interview a recent invention, but classical students know that Pliny, Sallust, and Thucydides reported speeches of the ancient worthies. All of us know that one of the best pieces of reporting ever done is that of St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles as to the doings and the sayings of those holy men, and especially the short sermons of the Saviour. As a specimen, and the finest specimen of a man interviewing himself and then publishing it, we have Cæsar's Commentaries.

The newspaper hardly grasps its terrific power or the limitations of it. Under certain conditions it can accomplish everything, under others nothing. While it has the whole country for a constituency, it has educated that constituency. If the press have a good cause they invariably win, but they must be so provided with facts and proofs that they can break down the lines of party—the barriers of prejudice. The whole press of Chicago united could not beat Carter Harrison—but then that was Chicago, and Harrison was not so bad as he was painted. But the press worked a tremendous reformation a year ago last fall in Brooklyn, and it worked a still more startling revolution last fall in New York, which put Strong in the Mayoralty chair. The public man in France starts a newspaper the moment he becomes a Cabinet Minister. No leading politician in this country could survive the ownership of a newspaper; no great interest could sustain itself in the ownership of a newspaper. Thomas Scott, one of the most brilliant men who ever lived, and one of the most successful, tried it and failed disastrously. Jay Gould attempted it with all his versatile talents and abandoned it in despair. Two of the great dailies were successively offered to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. His shrewd answer was: "By comparison, half of the newspapers of the United States abuse me and the other half treat me fairly. If I owned a newspaper I would be in a controversy with all of them."

A study of the principles and conditions in the United States of the independence of the newspaper, of the utter inability to control it by influence or money, and the loose hold which parties and public men have upon it, will make a student an optimist as to the future of the Republic and the perpetuity of our institutions.

I congratulate the Press Club on its twenty-first birthday. It has for its president the veteran and accomplished and brilliant journalist Joe. Howard. He has been a newspaper proprietor, a manager, and an editor, but has always discovered that his real field was in the photographing of men and of facts—two principles which belong exclusively to the reporter.

May the Press Club celebrate its anniversary while time endures.

NEW YORK PRESS CLUB

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB AT MANHATTAN BEACH, JUNE 28, 1904.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is a very great pleasure for me to be with you here at this noonday prayerful meeting. I have been leading lately a strenuous life as a sort of athletic preparation for this gathering. I find that it is only youths like me who can fill the ideal so frequently preached by the President of the United States. I have just returned from Chicago, where with a tropical temperature such as we have experienced during the last few days I delivered four speeches in the open to thousands of people and one in the convention seconding the nomination of Senator Fairbanks for Vice-president. I believe that no other man present there made more than one speech, except in the privacy of his room, stating what he wanted or did not want.

I noticed in the programme received from your secretary this morning that most of the papers to be read to you are upon the law of libel. It struck me that that being the theme you would practically consider, a few thoughts might be proper this morning upon the story of the liberty of the press.

It is difficult for one more than ordinarily engrossed in business cares to secure the time to treat fairly a subject so important. It would be presumptuous in a lawyer to address professionals upon this theme if its inviolability and invulnerability within proper limits were not more important to the rest of the State than to the editors themselves. Libraries have been filled with the literature of civil and religious liberty, but the record of this essential element in the triumph and maintenance of either is comparatively meager. The block, the scaffold, and the stake have been illumined and adorned by illustrious victims, martyrs to free thought and human rights, but they have been leaders in revolutions for reforms in the State and purification of the Church. The heroes in the battle for the liberty of the press have not shed their blood, but in the two hundred and twenty years

since the founding of the newspaper they have been always braving and suffering incarceration and confiscation. The press had no part in the struggles for their rights among the peoples of antiquity or medieval times, but in the mighty movements of the present and two preceding centuries it has broken the ground and prepared the way for the soldier and the statesman.

It is a natural process in the development of the mind that the constant discussion of daily events at home and abroad, with their relations to the foreign policy of the country and to every function of government, not only enlarges and broadens the grasp of living questions, but inspires in the most timid of men an unusual independence of opinion and daring in its expression. He cannot constantly record injustice and wrong without exposing the perpetrators, asking redress or suggesting a remedy. And so under Bourbons and Napoleons and the Stuarts and the Georges the press has openly led the fight for freedom and shared its triumphs.

The one man to whom the press is more indebted than all others is that marvelous genius who with rarest indifference to personal fame buried his personality in devotion to his principles and wrote under the name of Junius. In an age remarkable for its venality and servility in parliament, in politics, and the press, when it took little more than the whim of a minister to suppress a newspaper or imprison an editor, Junius suddenly appeared as an inspired evangel of destruction and reparation, of purification and enlightenment. He revolutionized the relations of the press to the Government and the people. Master of every weapon of controversy, and with unequaled power in the use of the English language, he discussed men and affairs with the information of a Cabinet minister and the best statesmanship of his time. He broke over the barriers which hedge the king and the privileges which parliament had thrown about itself and gave enormous impetus to the growing idea of the responsibility of the representative to his constituency. The paper through which he spoke remained unmolested because king and peer and commoner knew that he had concentrated and voiced public opinion. While not directly bearing upon that question, yet the light he shed upon the measures and motives of public men so seconded the efforts of the press to publish the proceedings of parliament that after a few fitful efforts to resist the right, in which Richard

Brinsley Sheridan did glorious work, that most important safeguard of liberty was secured. He compelled the passage of the law under which the proceedings of parliament could be published and the papers were at liberty to do it. That produced in England a curious style of oratory. When the printing of the debates first became permitted there were no shorthand writers. Then the English statesmen who had always been fighting publication wanted to be reported, and wanted to be reported correctly. The result was that they pronounced their words slowly and hung on to them and did not let go until they felt sure the reporter had them.

When stenography appeared this style had become popular. The other style of free expression was still used by what may be called the common people and those who were not in the upper classes and parliament, and therefore to begin by saying, "My lords, what I was—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—um—about to say"— became a mark of good breeding and of high intelligence and of great ancestry. But visiting England, as I have done for the past thirty years, I find that contact with America has made the Englishman talk with the same freedom of speech that we do.

In all countries which have representative government the one thing which checks corruption and promotes patriotism, which passes good measures and defeats bad ones, which destroys little men and gives great men their opportunity, is that publicity of proceedings in which the newspaper possesses and exercises its greatest power.

But the press still had impending over it a menace which impaired its independence and partially paralyzed its usefulness, and that was the law of libel. Under the construction that the greater truth the greater the libel, the early newspapers of Massachusetts were suppressed and their editors punished. Benjamin Franklin, then only sixteen years of age, but a writer of recognized force, received in the discipline administered to himself and his paper that first lesson as to the value of liberty which afterward bore such abundant and glorious fruit. It was reserved, however, for New York to rescue the press from this peril and secure for it its greatest privilege.

While the Dutch, who settled New York and were at this time the controlling element in its society, are not propagandists or

crusaders, they surpass all races in stubborn resistance to oppression and obstinate defense of their rights. Though King James, when the English conquered the colony, gave it no other charter than his royal will, and solemnly decreed that no newspaper should ever be published in the province, the Dutchman printed his paper, and it became the leader of the Revolution and awakened the other colonies to the necessities of the struggle. When Governor Cosby ordered the mayor and the council to attend the burning of Peter Zenger's paper by the hangman they refused to go; when, after nine months' imprisonment, Zenger was brought to trial, and his counsel, the venerable Andrew Hamilton, then eighty years of age, demanded that the truth of the alleged libel should be given in evidence and taken by the jury in justification of the publication, a New York jury, against the direction of the judge, acquitted Zenger. The result was received with bonfires and processions, with cannon firing and general rejoicing. It forced the British Government to meet the growing disaffection in the colonies not by suppressing the press, but by subsidizing these newspapers to counteract it. Though the ablest lawyers, clergymen, college presidents, and Government officials entered the lists in these columns as champions of the royal authority, they were ignominiously routed and overthrown in newspaper combat, long before the questions were submitted to the arbitrament of arms, by the Adamses, Warren, and Otis in Massachusetts, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay in New York, Benjamin Franklin in Pennsylvania, and Thomas Jefferson in Virginia. Limited in number and circulation, yet the colonial press accomplished more than all other agencies in preparing the way for the Declaration of Independence, and in keeping the people during the long and exhausting Revolutionary War inspired with patriotism to continue and to conquer.

But after the Revolution, in the fierce strife of partisanship, the press was again confronted with its old enemy, the law of libel. To the rescue of the imprisoned editor, and to vindicate for all time the liberty of the press, came that most extraordinary lawyer, statesman, and financier, Alexander Hamilton. In an address of wonderful power he carried the jury and the people, and, in the very language of his brief, the freedom of the press was incorporated in the constitution or the statutes of every State in the Union and the laws of England.

The press was now free from all danger of arbitrary interference by the Government or the courts, but it was not emancipated. All the newspapers of the young republic became the personal organs of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe on the one side and Hamilton, Adams, and Jay on the other. These statesmen either contributed or inspired their utterances. The editor was only an echo, his paper a shadow. The control of the Government was the prize for which these giants were contending, and interest and ambition gave intense viciousness and vindictiveness to the press thus edited and controlled. Washington charged Jefferson in Cabinet meeting with having written a bitter assault in a Philadelphia paper upon his administration and character, and the hates and fears of the combatants were reflected in the unexampled animosity and absolute unfairness of all newspaper discussion and criticism.

When leading politicians became too numerous and factions too many to continue longer the individual control of organs, the press became the servile instrument of the party to secure patronage or retain it. For many years the rigid enforcement of the doctrine, "to the victors belong the spoils," was equally fatal to the political independence of the newspaper or the individual. At the command of General Jackson, the *National Intelligencer* is set aside and the *Telegraph* and Duff Green come in favor. Green falls under suspicion, and by the same autocratic will the *Telegraph* and Green are ruined by the withdrawal of the Government support, and the *Globe* and Francis P. Blair secure power and riches by its bestowal. The Council of Revision and Appointment, in our own State, by the same processes, held the press of New York by the throat. In the South, Calhoun, Hayne and McDuffie gave to the press its opinions and arguments, and the bullet and the torch quieted protest and rebellion.

About a half of a century ago began the real liberty of the press, and by the rapid processes of evolution which characterize all efforts toward freedom, it has reached its present position of absolute irresponsibility to any power but itself. Congress and Legislatures regard it with awe and fear. Judges will no longer deliver hostile charges or juries convict. Politicians have become its followers, and it dictates policies to parties. It is an educator in every branch of human thought and activity. It opens all the doors of the mind and enters for good or ill. It

has unrestricted admission to the house and unrivaled influence in the family. It exercises and in a sense fills the functions of preacher and teacher, of censor and critic, of thinking and voting for its readers.

Napoleon said that four newspapers were more dangerous than a hundred thousand soldiers, and he thought his conquests unstable until he had subdued the press of Europe and compelled it to take its opinions from the *Moniteur*, which he edited himself. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a writer on a London paper at the insignificant salary of a guinea a week, and yet his editorials so disturbed the emperor that Fox declared in the House of Commons that the treaty of Amiens would be broken and the peace of Europe destroyed unless those articles were stopped. Afraid to touch the liberty of the press, the British Cabinet nevertheless secretly informed Bonaparte of the vessel Coleridge was on, coming from Italy to England. In pursuit of this then obscure author sailed French frigates and sloops of war, and the most magnificent tribute ever paid to the power of the press was this union of treachery and force by the two greatest nations upon earth to silence a humble journalist.

With the incalculably greater influence of the newspaper of to-day, what are the limitations it ought to set to its liberties? This is a question of profoundest moment and anxiety to every self respecting journalist. Party duties and responsibilities exercise a healthful restraint. Republics cannot be governed well except by party organizations, so evenly balanced and watchful that the errors of the one are the opportunity of the other. An alert, vigorous, and aggressive opposition is the surest method of securing faithful service and honest measures. I like a party paper, impregnably fixed in its principles and which fights vigorously and hits hard, but it should have that measure of liberty which will make conventions of its party fear to submit to its criticisms unworthy nominations and the Legislatures of its party afraid to promote bad measures. It is better for any organization to suffer defeat by independent protest against manifest wrong than to be perpetually upon the platform of explanation or kneeling upon the stool of repentance.

Let us look to-day. I have just returned from the convention of one of the great parties. I have been attending conventions since I first was a delegate to the one which made the second

nomination of Lincoln, and I have studied them all, because they differ as much as individuals in characteristics, but this last convention differed from all others in the fact that it was a gathering of men who represented the best ideals of our American life, the best of the business views, the best of the professional views, the best of the general views on their side.

And as you look at what is going on in the public press in regard to the Democratic convention which is to meet in July in St. Louis, you find that the Democratic newspapers are discussing the convention, what its principles shall be and who its candidates shall be with a freedom and with a difference of views and with a tendency toward higher ideals which has not occurred in any other campaign. And I believe that when that convention meets it will be on higher ideals and principles and broader views of the Democratic Party than any convention which has met in our time.

The press is the mirror of the daily life of the world, but it performs the very highest duty in selecting what it should reflect. The newspaper is read by the boy before he begins the study of his morning lesson, and it is his companion after he returns from school; it is beside our daughter in her boudoir and her bedroom; it drops into those young lives facts, thoughts and impressions which bear sweet or bitter fruit in after years. You and I have known the whole moral nature of youth soiled and spoiled by this unguarded and unguardable communion. There are cases of leprosy and smallpox and a vast variety of unsightly and contagious diseases in the hospitals, but we do not take our families to see them. There are in the bystreets and alleys nightly scenes which furnish food for earnest reflection to the reformer and sociologist, but if we can help it our children never hear of them. We become the willing victims of the plumber to keep sewer gas out of our houses, and the newspaper under the guise of faithful reporting, with picturesque and attractive details, has not the liberty to bring all these things, and worse, into our homes. It is often said that there is enormous profit in ministering to the depraved and debased elements in human nature and that the papers which refrain throw away fortunes. I do not believe it, if the paper has come to stay. The "Switches" and "Scorpions" and all their brood are notoriously short lived and unprofitable. The family is the unit of society, and, no matter what its head

may be, he does not introduce or tolerate in that circle any element which he believes will destroy it. Without the family support no newspaper can survive, and that journal will have the longest life, the largest profits and the greatest influence which as far as possible admits to its columns only such matter as its editor would freely narrate at his own table.

The reporter and the interviewer have destroyed the privacy of domicile and of thought. They walk with the Czar to his coronation and wring from their keepers the mysteries of the Empress's wardrobe. They disclose the discussions of the Cabinet to the people, and to the parents the first details of an elopement. They print the next morning the most sacred proceedings of the executive session, and on the occasion of your daughter's wedding describe the dresses and the undergarments which constitute the bridal outfit, with their quality, style, and cost. They pump from a theologian seeking notoriety the statement of his half-hearted heresy, and in the same column overwhelm him with the anathemas of his brethren to whom they have submitted it. They compel politicians to talk by threatening to report imputed opinions, and set prima donnas by the ears by encouraging their jealousy and vanity. They divulge the points of great operators and invade the homes of railroad magnates and publish their plans. Rebuffs are their invitation, assaults their opportunity. Sometimes thrashed, but never defeated, they mend their bones and increase their incomes by embalming their victims in a vivid description of the fight.

The press reports of the coronation of the Czar were remarkable. They revealed to the world secrets of ceremony and procedure, of costumes and toilette, of events in the Cabinet of the ministers, in the royal family circle and in the cathedral which courtiers did not know. But most wonderful was the daily report cabled everywhere and read in almost every household in Christendom of the proceedings from day to day of the conclave of cardinals which elected the Pope. Hundreds of millions of his coreligionists were interested deeply, and it was an affair of moment in all countries. That most accomplished, resourceful, and masterful general manager of the Associated Press, Melville E. Stone, was in Rome conducting affairs in person. How he secured the information of the results of the balloting of this most secret of conferences remains a mystery. It can only be

accounted for by supposing that as the smoke of the burning ballots escaped from the chimney Mr. Stone's marvelous alchemy gathered it in his laboratory and resolved it into the ballots as they were before they were cast into the fire.

Seventy years ago this exercise of the liberty of the press would have led to breaches of the peace and to murder. But the community of to-day applauds and calls for more. A sense of security in absolute publicity is an underlying force in all free governments, and there is great good in our refinement of the principle which compels men, whose position is official or semi-public in relation to their fellows, to frequent accountability, but it at least admits of a doubt whether it should be carried so far as to take the place of the gossip or the detective.

The best tribute to the power of the press was given in Pennsylvania last winter when the Legislature passed a law against caricature. It was the most drastic that had ever been put on the statute books, and there was not an editor in the State who, if he pursued the course he had been doing, would not have been liable under the law to a term in state prison. The newspapers met that law by exceeding everything they had ever done before, and the officers of the law did not dare to submit a test case to the jury. I think that libel laws should be amended so that we should have a cleaner press where it is necessary. If there should be a law passed in our State, for instance, providing that when an action was brought for libel against any editor the judge should select from the editors of the newspapers of that judicial district a jury to try the case, I am absolutely certain that the verdict of that jury would be just what it ought to be, vindication or punishment, as deserved.

The feeling of irresponsibility sometimes leads the press erroneously to presume that it controls and therefore can defy the public. But while docile and tractable, so as to be easily swayed or led within certain legitimate boundaries, yet public opinion is always the master. That newspaper is strongest which best reflects it. In molding and forming the views of the community as to men or measures, the newspaper wields a mighty influence; but the most powerful organ cannot run counter to the beliefs or moral sense of its constituency. The whole press of the North could not have subdued the indignant outburst at the firing upon Sumter or checked the grief at the death of McKinley. The press

interprets and enforces doctrines and faiths, but is confronted by a thousand forces if it attempts their overthrow.

In speaking upon a theme which inspires so much enthusiasm and where the wildest statement seems tame beside the truth, it has become common to claim the press has superseded the pulpit, annihilated the orator, relegated to the realm of tradition the picture of the "listening senate," which has fired to high ambition the youth of preceding generations and so elevated and educated the masses that great men and great leaders, the Websters, Clays and Calhouns of the past, will nevermore appear. But nothing can take the place of the spoken word, the magnetism and thrill, the nameless combination of power and personality by which the speaker sways the audience and leaves impressions which follow to the grave. If his message is of moment the newspapers repeat and drop it into millions of minds, and the light of his revelation radiates through the republic. In the redhot days of anti-slavery strife an editorial or pamphlet from the pen of Wendell Phillips, cast anonymously into the discussion, served in the ranks; but if Wendell Phillips made a speech the spirit which pervaded the hall, following the telegraph and reproduced in the press, brought the whole country to its feet, and the clash of the contending opinions shook the Union. There were other and able contemporary speeches and writings, but this was the triumph of the orator. Exceptionally great men have disappeared from American public life. The time required to properly fill the functions of legislating for 80,000,000 of people ruins the opportunity for professional or business success. The Websters and Clays and Calhouns are editing newspapers, practicing law, or controlling the great business enterprises of the times. The causes underlying this are too radical to be investigated here, but they are a great present and future danger to the dignity of the public service and the equal growth of the Government and the laws with the marvelous development of the country.

The critical, creative, and educational efforts of the press have reacted upon itself, but the highest and most deserved compliment which can be paid the newspaper is that it has steadily kept in the van of development and progress. In the sternest application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest it has nothing to fear. It is constantly enlarging the demands to be made upon itself and exhausting every field of thought and in-

quiry and ransacking every corner of the globe to satisfy them. The public insists that its reviews of books shall be as comprehensive as an article of Macaulay's; that its report of a convention of specialists shall condense and present the latest discoveries of science; that its account of a military campaign shall be written by a correspondent who passed upon the field through all the perils of the fight and whose description shall excel in accuracy and precede in time the official report. Thus, by the very law of its being, in its perfect freedom it teaches the teacher, instructs the scientist, and runs the Government. The present generation has not the robust vigor of that of the past which reveled in the ponderous editorials of the *National Intelligencer* and waded with delight through dreary dissertations signed by Publius and Agricola and all the well known names in the Roman directory. A first-class freight train could not now carry the weight of one of those papers. Spend one day among the old files and then an hour with our great metropolitan journals and it will do more than all else to cure sentimental regrets for the good old times and promote devout thanksgivings for the intellectual life of the twentieth century.

One thing which particularly marks the present newspaper on its human side is its humor. This best of faculties given by God to cheer a journey beset under the most favorable conditions with many trials and discouragements, long held in contempt, has at last assumed its proper place. The funny editor has ceased to be a clown and has become a power. His column is the one first read and most enjoyed or dreaded. Unsupported he takes a local paper at Danbury or Galveston or Toledo or Burlington or Milwaukee or Detroit and gives it a national circulation. He fills with clippings the most obscure weekly and upon the editorial page of the largest daily enforces the lesson that the man or cause must be trebly intrenched in honesty and justice that can withstand the power of ridicule. As a people we are more intense, more absorbed in business, live under a greater strain, and have fewer holidays and recreations than any other nation. An American crowd out for enjoyment is a melancholy spectacle, because it cannot shake off its cares, though none so quickly appreciates and keenly enjoys humor. It is for the newspaper to cease to rebuke and to give it some encouragement in public life. It is but the enforcement of a well known

argument to furnish the frightful examples of Tom Corwin and his might have been, if he had never laughed, or how many years ago Proctor Knott might have reached the governorship of Kentucky, if he had not spoken upon Duluth. It is only necessary to sit in the gallery and listen to the commonplace platitudes of some senator or member gifted with mother wit, but afraid of his dignity, to understand the capacity of men to become useless and tedious bores. It is only necessary, in order to appreciate the force of the full exercise of the natural endowments and its reward, to read the story of Abraham Lincoln.

The most important effect of its liberty and growth upon the press itself has been to elevate journalism from a trade to one of the liberal professions. Training as well as aptitude is necessary for success. Few men, comparatively, think they are fitted to be lawyers, doctors or clergymen, but there is no one in the United States of reasonable age who doubts his ability to occupy the editorial chair. The great mass of young men entering the world from the colleges every year have it in their minds to do newspaper work if nothing better offers. Briefless barristers and bronchial ministers are perpetual candidates for possible vacancies. These constitute that vast herd which Horace Greeley used to consign to Coventry under the generic term of "horned cattle." Every name eminent in literature or politics in this country or in England is to be found upon the list of contributors, but they were not editors. For them it was a highway temporarily opened by necessity or opportunity. If more hardly pressed by thronging thousands than other vocations it has the larger field from which to select the best. While the equipment of the editor differs widely from that of the other professions in a sense it includes them all. While his privileges are great, his motto should be the old chivalric one of noblesse oblige.

The editor as an educator has an equipment and opportunities which the professional educator does not possess. The professional educator sits at his desk and pursues the line to which he has devoted his life and thought, but the editor sits in his sanctum, and upon his table is spread the whole world—its peace and its tumult, its war, its internal development and revolution, the action of public men and of public women who are famous in the world. He presents in picture and photograph every day what is occurring in every household, and it has got so that emperors and kings

have press agents so that they will be presented at their best. Statesmen have press agents. Most of the Presidents I have known have been the best journalists of the country. No man better understood the press and how through the press to reach the people than Abraham Lincoln. No one knew it less than General Grant. James G. Blaine knew the press and its powers. Garfield was a past master in this art. Cleveland, while denying any desire to appear before the public otherwise than as they might find him out, nevertheless was not displeased to have Lamont at the White House to present matters in such a way that the public would believe that there might have been Presidents, but there was only one. Of all the Presidents none that ever I met was so constantly with the press agent, even in the sanctum, as William McKinley.

The first American editor set his own types himself, worked off his edition upon his press and distributed his papers in person. One hundred and forty-four years have passed, and now the great machines which are the marvels of modern invention throw out millions of copies of dailies and many more millions of weeklies. One hundred and sixteen years ago the first daily newspaper was started in New York, and now there are 194, and there are 2,230 in the country. It was three weeks after the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in Philadelphia before it reached Thomas Jefferson's newspaper at Williamsburg. Now Puck's girdle about the world in forty minutes, transformed from airy phantasy to sober fact, prints in the morning journal the story of the day as it has happened in every land and clime under the sun.

I pay my respects to and express my admiration for the country newspaper and the country editor. His lines are not cast in places of the great and profitable organs of the metropolis, whose profits are reckoned often by the hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. But the country editor lives in and is part of his community. His virtue is not so much in what he prints as in what he refuses to print. He could easily destroy the peace of the community by admitting to his paper the scandals and gossip of the neighbors. But he stands as a censor and a guardian of public morals, and I know of no conditions under which the public is appealed to in a certain measure where the utterance is so free from criticism as the general tone of the country press.

I sail to-morrow for Europe to join my wife. I am glad that my last meeting should have been with my friends of the press. I have been forty years or more in public life—more than that if you take into consideration the speech which I made two weeks after I graduated from Yale for Fremont—and during that time in office and out of office the press has made mighty free with me. While I have been in the Senate the same thing occurred. But I have come to the conclusion, after nearly fifty years' experience, that the judgment of the press is about what a man deserves. Some friends will overpraise him and use a pot of vermillion and a brush every time his name is mentioned until the public wants a change of color, and then some other friend will have a pot of black and will paint him in such a way as will make the devil think, "Well, I am not quite so bad as that." I look upon these criticisms, and I have been singularly free from any unpleasant results, as the ordinary and necessary means by which an enlarged head can be kept within normal size.

There is a newspaper which about once a month tells the world that I never amounted to much, and if I make a speech it says, "Of all the rotten things to which an audience was compelled to listen those utterances were the worst," and when this report is started five other papers in the United States will instantly copy it, and then some friend mails the articles to me. Then comes the caricatures. I think I was more caricatured in Chicago last week than any other man, and I sent the cartoons all to my family. I received in return the inquiry: "What on earth have you been doing? You promised to be good!"

The great factor of modern civilization is association. It has bridged rivers and seas; it has constructed the railroad and the telegraph; it has made possible political revolutions, State and municipal reforms, sacred, scientific and social progress; it solves the problem of how the unlimited power and unrestricted liberty of the press shall be maintained with safety to the community. The laws of your association, organized half a century ago, written and unwritten, are the life of its members, and upon the broad principles of your charter rest the purity and dignity of your profession and the security and fostering care of the vast trust committed to your keeping.

CHICAGO PRESS CLUB

ADDRESS BEFORE THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 5,
1890.

GENTLEMEN: When I received the invitation of the Press Club of Chicago to deliver its annual address, I supposed that it desired a chat from a layman upon journalism. It is the peculiarity of every individual that he wishes to be thought distinguished for something other than that upon which he has made his reputation, and of every organization in the professions or the trades that, on its commemorative occasions, it desires to be advised by someone who knows infinitely less about its business than it does itself. But I soon discovered that your club wanted from me neither criticism nor praise, but the discussion of a subject common to us all.

It is, however, proper for me to remark that the rest of the world is entitled to at least one day in the year to discuss newspaper men. For three hundred and sixty-five days they oracularly direct us in our opinions, walk, and conversation; they give us our politics, our estimates of public men, and our views upon all current questions. The American people are eminently practical; their wits are sharpened in their own affairs and their thoughts concentrated and intent upon that which immediately interests them. As a result the larger part of every community has no opinions until it has read its party and religious papers. For a man like me, who reads them all, the most curious of studies is to gather the reflex of the editors' views in the confident expressions of my friends. Whatever responsibility—and it is great—may rest upon the lawyer with the liberal latitude allowed him under his retainer; upon the preacher with his unrestrained opportunity to speak; upon the teacher in molding the minds of his students—the largest responsibility of all rests upon the journalist. A former generation believed that liberty of the press would lead to such license as to endanger public morality and destroy private character. They feared that there could be no redress for the assaults of the press except by personal vio-

lence or murder. The results of a liberty far beyond that dreamed of at any former period, a liberty curbed by neither the law of libel nor the verdicts of juries, have been found in the main entirely satisfactory. Independence and opportunity have created a journalistic conscience by which the common consent of the press protects the individual against unjust attack of any one of its members.

The question assigned to me by your committee is the "World's Fair," and the success or the failure of this great enterprise will be dependent in a great measure upon the view taken of it by the press of the country. If there be not a general agreement among the newspapers of the Republic as to the character and extent of this exhibition and the support which it should receive, it had better be abandoned at the start. Bidden here to speak upon the subject, in one view I may appear as the captive chained to the chariot wheels of the conqueror for the purpose of gracing his triumph; but a broader and more generous conception is that after a healthy and friendly rivalry as to location, we are now all equally earnest and enthusiastic for a phenomenal success. I did all that I could, and exhausted every legitimate resource, to carry this great fair to New York. The arguments of that controversy are now ancient history. New York has no animosities, no jealousies, no enmities, and I am here to say that all in her power to do will be done for the exhibition in Chicago. No question more important, and none affecting more nearly their prosperity and their pride, has been presented to the American people in a quarter of a century. The occasion is at once our opportunity and our necessity—our opportunity to show to the nations of the world our marvelous growth in population, in settlement, in cities, in railroads, and our development in agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing resources; our necessity, in presenting to commercial peoples of all races and climes a view of our surplus in the products of mine and mill, of farm and factory, which will furnish the incentives for barter and exchange in all the marts of the world; which, by absorbing what we can produce beyond our needs in almost infinite volume, shall burden the ocean with our freights, re-create for us a merchant marine, carry our flag once more upon every sea and into every harbor, and employ and enrich our own people. We forget that we are three thousand miles from the nearest of the older nations and

that our traditional policy had prevented them from becoming acquainted with us. The marvelous expansion of our own means of intercommunication, and our familiar knowledge of every part of our own country, have led us to believe that the world appreciates us in equal measure with our estimate of ourselves. But this is only the utterance of the Fourth of July orator, and the dream of the schoolboy. Our flag has almost disappeared from the seas, our freight is carried in foreign vessels, our Navy is a myth, and the resources of our diplomacy are wholly unequal to the task of reaching the intelligence of foreign lands.

The all-pervading press, with the completeness of its information and the majesty of its power, represented in part by the Chicago Association, is unknown, as we understand it, in other countries of the globe. In the journals of Great Britain the United States are dismissed daily with a brief paragraph as to the markets, or a longer account of a crime, or a flood or a fire, and in the Continental newspapers they are rarely mentioned at all. To the European, the Asiatic, the African, the Australian, education in regard to the products and positions of foreign countries is largely from the senses, the eye, the touch, and the ear. Our efforts to reach the world through this, the only channel we possess, have been lamentably inadequate. Our first exhibition in New York, in 1853, was managed by a private corporation and not properly supported by the Government, was opened by the President of the United States and closed by the sheriff of the county. Foreign exhibits were seized for its obligations, and Horace Greeley, one of its managers, was imprisoned in Paris for its debts. Our second exhibition, the Centennial one of 1876, at Philadelphia, was everything that a city and State and the intelligent endeavor of patriotic citizens could create, but it lacked the cordial co-operation of the Government to make it all that it might have been. The grandest and most satisfactory display of the products and the civilization of the world ever gathered was the Exhibition in Paris during the last summer. Its splendor and completeness filled the observer with the proudest comprehension of the products, the development, and the progress of mankind. The visitor was lost in wonder at the artistic and mechanical perfection and resources, not only of the countries of Europe, but of those of Asia and Africa, and the continental islands of the South Seas. Russia and little Belgium,

Germany and territorially diminutive Holland, Italy and Sweden and Norway, Great Britain and her dependencies around the earth, China and Japan, Egypt and Algiers, the descendants of the tribes who succored the children of Israel in their march for the Promised Land, and of the people who fought against Alexander in India, presented so fully the best results of their skill and culture, of their products and peculiarities, that a walk through their department was equivalent to a journey around the globe. It was only when an American came to the limited space, but partly filled, assigned to the United States, and saw how utterly inadequate was the exhibit as a representation or even a suggestion of our advancement and achievements in the arts, in mechanics, in industries, and inventions that, with the blood mantling his cheeks with mortification, he felt that our credit and our reputation could only be established among trading and commercial peoples by an exhibition in America, the most majestic and comprehensive, and an invitation to the nations and tribes of the earth so hospitable and importunate as to bring them all within the boundaries of our fair. On that occasion the Republic must wear all her decorations upon her breast, and receive her guests with unstinted liberality. Such a fair can only be created by the cordial co-operation with you, not only of all the States, but of the Federal Government. When European Cabinets discovered that the invitation to the Philadelphia Centennial really emanated from a corporation, they decided not to give it any official recognition, and they regarded the invitation itself as an insult to their sovereignty. It was only when General Grant by a second proclamation assured them that the invitation was from the Government of the United States, that they decided to recognize the exhibition, but that invitation necessarily carried with it the information that the Government was absolved from all responsibility for the administration or results of the fair. With the knowledge now so universal about industrial exhibitions, we cannot hope to have the world properly represented here, unless the invitation be from the Government of the United States, in such form and with such assurances that foreign ministers will understand that their people come here at the bidding of and as the guests of the Republic.

There can be no hesitation, no backwardness, no niggardliness in this matter. Let us have either an exhibition national

and international in its character, fostered and fathered by the United States, or none at all. Let the generosity of citizens, the efforts of your great municipality, the assistance of your commonwealth be given without stint, but behind, to supplement all deficiencies and to meet all obligations, let there stand the majesty of the United States.

It is not only to open trade with the world, not only to show to other countries the perfection of our machinery and the exhaustless resources of our farms and mines, not only to bring together the citizens of all portions of the country under conditions which promote patriotism, that such an exhibition is valuable, but it is invaluable as an educator. I met at the Paris Exposition a delegation of workingmen and workingwomen sent there by the liberality of a newspaper man of the West; but this single delegation, carried by this phenomenal generosity across the ocean, will swell here into the representatives of every trade, flocking from every city, town, and village, coming from every mine, mill, and factory, to study the exhibits which are the products of the accumulated skill of centuries, thus securing for our artisans favorable opportunities for education, and for our country an instant enrichment in the character and value of its productions.

The fair has been in all ages of the world the promoter of progress and the impulse of civilization. It has been the conservator of commerce and peace. Among the Romans and the Greeks difficulties of transportation and the savage conditions of international relations made their fairs mainly festivals for the exhibitions of physical skill and athletic sports, but behind them the politicians and conspirators of the day plotted for the possession of power or the overthrow of government. In the Middle Ages, when might was right and law had ceased to exist, the only traveler protected by common consent in his person and goods was the merchant going to and returning from the fair. At the fair, feudal lord and vassal, trader and college professor, priest, peasant, and student, intermingling upon a common footing, kept alive the flickering spark of liberty and learning. These exhibitions, springing from small beginnings, and in time creating powerful communities, led to the formation of free cities where merchants and traders resisted the robber barons and fostered commerce and civilization. But it was only after the frightful

revolt against the tyranny of centuries had produced the excesses of the French Revolution, and, in the ecstasies of their enthusiasm for universal liberty and the brotherhood of man, the French wished to share their victory with the world, that for the first time an international fair was held.

We have been passing through a period of centennials, with a passion for crowding events into century packages and labeling and stowing them away for reference at the end of the next hundred years. It is a singular coincidence that this exhibition, with only a four years' interval, will be the centennial of the first international fair. Nothing has made more clearly marked the development of this extraordinary century than the worth of these international exhibitions. Steam and electricity have made them possible, and the inventions have enriched them beyond the dreams of all the ages since the dawn of history.

Prince Albert opened the great World's Fair in the Crystal Palace in 1851 with the declaration "that the time had come to prepare for a great exhibition, not merely national in its conception and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world." To it came six millions of visitors. In 1861 again, London was the scene of another exhibition with six million two hundred thousand of visitors. The French in 1867 held their exhibition with still increasing numbers and interest, and the world's last effort at Paris in 1889 was housed in buildings costing eleven millions of dollars, with thirty millions of people crowding their booths and avenues. The most successful of the exhibitions since 1828 showed a handsome profit, and the most disastrous, that of Vienna in 1873, on account of the depression caused by the panic of that year, resulted in a deficiency of nine millions of dollars, which was made up by the government, but the Austrians and Hungarians have ever since regarded it as the best investment ever made by their country, because it brought their products into notice and opened for them the markets of the world.

The Columbus quadri-centennial celebration will be the only one within recorded time in which all the world can cordially and fraternally unite. It is not sacrilege to say that the two events to which civilization to-day owes its advanced position, are the introduction of Christianity and the discovery of America. The dynamic forces of our Christian faith, in the destruction of the

buttresses of bigotry and oppression, and the leveling up of the masses to common rights, could never have worked such marvelous results except for the opportunities of a new country and an untrammeled population. When Columbus sailed from Palos, printing types had been discovered, but Church and State held intelligence by the throat. The compass had opened the pathway across the seas, but feudalism had its foot upon the neck of commerce. Hopeless ignorance and helpless poverty were so burdened by caste and customs, laws and traditions, that liberty lay bound and gagged within impregnable prison walls. But Puritans and Catholics, Huguenots and Lutherans, English, Dutch, German, French, Swedes, most of them fleeing for liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, willing to sacrifice every material advantage and every earthly prospect for civil and religious liberty, and all of them seeking commercial freedom, followed the track of Columbus to the New World. Here was neither king nor noble, neither caste nor privilege. The distance was too great for paternal supervision, and self-government became the absolute necessity of the colonies. With no guide but God, and no constitution but the Bible, they worked out upon this continent, after many hardships and trials and tribulations, the problem of the equality of all men before the law. They founded institutions which have withstood the test of foreign invasion, of political passions, of party strifes, of individual ambition, and the shock of the mightiest civil war the world has ever seen. The influence of their successful experiment, following the lines of fraternal blood back to the countries from which they came, has revolutionized and liberalized the governments of the globe. The triumph of the principles of civil and religious liberty upon this continent, the beneficial effects of the common school, and the universal diffusion of education, have done more than all other agencies in uplifting mankind to higher planes of independence and happiness. The children, the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren of Great Britain and France, of Germany and Italy, of Spain and Russia, of Scandinavia and of all the other nations of Europe, will say to their kindred in the fatherlands: "Welcome, thrice welcome, to our States and homes; come and see and learn." And then will the era of peace and liberty dawn upon the world.

New continents beyond the ocean, which should become the

seat of great empires, and whose wealth would redeem the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem from the infidel, and evangelize the world, were the dream of Columbus. Sustained enthusiasm has been the motor of every movement in the progress of mankind. Genius, pluck, endurance, and faith can be resisted by neither kings nor cabinets. The triumph of Columbus is a superb practical illustration of the Apostle Paul's tribute to the power of faith. His lofty spirit and great purpose were undismayed by obstacles, defeat was an incentive to new endeavor, and he so carried his poverty that in the most brilliant court in Europe it seemed a decoration. While following Ferdinand and Isabella in their campaigns against the Moors, seeking an audience and a hearing for his grand scheme, small indeed seemed the battles, the sieges, and the victories that absorbed the attention of the hour. The armed chivalry of Spain, her marching squadrons, her gorgeous court, appeared to him the petty pageantry which stood between the royal ear and the discovery of a world. The most romantic picture of the period was Boabdil, last of the Moorish kings, coming out from Grenada and on bended knee surrendering to Ferdinand and Isabella the keys of the city, while the cross rose above the crescent upon the towers of the Alhambra. While all Europe was ringing with acclaim over this expulsion of the Mussulman, to one proud and lofty figure standing aloof and unmoved, it seemed of trivial importance compared with the grander conquest so clearly outlined to his vision.

It was a happy omen of what America would do for woman, that when statesman and prelate alike had rejected the appeal of Columbus as visionary, and the King had dismissed it with chilling courtesy, Isabella comprehended the discoverer's ideas, saw the opportunities of his success, appreciated the magnitude of the results to her throne and to the world, and pledged not only her royal favor, but her fortune and her jewels to the enterprise. The American woman, with her property rights guaranteed by American law, with her equal position and independence, with her unequaled opportunities for higher education and for usefulness, can say with pride to her brother, her lover, and her husband, "You owe America to me."

Columbus stands deservedly at the head of that most useful band of men—the heroic cranks in history. The persistent enthusiast whom one generation despises as a lunatic with one idea,

is often worshiped by succeeding ones as a benefactor. The ragged navigator at the gate of the palace of Castile and Aragon outranks in fame and beneficent endeavor all the kings and statesmen and soldiers, not only of his own period, but also of all later ones. Following the lines of his own great conception, this celebration in his honor is not an empty pageant of music and artillery, of banners and processions, but a gathering of the representatives of the industries of mankind for the purpose of enlarging the liberties, promoting the peace, improving the condition, and broadening the intelligence of a race.

There has been no time since the inauguration of our first President so auspicious for a national and international exhibition in the United States. In 1876 we had only partially recovered from the most disastrous financial panic of the century. The South had not yet started upon its new development, and was still suffering from the disorders and bitterness of reconstruction. But now we are at the very consummation of peace and prosperity. We are on the pinnacle of a century of unexampled growth, development, and progress. The vast region west of the Missouri River, which was a wilderness in 1876, has been fruitful in new States added to the Union; the railroad has penetrated along the valleys and climbed to the mountain tops, carrying populations, opening farms, developing mines, starting furnaces and mills, building villages and founding cities. A generation has grown up in the South which has caught the spirit of progress and the pace of the times. The great ranges so rich in coal and iron are furnishing wealth for new Birminghams and Manchesters and Pittsburghs.

With the eager pursuit of wealth, as is common with all American communities, have come the permanent foundations of the schoolhouse and the church, and the progress of intelligence and patriotism. The whole country is ripe and ready for the inspection of the world.

New York and Chicago were both founded upon a broad commercial basis, while conquest and spoliation marked the possession of their lands by other communities. The Dutch paid the Indians twenty-four dollars for Manhattan Island, and the founder of Chicago gave them five shillings for the site of this city and three hundred miles roundabout. That the Dutch played pitch-penny with poor Lo upon the Battery, and won back

the money, does not impair the commercial integrity of the transaction. It was only an object lesson to the savage upon the evils of gambling. But there is no record that the purchaser of Chicago made any effort to secure a return of his five shillings. The city on the seaboard, starting from a commercial basis, has become the metropolis of the continent, and one of the three chief cities of the world. This city upon the lakes is now the greatest wonder of our Western development, and with the impetus derived from the success of this fair will be the most phenomenal of modern communities. There were sixty millions of dollars of new deposits in the banks of Paris at the close of the French Exhibition, and all France was enriched by the larger sums distributed through the country. The hundreds of millions of dollars which will be poured into your midst will so quicken the pulse of your trade, so attract population, so energize enterprise, that your numbers, business establishments, and wealth will mount up by leaps and bounds. You may not have here the art treasures illustrating the genius of the old masters, the attraction of the exhibitions in Europe, nor the crown jewels which have astonished their visitors, but you can have the priceless antiques and the best works of the greatest artists of foreign schools, which the culture and wealth of our citizens have brought to this country. You will not exhibit, as did the Parisians, the dwellings of mankind from the cave and lake cottage through Venetian, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and medieval architecture, down to the last Parisian palace, but you will, from the mound-dweller, from the Indian tepee, and from the early settler's cabin, trace the rapid progress of our people, within the memory of men still living, from savagery to conditions which not only materially but artistically compare favorably with the accumulated results of thousands of years in the Old World.

Above and beyond the material results of this exhibition will be its stimulating influences upon the patriotism of the people and the unity of the nation. It is one of the paradoxes of progress that diffuse and universal intelligence tends to provincialism, and local pride and the refinement of the intellect to angles and points. There was a time when the weekly *Tribune* reached every town in the West, and Horace Greeley's opinions were the bond of common sentiment and national union, but the Associated Press distributes with impartial hand the news of the

world to the newspapers in every city in the land. The result is that the journals of every town go to the public only as far as the train can carry them during the morning hour, or before the family clock strikes the note for retiring. Universal circulation all over the country is no longer possible to any newspaper, and the editorials of the local press mold the opinions of the people. Under these conditions the New York editor does not write for Chicago nor the Chicago editor for St. Louis. If the Eastern or Western or the Southern or Pacific Coast press treats at all the interests of other sections, it is too often in an unfriendly and critical spirit. It is in a tone which depreciates or assails its distant countrymen, and makes them not only rivals, but enemies. From this cause multitudes in the East believe the West given up wholly to the pursuit of money, and deficient in the culture and refinement of long-organized and intelligent communities. Multitudes in the West regard the people of the East as effete and weak—excrescences upon the body politic, or leeches in the form of gold-bugs and coupon-cutters. The press of the South inculcates a sectional pride and sensitiveness which suspects an enemy in the mildest critic and hostility in every other section. But the fierce light of universal publicity which will beat upon this Exhibition, and the commingling here of citizens from every part of the Union, will do much to demonstrate that we are one people, with common interests and a common destiny.

Three years ago in London at dinner I sat beside Robert Browning, the poet. He said to me, "Of all the places in the world, the one which from its literary societies sends me the most intelligent and thoughtful criticisms upon my poetry is Chicago."

In this, the grandest temple of music the earth has ever known, the queen of song who had enraptured the sovereigns and the courts of Europe, sang to an audience of sovereigns as appreciative, as enthusiastic, and far more numerous than ever she had faced in the capitals of the Old World.

With the broad, generous, and catholic spirit which will inspire the visitors to this exhibition, the West will discover that the East, with its conservatism, intellectuality, and prosperity, has not lost its vigor, and the East will find that the West, with its stalwart force and push and drive, is abreast of the East in intelligence, culture, and refinement. While the East and the West will meet the South here with fraternal greetings and

reciprocal respect, the representatives from every State will learn anew the lesson that peace, prosperity, and power can be strengthened and perpetuated only in the Federal Union.

Let this International Fair be held; let the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus be celebrated; let it be commemorated by an Industrial Exhibition grander in extent and volume than any ever seen before; let the Old World know what their children have done in the New; let the Stars and Stripes float from every roof and turret and flag-staff; let the bands announce the opening and closing of the Fair each day with the inspiring strains of our national anthem, and we will separate from this grand communion, impressed more deeply than ever before with the fact that the proudest title on earth is that of American Citizen.

REPUBLICAN EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

SPEECH BEFORE THE REPUBLICAN EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK, AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, BROOK-
LYN, JANUARY 21, 1897.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Thirteen years ago I delivered the address before this association. While there have been many recruits in the interval I notice the faces of most of the veterans, looking as fresh and young as they did then. I have always been impressed with the cheerful vitality of journalists. No matter how many bad nights and uncomfortable days they give to anxious politicians and dubious speculators, the writhings of the victims enhance the serenity of the editors.

The profession is famous for the number of its members who not only reach old age, but retain to the last the fires of their youth. The brief biographies which note the departure day by day to join the majority of men of note rarely record the death of a journalist. Every other pursuit is represented. This simply illustrates and enforces the fact that few editors ever die. And yet at Albany, at Washington, and at the City Hall I have heard more fervent prayers for your departure from the scenes of your activities than were ever offered for any other cause. Fortunately for you it is only the prayers of the righteous which are ever answered.

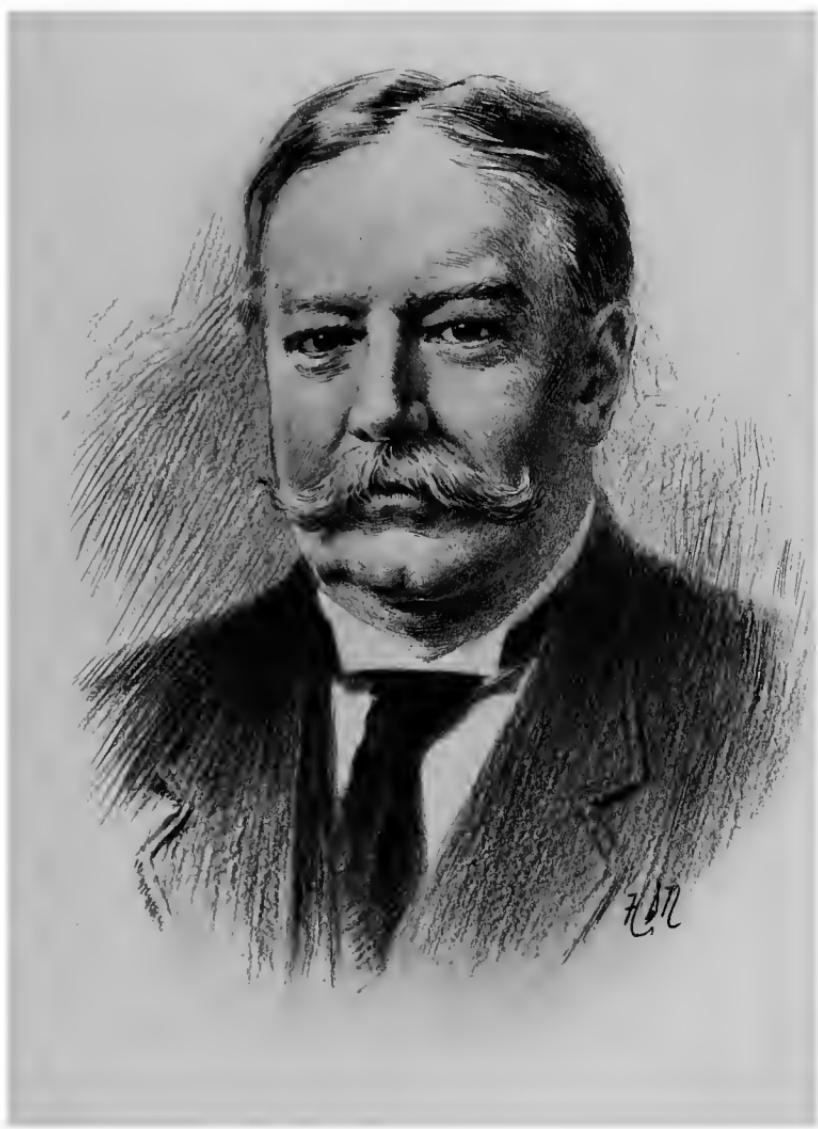
I have always wondered why an old editor did not write his reminiscences. If he should truthfully tell the stories of the men who in his time have filled a large place in the public eye, who have craved his support, who have sought to mitigate the punishment he was inflicting and have tried to induce him to change the course of his paper, and if he should reveal also the number of the wives and the sisters and the sweethearts who have brought their blandishments to bear upon him, he could present to the world a picture of the weakness of human nature in its best estate which would justify the doctrines of Calvin. In the evolution of our times the great editor who made a popular idol of a great politician no longer exists. There are no more Thurlow

Weeds and William H. Seward, no more Horace Greeleys and Henry Clays. The most delightful of the recollections of a fighter in politics whose battle antedated the Civil War cover the editorials of Thurlow Weed in the Albany *Evening Journal* and of Horace Greeley in the New York *Tribune* when Seward or Clay formed the subject. And with these original and powerful writers there was no subject, from a panic in Wall Street to the discovery of a comet, from the burning of a city to a booming town, from a defeat to a victory which did not suggest that all that was good was due to Seward or Clay, and all that was unfortunate might have been alleviated had either of them been consulted.

I had an early experience with Greeley as a political leader. It was thirty years ago. I had just deliberately quit public life for my profession and a living when Horace came to me one day and said that the ambition of his life was to represent the Assembly District in which he and I lived in a State Convention, but he had never been able to accomplish it. He had come to the deliberate opinion that the State could not be carried the second time for Fenton unless I was placed upon the ticket as Lieutenant Governor, and all he asked of me was to put him in the convention. I persuaded my friends up in Westchester to send Greeley at the head of the delegation. The convention was a unit behind him and the nomination assured. I modestly stayed in New York to avoid the appearance of seeking what was to come to me as an enthusiastic call. The late General Husted sent me a telegram which carried me to Syracuse on the night train. As I entered Mr. Greeley's room he said with his peculiar drawl, "Chauncey, I have changed my mind within the last hour; I think we must put a soldier on the ticket," and that gubernatorial boom "busted."

You, gentlemen, as Republican editors, ought to be peculiarly happy to-night. We have won a great victory. We have done more, we have averted a frightful disaster. It is not in the power of the imagination to picture what might have happened in the tension of the financial and industrial world if confidence had received the shock of the determination of the United States to embark upon the unknown sea of a depreciated and debased currency. This campaign was peculiarly yours because it was a campaign of education under extraordinary difficulties. The reconstruction acts, the amendments to the Constitution, the resump-

tion of specie payments were all campaigns of education, but they had the ground prepared for the lessons to be taught, for the sound doctrines to be inculcated. The editor and the orator in the late canvass were confronted with a monetary and industrial distress greater and longer continued than ever before in the history of our country. Men out of work, men in debt, men who could not realize on their assets were looking everywhere for relief. It is difficult to argue with an empty stomach, more difficult with a maturing note or mortgage. In such cases it is easier to appeal to the imagination than to the judgment. We won by a closer margin than would have been deemed possible ten years or four years ago upon such an issue. Our victory was due not alone to the justice of our cause, but largely to our leader. Hundreds of thousands who were captured by the silver lining to their cloud closed their eyes to the illusion because of their faith in McKinley and voted the Republican ticket. We cannot estimate how close his identification with the principle of protection to American industries had brought him to the great army of workers in the United States. It is a lesson as old as representative government and the suffrage than the party which can appeal to the people with a candidate who embodies their principles always wins against a principle which is not instinct with the life of the statesman who heads the opposition ticket. The victory has been won, the tremendous panic that would have occurred had it gone the other way has been averted, but the laborer and the artisan wait and the money in the vault lies idle and the mill and the factory and the furnace stop and start and stop and start again like impatient thoroughbreds at the commencement of the race. The country cries, "where is your prosperity, when are the good times to begin?" The bankrupt firm and insolvent railroad, the people overwhelmed by a great calamity do not rise instantly to the former conditions or better ones. Confidence is not the growth of a night; it is the creation of hundreds of tributary elements which ultimately do succeed in enabling it to accomplish its beneficent work. It was six months after the resumption of specie payments in 1879 before the country felt in its trade, on its farms and in its workshops the thrill of restored credit. The situation reminds me of the dark days before Richmond. The Army of the Potomac with heroic courage and without hope was meeting repeated defeats and disasters. There was



clashing of commanders and insubordination of chiefs. Suddenly from out of the West came the hero of Donelson and of Vicksburg. Shattered brigades and divisions and corps felt the hand of the master and heard the voice of the commander. The defeated army, knowing the prestige of its general and the harmony with him of his chiefs, responded to the call, closed up their ranks, and rushed forward with resistless energy until they had saved the Union at Appomattox.

We can praise President Cleveland for many acts, for many admirable things that he has done, but the army of honest money and of American industries saw the divisions and the disorders of the camp and the insubordination of the general. They felt the inspiration of the true commander, and without regard to previous affiliations Republicans and Sound Money Democrats rallied to the standard of McKinley. The difference between Cleveland and McKinley as Presidents and popular leaders is that Cleveland is a philosopher and McKinley a man of affairs. As the gallant Major, rising from the ranks in the Civil War, knew the feelings, the instincts, the aspirations, the methods of thought of the common soldier, so in public life he has kept in that close touch with the farm and the factory by which when once at the helm of State the industrial army inspired by confidence will rally for an industrial victory. The power of the people will compel their representatives in Congress to support an administration which is their own. Already we can feel the good times. We have three hundred and twenty-five millions to our credit as against the rest of the world. It only needs confidence in the stability of legislation and administration for the next four years for that golden current to flow into new enterprises, giving new employment and stimulating every activity of farm, of mine, and of factory. The investment market shows that nearly as much money has poured out to purchase securities in the last two months as in the other ten. It is the indication of the rising tide when our money first comes out to buy gilt-edged securities which can be only affected by revolutions and yield small interest and then, as distress diminishes and confidence and credit increase, it ventures into the enterprises which are the life, the prosperity and the wealth of a nation.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

SPEECH AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW YORK
ATHLETIC CLUB, NOVEMBER 29, 1896.

GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB: The laying of the corner-stone of what is to be the most complete, commodious, and perfect home of athletics in the world is in harmony with the times. It is a significant note of progress and prosperity. It can hardly be said that it is one of the evidences of returning good times like the opening of mills, factories, and furnaces; but it does show the strength and continued growth of athletics both in good and bad seasons. It was during the worst depression of the past two years, when financial and industrial conditions were the darkest, that this vigorous and plucky organization determined to invest a million of dollars in a new home. It is a tribute to muscular development and the mental and spiritual hopefulness it encourages that situations which defer or destroy other enterprises have no effect upon a company of athletes.

It is a singular phenomenon of our days that athletics in their modern sense are of such recent origin. I read an article last night in the issue of *Public Opinion* for this week upon the marvelous discoveries made by the French explorers in their excavations at Delphi. They would seem to indicate that in this ancient and classic home of the politics, the art, the public spirit, the religion, and the patriotism of Greece there were athletic clubs. They were not, however, clubs in our sense. They were rather gymnasiums or schools for professional athletes. Fifty years ago institutions of this kind were unknown in the United States. This organization is only twenty-eight years old, and it is one of the earliest in the country. Athletic exercises upon a scientific basis and with social associations originated in our colleges. Fifty years ago a man who was distinguished as a boxer, a wrestler, a runner, an oarsman, or a fine specimen of all-around muscular development was regarded with distrust in business circles, was deemed unreliable in the professions and suspected of an inability to grasp spiritual truths in the churches. I think the

reasons can be easily found from the fact that the young men who entered the academies or the colleges or came to the city to seek their fortunes were from the farms. From early youth they had been accustomed to follow the plow from sunrise to sunset, to use the scythe and the rake, the spade and the hoe, to lay stone walls and fill stone boats, to sleep during the long winter nights in rooms without fires and to endure—no, not endure, but to enjoy with keen zest and ever fresh vitality—both work and play. When they left the old homestead they had laid up a store of muscle and brawn, of health and strength which resisted the habits of the student or the cares of the business man. One of the most distinguished of our lawyers and statesmen said to me that he thought he owed his immunity from sickness for forty years and his ability during that time to live up to every requirement of professional and public life to the fact that he had not in that period taken any exercise. He acknowledged, however, that he had stored up a reservoir of vitality in his youth from which he could draw, and that his ancestors who had followed the plow for two hundred years had given him a constitution and a frame of iron.

It was common in our university towns, as well as in counting houses, a third of a century ago, to see many men who were Bible-backed, because from leaning over desks and pouring over books they had secured a curvature of the spine which made the upper part of the anatomy resemble a reading-desk. Men who had this figure were more likely to secure employment and promotion in sedentary pursuits than those who preserved and increased that noble form of humanity, which, from its resemblance to the Maker, as we understand Him materialized, is worthily called God-like. We are fortunate in the exacting requirements of our day that neither curvature of the spine nor chronic dyspepsia nor an acrid temper, due to physical ills, is a sure charter to a diploma for learning or entrance to heaven.

It is less than fifty years ago since the first college rowing club was formed. It is only a little over forty years ago since the first contest took place—that between Yale and Harvard. Then came baseball, then football, and now, as we saw in the Yale team which went to Oxford and the Cambridge team which came over to the United States, every form of athletics finds a home and exercise at our seats of learning.

Our faith in an over-ruling Providence is being constantly strengthened by the evidences, not only of the things we read of in books, but also of what occurs in our own experience. We see how men are made for great crises in national affairs and the habits and views of people are changed to meet the requirements of new situations. It is only upon the broad interpretations and understanding of an over-ruling Providence that we account for Washington and for Lincoln.

The world has changed entirely in the last third of a century. Fierce competition has produced new conditions and developed the necessity for fresh ability among those who would remain in the race, and all must remain in the race or become dependent upon charity or starve. Steam and electricity have done more than spiritualize matter and energize force. They have compelled men and women to live, and work and think under electrical conditions. Dormant nerves, and inert cells of the brain, have been called upon for exertions which strain them to the extremes of sensitiveness and the verge of breaking. The medical faculty and the pharmacopœia are wholly unable to cope with the many forms of nervous prostration, malaria, debility, and other weaknesses. We all recognize the frequent failure of a friend whose medical adviser tells him he has one or all of these troubles. We all know that he is the victim of overwork, over-worry, and overstrain. The time-honored prescription is travel and rest, and few can afford either. It is the mission and beneficent accomplishment of wise athletics to present the antidote for these disorders, to prepare the mind and body to meet the requirements of our age, of the telegraph and the telephone, of the morning and evening newspaper, and of the lightning express trains.

It is another characteristic of our day that the opportunities for this education should also give the best social surroundings and healthful recreation. We can do little in any department of life without combination or organization. The athletic club presents the social side of club life in its most attractive form. Athletic pursuits are the handmaids of good habits and virtue. The amateur athlete, no more than the professional, can vitiate his blood with alcohol or injure his lungs and heart with excesses in tobacco or indulge in any vices which impair his vigor and his muscle. Ours are practical times and sermons must be followed

by service. It is useless now to give advice unless we can show the young man where and how he can follow it. So the healthful conditions of manly athletics have become the best helpers to the preacher, the best assistants to the doctor, the best workers for the temperance societies, the best correctors of private morals and the best aids to good citizenship.

Manly sports and international games are factors in maintaining the peace of the world. We have witnessed the cordial reception of the representatives of our colleges in England and of the English university men here. While at Henley last summer I heard the cheers and felt the enthusiasm of an alien crowd both for our Yale oarsmen and for the crew of Frenchmen who came over from the Seine. These Frenchmen, despite our traditional views that there never was an athletic Gaul, beat some of the best crews on the Thames. Manly sport, like art, knows neither race nor territorial divisions. I was present at the dinner given by the Sports' Club to the Yale crew. Two hundred and fifty English athletes, members of this, the leading athletic club of Europe, were the hosts. Each of their six speakers vied with each other in commending the gallantry and modesty of their visitors and in cordial expression that they might come over and again try their luck. The catholicity of sport was happily illustrated by an old gentleman who said that he had been an oarsman for over fifty years. He gave a rapid review of the progress of the English oarsman in experimenting upon strokes and oars and boats, and who frankly admitted that the British crew had better opportunities for practice than Americans, because they had open water all the year around, while our waters are frozen during the winter months. But he went further. He gave to our boys the sum of his long observation and experience to the end, as he said, that they might utilize the best results of English practice, so that when they came again there would be no handicap against them on account of boat or oars or a defective stroke, but with all these being equal, it should be a fair, manly, and chivalric contest between American and English pluck, endurance, strength and skill.

Upon this corner-stone let arise a home for honorable athletics, a home which shall frown upon the brutality of some of its forms; a home that shall encourage every kind of healthful sport.

TRANSPORTATION CLUB DINNER

SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE TRANSPORTATION CLUB
MARCH 22, 1904. SUBJECT: AUTOMOBILES.

MY FRIENDS: The Transportation Club has neither partizanship nor fads. It treats in the broadest spirit problems of safety in speed. Papers have originated here, the production of the most eminent experts in their several lines, which have contributed to the ever quickening movement of passengers and property. Instantaneous communication by cable, telegraph, and telephone has made rapid transit the supreme necessity of our time. Speed, as a factor, in development and competition has had its greatest impetus within the recollection of living men. The clipper ship, which crossed the Atlantic in thirty days, carried sixty per cent of our commerce as against the slow going merchantmen under other flags. Then came the wonder of the world, the side wheeled Cunarder, which reduced the time to twelve days, and now it has come nearly to five. Because speed is mostly under other flags is one reason why we now carry only eight per cent. of our commerce as against sixty per cent. sixty years ago. On land internal trade and the importance of cities and towns have been revolutionized by speed. The train, such a gratifying advance upon the stage-coach when it made twenty miles an hour, has now been succeeded by flyers that annihilate distance and make terminals mighty metropolises at a mile a minute. I thought I might get through a speech on this subject without introducing Peekskill, but I find that there is no subject of human interest which does not find its illustration and inspiration in that remarkable village. When I was a boy the whole population gathered on the hills to note the daily race between the New York and Albany steamboats. About six o'clock in the evening they would come in sight after forty miles of struggle, sometimes one and sometimes the other ahead. Both the *Alida* and the *Drew* had their partizans, and the interest overshadowed local and national politics and on Sunday effaced the memory of the morning sermon. Many a future promoter had his talent aroused by

his early venture upon the race and many a youth, who in after years fought heroically in the Civil War, either pounded or was pounded by his opponent nearly to death to convince him that he was mistaken as to which was the better boat.

The bicycle came upon us almost in a night. It instantly appealed to all who could not afford horses, and to many who could, because they could move faster than by exercising feet and legs in a walk or a run. The bicycle lost its popularity largely because both men and women wish to move as fast as possible without personal exertion, and the automobile came upon the stage. This club has been in existence nine years. At its foundation the automobile was in such an experimental stage that it was almost unknown. No history of it can be found in encyclopedias or dictionaries except those of recent date and the year-books. The first automobilist was Phaeton, who came to grief while acting as chauffeur of a sky auto and deranged the universe by smashing constellations and releasing into space comets and meteors whose unregulated movements are some day to repeat the performance of their author by knocking our earth into smithereens. I was present almost at the birth of the automobile. A prize was offered, I think by Mr. Brisbane Walker and the friends of the Ardsley Club, for a trial of these machines from the City Hall to the Club, a distance of twenty-six miles. This was eight years ago. The Judges were General Nelson A. Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army; the head of the United States Corps of Engineers; Frank Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, John Jacob Astor, and myself. Twenty-six automobiles were entered. Ten broke down in the preliminary movements, sixteen started, four arrived at the Ardsley Club, and two were able to get back to the City Hall. They started at ten in the morning and arrived at the Club at three in the afternoon. This was thought quite satisfactory eight years ago. There were at that time very few machines in the United States, all in a very limited territory on the Atlantic Coast. At the dinner in celebration of this event at the Club at which was gathered an assemblage of famous engineers, transportation men, and manufacturers, the menu was headed, "The First Day of the Horseless Age." It is needless to remark that the menu was printed before the trial had proved that the horse was as yet in no danger. The fact that two out of twenty-six

machines could run twenty-six miles in five hours instead of being a discouragement was an incentive to American enterprise and invention. The mechanical skill of Europe as well as of the United States was upon its mettle. But within a few months Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at Ormond, clipped off thirty-nine seconds to the mile. My first trial of a high speed automobile was when a friend of mine in England took me from the Carlton Hotel to his country seat about forty-five miles out. The roads were fine and level but fairly full of all kinds of traffic and numberless bicycle riders. When out of sight of the constable he pushed the machine up to nearly fifty miles an hour. My education of forty years in railroading had made me believe that I wanted for safety, on any machine running more than ten miles an hour, a ballasted way, T rails, fish-plates, flanged wheels, and power brakes. We all remember the famous remark of the great Stephenson who when asked what was the difference between fifty and ninety miles an hour if the train left the track said none, because the passengers would all go to hell in either case. It showed Stephenson's estimate of the spiritual condition of the traveling public in his day. I felt that without any of the safeguards taught a railroad man I was flying in the face of Providence in this ride. Our hairbreadth escapes added considerably to the baldness which has diminished my enjoyment, in appearance, of perennial youth.

In eight years from practical failure of the first experiment the demand for automobiles in the United States has run up to fifteen thousand a year and the improvements have been greater than in any other class of manufacture and more rapid. The automobile now is in sight and out again leaving no sign of its passage, while scarcely a year has passed since for hours after the machine had disappeared the householder when she opened the window for fresh air thought a torchlight procession had been occupying the road. Up to the present time the pleasure car has been the main product of this invention and its improvements. Its greatest enemy has been the fool automobilists. There ought to be a special asylum where these dangerous creatures could be locked up for life. Automobiling in France and many parts of Switzerland is the delight of the tourist because of the excellence of the roads, the freedom of both rest and movement, and the fact that there is so little travel on the highways. I met an

American automobilist who was narrating at a Swiss hotel with savage glee the horses he had frightened by going directly at them and showing his skill by swerving at the last second. The vehicles which had been upset, the flocks of fowls whose feathers filled the air, and pleasing adventures to himself of the frightened wives of farmers who had been tossed over fences by bullocks attached to carts carrying the produce to town who had been scared into frenzy by his performance. I think this one fool automobilist caused laws to be passed in one canton prohibiting automobiles entirely within that territory and his fellows have been the authors of the protective legislation which so seriously handicaps the expert and intelligent chauffeur. We are now upon the eve of a revolution in both passenger and freight transportation by the automobile. The passenger mobile, whose stopping is not confined to street corners but which can land and take on passengers at the curb, whose accidents cover not the whole line but only one vehicle, which move so readily and easily in and out in crowded streets, which is not dependant on power plants, is to come constantly into greater use in large cities and profitable employment in villages where it will not pay to construct and operate trolley lines. Rural free delivery of mails is one of the growing necessities of our post-office system. It is not a dream to suppose that an automobile constructed to carry mail, passengers and parcels will pay handsomely and while bringing the farmer in daily contact with the post-office will connect his family with the store and his farm with the village market. These facilities will contribute by stimulating travel and production to the revenues of the railroads and to the trolleys in the larger towns from the highways and byways tributary to the central village or city, and thus not only will farms become more valuable and the vast volume of our internal traffic be greatly added to but there will also be increased comfort and pleasure in country living. The automobile that is and is to be, will stimulate that most beneficent of public works, good roads everywhere. Thus we see that while it required nearly a century to develop, so as to meet modern conditions, transportation upon the sea by steamship, upon rivers by steamboats, upon the land by railroads, this wonderful invention has so progressed in less than a decade that from a toy it has become and will more and more be year by year a necessity of civilization.

TRANSPORTATION CLUB DINNER

SPEECH OVER THE TELEPHONE FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.,
TO THE GUESTS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE TRANSPOR-
TATION CLUB, HOTEL MANHATTAN, NEW YORK, MAY 23,
1900.

GENTLEMEN OF THE TRANSPORTATION CLUB: I am sorry I am not with you to-night. I have spoken to thirty thousand people in one audience at different times in my life; this is the first time I have ever made a speech two hundred and thirty miles long. Distance is easy for a railroad man. It is his business to overcome it. He has rapidly annihilated space by steam; he intends to kill more of it by electricity. This is an experiment for the fastest time on record by wind, or compressed air. When this thing is perfected and statesmen can talk thousands of miles with a switch at every station, the results will be incalculable.

Governor Roosevelt from Albany could inspire the whole State by one effort of a strenuous life. Col. Bryan from Omaha could speak sixteen ways with one speech. The effect upon the circulation of documents and newspapers may be disastrous, for the world will become hearers and not readers. With Congressional oratory thus distributed in every home, the family circle will never appreciate other blessings until they hear them. The only men who thoroughly enjoy themselves are the active workers on the railroads; they can work for the benefit of the public and play for their own pleasure as the people in no other pursuit are able to do.

Speed, signals, switches, and curves on the one hand, and millions of people to be carried in safety and comfort from one end of the country to the other, on the other hand, give to the railroad man concentration, vigilance, and quick perception. He takes the same qualities into sport. He sees a joke before other people have dreamed there was one; he perpetrates jokes so subtle that for a year afterwards his friends in continuing procession are giving him enjoyment because they are just catching on. The railroad man gets there; and the whole art of success in the

fierce strife of modern competition is to get there, and to get there before the others. It is the practical application of David Harum's famous maxim: "Do unto the other fellow as he would do unto you, but do him first."

When a convention of railroad men, especially Passenger Agents, reach any town, the whole place knows they are there. They are like that quality of Bourbon whiskey whose fiery spirit telegraphs back the moment it gets down, "I have arrived." Railroad men, because they come into contact with and transact the business of every profession, vocation and pursuit, are experts in them all. They know how to keep a surplus on hand for hard times when the earnings are very large by making a statement which prevents stockholders from taking it all. They know how, when earnings are falling off, to show prosperity in the utilization of this surplus by also making a statement. It is the character of these statements which has given railroad comptrollers who make up the annual reports, the well-known title of "old reliables." At the head of this profession is Mr. John Carstensen, the secretary of the Transportation Club, and the comptroller of the New York Central Railroad.

The poet laureate of England, Mr. Alfred Austin, has been giving us lately verses on the British victories and reverses in South Africa. The cables say that these verses are poetry, but that is not recognized anywhere else. There is more poetry than in a dozen poems of Alfred Austin, in one booklet of General Passenger Agent George H. Daniels, when he describes the attractions for a tourist in the scenery on the New York Central. There is more romance in Daniels, when he does the scenery act on the Hudson and the Lakes by script and picture, than in any score of the popular novels of the day. That is the reason why our genial General Passenger Agent has won and deservedly bears the title of "Truthful George."

We railroad workers are unlike men in other professions; we can stand chaff, while they get mad. We can give and take, enjoy the giving and love the taking, if the giver and the taker are both artists, and railroad men are all artists.

The finest exhibition in the world of industrial life is the million of employees upon the rolls of the railroads of the United States. They present the picture and practice of intelligent industry, of public spirit, of skilled labor in the service of the

public, of valuable contributions to good citizenship and the general welfare which have come to be appreciated by their fellow citizens. The railroad man can be as good a soldier and as faithful and able an official of the Government, or his State, as the professional man, the farmer, or the worker in any other pursuit.

Let us respect our profession; let us demand that it be accorded the honors and the privileges enjoyed by every other pursuit; let us stand together in the pride of the work which makes our living and our careers.

Good night, good luck and a good time.

NEW YORK BAR ASSOCIATION

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK BAR ASSOCIATION AT ALBANY,
JANUARY 21, 1896.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR ASSOCIATION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: You will not expect of me a technical discussion of constitutions, codes, or statutes. The needs of the State or the country in these respects will be ably presented in the papers which will be read during your session.

A meeting of the lawyers of this great commonwealth has a profounder meaning than suggestions for amendments to laws or facilities in procedure. By virtue of our official distinction as officers of the court there devolve upon us public duties of the greatest importance. The larger the question and the greater the perils involved in its decision, the more clear is the mission of the Bar Association to give to the subject its attention and to the country the results of its calm deliberation. Never during the seventeen years of our existence has our meeting been held at a period so interesting and at the same time so fraught with dangers.

Ours is a lawyer's government. It was the agitation by the patriotic members of the profession which brought on the Revolutionary War. It was the conservative wisdom of the lawyers which framed the Constitution of the United States. Twenty of our twenty-four Presidents have been lawyers, as were twenty-four of the fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thirty of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. A large majority of the members of both houses of Congress, and of both houses of the Legislatures of the several States have always been, and still are, members of the profession.

The checks and safeguards against revolutionary action which distinguish the institutions of the United States from those of all other democracies are the fruits of the wisdom and foresight of great minds trained to the law. Therefore the sentiment contained in Cicero's famous maxim, "Silent leges inter arma," is specially pregnant for the hour. Cicero was the greatest lawyer

of his time, and of the whole Roman period. Like most of the eminent members of the Bar in our days, he was also an orator and a statesman of the foremost rank. In the forum and in the senate he had fearlessly defended the right and assailed the wrong, and maintained justice and liberty. A craze for conquest had created armies. Wonderful victories had made famous generals, and triumphal processions had inflamed and intoxicated the people. He saw what no other statesman of his period did, that beside the captive chained to the chariot of the conqueror as it proudly rolled along the Appian Way with the acclaim of the multitude, stalked also in chains the figure of Roman Liberty. This wrung from him the sentence which has become one of our legal maxims. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. The army and the people gave him dictatorial power. The patriots assassinated him. The army executed the patriots. The successful general and dictator instructed his soldiers to pursue and kill the great lawyer, not for any crime, but for words spoken in debate in the Senate of Rome for the republic and against its arch enemy. When Cicero's throat was cut upon the highway by the soldiers of Antony, the body of Roman law, which protected life and property, and judicially decided rights and remedied wrongs, and which had been five hundred years in slow and laborious construction, was buried with his blood. From that time until the Dark Ages the will of the autocrat of the hour was the law of the world. It devastated provinces. It depopulated countries. It made deserts of vast territories. It consigned to untimely graves with every form of horror and suffering untold millions of the human race. The falling temple of liberty carried down in its ruins civilization, law, learning, art, humanity, and religion. Centuries passed by, all dedicated to war, until the Church arrested its savagery for the moment by the Truce of God.¹ This declaration of the pious and renowned Bishop of Aquitaine is the foundation of the jurisprudence of modern times. By the Truce of God, for four days in the week one simple law of life and liberty prevailed. The traveler could be upon the highway, the merchant dispose of his goods, the artisan work in his factory, the farmer follow

¹An attempt on the part of the Church, in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, to enforce the suspension of private feuds among the militant barons during certain times, as in Lent, on important festivals and fasts, from Wednesday evening to Monday morning, etc., on pain of excommunication. It fell into disuse with the growth of power of the great rulers.—*Ed.*

his plough, the housewife and the maiden be afield garnering the harvest, without fear of murder, outrage, conscription or robbery. But, for ages yet to come, under the necessities for protection, induced by perpetual wars, Europe was divided into masters and slaves—the masters the feudal lords and their armed retainers—the slaves, the tillers of the soil, the artizans and laborers. The tradition and education of the ages that rights could only be established and wrongs could only be redressed by the sword, created the Law of the Sword. For hundreds of years all disputes were settled by the gauge of battle. Titles to real estate, difficulties as to boundary lines, questions of contract and of tort, matters of inheritance and the settlement of estates were submitted to private combat for "justice." The courts met at the appointed places. The judges sat clothed in their robes of office. The criers of the court announced the case, and the litigants entered the lists armed for the fray. The rules for the combat were as well established as the rules of trial are in the courts to-day. The theory over it all and under it all was that the "God of Battles" would be on the right side. Cromwell, who was intensely religious, fought for his faith. Napoleon, who had no religion, fought for glory. Each declared that God was on the side of the strongest battalions. The Almighty in these judicial combats evinced His abhorrence of them by so far withholding His interposition that the most skilled athlete and the best trained duellist always succeeded. So strong is the power of custom that this right to appeal to private combat by the dropping of a glove before the judge, that the arbitrament of arms actually remained a part of the statute law of England's colonies in America until the independence of our Republic—and of England herself until 1818. Nay, more, it survived in active practice until fifty years ago, in the form of the duel, in nearly every part of this country. No man could retain his position at the Bar or in society who should refuse a challenge. In the ante-bellum days hundreds of brilliant young lawyers who went to the South to try their fortunes were challenged by the best shots of the local Bar, who wanted to remove the dangerous competition of their Yankee rivals; and many of them fell before the bullets of the trained duellists to whom, below the Mason and Dixon line, pistol practice was an essential part of a gentleman's education.

The best evidence of healthy public sentiment, or rather of

Christian civilization and enlightenment in the law, is that to-day the man who loses caste in the duel is not he who refuses, but he who challenges. In every State in the Union the duellist has become by statute a felon, and the most striking instance of the change in public sentiment is that juries never hesitate to convict him of a crime. Public sentiment now declares that true courage hands the duellist or would-be duellist over to the police, and appeals to the law for the adjustment of difficulties.

While this healthful advance in civilization and this undoubted public sentiment supporting it, mark the new relations between individuals, there has been little if any progress in the peaceful, lawful, and orderly settlement of international disputes, involving communities.

The barbarous, murderous, and uncertain methods of the ancient and the medieval periods still prevail. The alarms of war agitate a world. The columns of our daily papers are filled with cables and telegrams announcing the rage of nations and the imminence of their flying at each other's throats. The battle blood, the inheritance of the ages, is aflame for fight.

Only one power keeps the nations of Europe from instantly declaring war. The bankers and business men have become the arbiters between nations. In modern conflicts so vast and expensive are the preparations for and operations of war that the longest purse wins. Neither Germany nor France, nor Austria nor Italy, nor Russia nor Spain can hurl their armies at each other and equip their navies for fight without the consent of the great bankers of the world. The only two nations that may be said to be free from this thraldom, because of their wealth, their commerce and credit, are the United States and Great Britain. "War," said Erasmus, "is the malady of princes." He might have added, the danger of republics.

The spirit of war—largely the inheritance of the dynastic ambitions of royal houses—is the chief incentive to the employment of the best inventive genius for engines of destruction. Improvements in naval architecture are first for war and next for commerce. If armor is made which will resist a new shell, the gun follows that will fire the shot which will pierce the armor. If a "magazine" is constructed which will destroy its score of human beings in as many seconds, along comes the machine gun which will kill its hundreds of fathers, brothers, sons, and hus-

bands in the same time. The resources of chemistry and electricity are exhausted to discover the implements by which great armies may be annihilated in an hour.

The events of the past few weeks have demonstrated how easy it is to arouse the fighting blood among our own people. A generation eager for battle has come upon the stage since the Civil War.

The greatest ministers and leaders for peace whom I ever met were the generals whose fame fills the world, and whose victories were in our civil strife—Grant and Sherman and Sheridan. During the whole of their lives after the war they were the apostles and preachers of peace.

An Eastern writer says: "We have furnished a great and famous soldier whom your historians scarcely mention, but who ought to rank above Cæsar or Hannibal or Napoleon, and his name and title are Genghis Khan. To him belongs the unequalled glory of having slain 18,400,000 human beings in eleven years." He had a definite object, to destroy cities and villages and make the world a pasture field for nomadic tribes. Attila, the Scourge of God, on the other hand, made it his proud boast that no grass ever grew upon the fields which had suffered the hoof beats of his horses. How much greater, how much nobler, how much more humane was the sentiment of the philosopher who said that "the true benefactor of mankind is the one who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before."

Napoleon, at St. Helena, made this apologetic remark. "I killed only a million of men in all my wars." He did not mention the ten millions who died from starvation in the wildernesses he left behind him.

The strongest evidence of the fervor and force of this sanguinary sentiment among us to-day is the action of Congress upon the President's Venezuela Message. By the Constitution of the United States the war power belongs to Congress, and yet the Senate and House of Representatives, with unanimity and hot haste, rushed to record their approval of what they believed at the time to be a declaration of war, and their chaplain appealed to the Prince of Peace with this marvelous invocation: "O Lord, may we be quick to resent anything like an insult to our nation; so may Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen." One does not know, in the presence of

such a travesty upon the Sermon on the Mount, whether to say "Good Lord!" or to exclaim "Great Scott!" The lesson seems to be enforced that a hasty or passionate President could plunge the nation into war, and the reason and justification for its sacrifices of blood and treasure and industrial interests would be left for academic discussion after the strife was over.

There are to-day in Europe—on a so-called peace footing—seven millions of men in arms. Every laborer, as he goes to his shop or to his work in the fields, carries upon his back and keeps upon his back during the whole of his day a fully armed soldier. The combined war debts of these governments are sixteen thousand millions of dollars. Such are the burdens under which anarchy grows and socialism thrives, and populations seek by emigration to the wilds of Asia and the wastes of Africa and the tropical countries of South America, as well as to our own more favored land, an escape from intolerable conditions.

There are occasions when war is both right and necessary, and a nation must embark upon it without counting the consequences, but the issue of battle is never certain, nor does the arbitrament of war always end in right or justice. The struggle between Prussia and Austria for supremacy in the German Empire was decided not by the merits of the case, but by the needle gun in the hands of the Prussians used against the old-fashioned musket of the Austrians. To his everlasting honor, the old King of Prussia, the first Emperor of Germany, a soldier born in camps and whose life was practically passed in arms, gave his best efforts for the maintenance of the peace of Europe. Napoleon the Third, to sustain a falling dynasty, declared war and lost his throne, deprived France of two of her fairest provinces, and put upon her a load of debt involving grinding taxation.

Our War of 1812 was right if our dispute with Great Britain and our demand for fair treatment and justice could not be settled by arbitration. It is a curious and impressive fact that the purpose for which that war was made was not gained by the war. The *casus belli* was not considered in the treaty of peace, but was settled afterwards by arbitration. The Civil War might have been averted at one time by payment of a proper indemnity to the owners of the slaves. In the passions of the hour that period passed by, and the slaves were freed and the Republic held together by our great civil strife. But the cost of the war was half

a million people killed, a million crippled and wounded, the devastation and destruction of all the material interests and visible property of ten States, and the loss in money of four thousand millions of dollars on the one side and as much on the other. The Republic united and free is worth all that it cost both in blood and treasure, and much more; and yet, had the South been as strong in credit and resources, with as large an available fighting population as the North, it is doubtful whether a war between men of the same blood, each thinking they were fighting for the right, would not have ended in a drawn battle.

The argument has recently been advanced by Bismarck, by the London *Times*, and only the other day by a distinguished Judge speaking to a company of students, that without war the moral tone of a people deteriorates, and they lose a fine sense of patriotism and a keen appreciation of national honor. At the breaking out of the Civil War, of the thirty millions of people in the United States there were not twenty-five thousand who had had any actual experience of campaigns; and these few veterans had served only in the Mexican War of twelve or fifteen years before. Ours was pre-eminently a peaceful population. For three generations the blood of the people had not been stirred by a great conflict nor themselves called to arms. And yet when the flag was fired upon, and the existence of the Republic was at stake, there was a popular uprising and enlistment such as was never before known in ancient or in modern times. There were in this country three millions of men in arms on the one side or the other. At Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the bloody Battle of the Wilderness, and Sherman's March to the Sea, were exhibited valor, heroism, and patriotism of a higher and nobler type than any other age can boast. The lawyers did their best to bring about a peaceful settlement between the North and the South; but when the armed struggle came, they enlisted for the war, in proportion to their number, in far greater ratio than any other profession, calling, or vocation. Nearly all the volunteer officers who became brigadier and major-generals, and won distinction equal to that attained by the gallant graduates of West Point, were members of the profession of the law. No lawyer better fulfilled his duty to his profession, lived up to a higher ideal in politics and in public life, or performed more heroic deeds

upon the battlefield than that brave and distinguished member of our Association who died within the last week, General Francis C. Barlow.

Now is the time for the profession to perform a great work upon the lines of the lawyers of the centuries in promoting international arbitration. The present dispute between the English-speaking races which is agitating the world calls for both practical wisdom and legal acumen for its solution. There is no dissent in this country from the Monroe Doctrine as promulgated by President Monroe and interpreted by Jefferson, Madison, Webster, and Calhoun. Alexander Hamilton, the foremost lawyer of the revolutionary period, and one of the greatest creative geniuses of our country, stated in the *Federalist*, with that clearness of insight into the future by which he stamped upon our institutions the elements of conservatism and perpetuity, this rule for our guidance: no European aggressions upon the Americas which would endanger our safety or subject our sister republics to European despotism will be permitted by the United States. Yet any one who studies the Monroe Doctrine will see how in each individual case, except where there is a flagrant violation, like the French invasion of Mexico, the applicable interpretation of it should be the subject of judicial determination. The President's message to Congress presents a novel view of the principle. If there is a dispute as to a boundary line between a South American Republic and a European power, no matter how insignificant the territory involved, or how distantly it affects the independence of the country, or how remotely it may interest us, we must demand that the two governments arbitrate the line, and if they refuse, we must find out as best we can what the line is and enforce it by war. If, however, pending our inquiry, the two parties agree, we have no further rights or duties. This seems to surrender the doctrine, if Venezuela or Brazil chooses to sell a portion of its lands. A slight extension of the principle compels us to assume a protectorate over all these republics. Their enterprises and industries are almost entirely owned or controlled and carried on by Americans, English, Germans, French, and Italians. Their governments are in almost perpetual revolution, and the military dictator of the hour confiscates property right and left, except that of foreigners. If he could rely upon the United States to protect him, he would treat the lives, possessions, and

business of the Germans, English, Italians, and French with the same impartial appropriation as he does those of his countrymen. These nations would demand reparation and redress. This would involve the collection of substantial damages, and we would be in a measure bound to assume the quarrel. We might, at the whim or necessities of the successful military dictator of Venezuela or the Argentines, of Brazil or Ecuador, of Paraguay or Peru, of Yucatan or Honduras, of Chili or Bolivia, be involved in frequent wars with the powers of Europe. This would require an immense navy and large standing army.

The feeling in the United States against Great Britain is more easily aroused than against other countries for many reasons. In the first place, we are blood relations, and family quarrels are always hasty and fierce. Our battles of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 were with England. The attitude of her government during our Civil War was specially irritating, and disputes about boundary lines and fisheries have frequently arisen. The diplomatic correspondence of her Ministers, especially of those who have not visited America, is often characterized by a spirit of paternal chiding or coddling which we rightly and vehemently resent. But while this feeling exists to a large extent with us, there has come into power in Great Britain—and we have scarcely noticed it—indeed, it has only been brought strongly and convincingly to our attention by the recent terrific outbreak against Germany—a force unknown and unheard of at the time of George III., or the War of 1812, or even our Civil War. It is the all-powerful democracy of Great Britain, which universal suffrage has brought to the front, and which is to-day the real power in the British Islands. This force is cordial in its friendship for our people and country. There are no obstacles in the way of a peaceful adjustment, upon a permanent basis, of all present and future difficulties between the democratic spirit—the people—of the United States and the democratic spirit—the people—of Great Britain.

Unless we should be driven to it by a stress of circumstances not now perceptible, or by difficulties and dangers which cannot be averted in any other way, we do not want a great standing army. It would be a menace to our peace, a menace to capital, and a menace to labor. In a republic a dictator always stands in the shadows of a large regular army. We require a navy sufficiently

large to protect American citizens and American commerce in any part of the globe. We should have our ports in condition to be defended in the possible, but scarcely probable, event of war with a foreign nation. But to have a navy on a footing with the great sea powers of Europe, and a standing army equal on a peace footing to the emergency of sudden hostilities, involves just the dangers of foreign entanglements against which Washington warned his countrymen in his farewell address. The maintenance of this force in idleness would take permanently half a million of youth from our industries, and the Federal Government would either have to meet an enormous annual deficit of revenue by piling up debt, or resort to the process of direct taxation upon the people.

The United States is the only nation so situated that it can with honor and safety move upon the pathway of peace for an international Court of Arbitration. North of us lies Canada with its vast territories—larger in area than the United States—but with a sparse population of some five millions of people. It seeks no war. It wants no hostilities and no disagreements with our Republic. It is anxious for commercial union. Political union will follow whenever we desire to extend the invitation. So there is no danger from Canada. To the South of us is Mexico, with only twelve millions of people, of whom ten millions are Indians, uneducated and degraded. We need fear nothing from Mexico; nor do we want her. That population incorporated into our political system would corrupt our suffrage. The Presidency of the United States and the political control of the Republic might be decided by the Indians of Mexico. Farther away are the Republics of the Isthmus of Darien and of South America. The perpetual wars between these nations, and the constant internal revolutions and feuds which have characterized them, have left that part of the Western Hemisphere at the end of three hundred years—though its climate, soil, and resources are as attractive and great as those of the North—with a scattered population of fewer than twenty millions, two-thirds of whom are Indians and half-breeds. We have no fear of them. And now look at Europe. It is three thousand miles across the ocean from the nearest seaport of any European power to any seaport of the United States. Our country has seventy millions of people, and seventy billions of dollars of accumulated wealth. So great has been our pros-

perity because of one hundred and two years of peace and only five of war, so free have we been from the strifes which have exhausted the resources of Europe, that the taxing power of the Government has not yet touched for any purpose the real and personal property represented in these seventy thousand millions of dollars of accumulated wealth. According to the census of 1890, we have 9,200,000 fighting men. The experience of the Civil War has shown that from them could be drafted, mobilized, and instructed in three months, three millions of soldiers. All the transports and natives of the world could not land upon our shores an army which could march one hundred miles from the sea coast, or ever return to their ships. With all the world in arms against us, the vast interior of our continent, except in its industrial and economic phases, would know nothing of the trouble and never see a foreign uniform—except on a prisoner of war. Secure in our isolation, supreme in our resources, unequaled in our reserves, and free from dangerous neighbors, we occupy among the nations of the globe a position so exalted and safe that to compare us with other countries would be absurd. The statesman or the politician who really fears for the safety of this country is a fool. The statesman or politician who does not fear (because he knows better), and who yet preaches of our weakness and our vulnerability, is a demagogue, and he insults the intelligence of the American people. This great reservoir of force for all purposes—the American Republic—this mightiest engine of war and most beneficent power for peace on the face of the globe, can extend the right hand of fellowship to warring brethren across the Atlantic and promulgate with honor and dignity a scheme for an international tribunal, and lead in the movement.

The first crisis in our national history came soon after the machinery of our Government was put in motion by the first President, General Washington. The people demanded a war with England, to help France, when we had neither arms nor credit nor money, and France was powerless and almost bankrupt in her revolutions and her internal and international complications. The United States needed commerce and trade; needed the freedom of the seas; needed the control and improvement of its river and inland lakes for the development of its resources. It required peace, rest, and opportunity to attract immigration, to build its States, to utilize its vast water power, and

to bring out its exhaustless treasures from field, forest and mine. The task for peaceful settlement was entrusted to the head of the Bar of the United States, the Chief-justice of the Supreme Court, John Jay. With infinite tact, with marvelous wisdom, with judicial candor and legal acumen he performed his immeasurably great duty. For the first time in treaties between nations was inserted, through his influence, a declaration for the adjustment of all disputes between the United States and Great Britain by arbitration. Under the beneficent working of this principle, nearly one international case a year has been settled during the past eighty years. These cases have excited no comment, because it is only war which illuminates the sky, and, in the baleful conflagration which consumes peoples and properties, attracts the attention of the world. General Grant held it to be a crown as glorious as that of Appomattox that he brought about the Genevan arbitration under this clause of the treaty of Chief-justice Jay. The people of the English-speaking nations must get beyond the narrow idea of accidental arbitration for each case as it may occur, with its semi-partisan organization, and agree in constituting a permanent international court.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island had a difficulty which in other cases would have led to war or intestinal feuds. It was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. Missouri and Iowa would be at each other's throats, but the Supreme Court of the United States calmly considered the questions at issue between them, and its judgment was accepted. The question of the liberty of Dred Scott went to this tribunal in the midst of the most passionate political discussion of the century. The decision of the court was against the dominant sentiment of the hour, but it was accepted until legislation and constitutional provisions remedied the difficulty. The great debate over the income tax divided sections and parties, and in the arena of politics the matter was pregnant with political revolutions. The Supreme Court decided the question one way, and one judge of the nine, changing his opinion upon reflection, reversed the judgment. The country at once accepted the decision as the verdict of justice and of right.

Had there been an international court of arbitration in the Venezuelan matter, Lord Salisbury could not have pleaded that there was a boundary line embracing territory so long and un-

questionably held by the British that they could not in honor submit the question of their title to the court. Both the English and the Americans have been educated to believe that though anybody may make a claim upon any property, the court can be relied upon to dismiss the complaint, if it is unworthy of being entertained, or disavow jurisdiction, should there be any doubt, or if it considers the matter, to adjust it upon the eternal principles of justice and right: The idea of securing at any early date an international court representing and embracing all the nations of Europe and of North and South America is probably at present Utopian. The tremendous war spirit existing among the peoples of continental Europe, the officeholding and patronage of their armies, the problems of race, balance of power, and dynasty involved, would deter any of those nations from an immediate acceptance of the international court. But the United States and Great Britain have no reason to be guided by the standards of the continent. They have the same common law. Their legislation has been for the past fifty years along similar lines of progress and liberty. Their courts and methods of procedure are alike in most of their characteristics. The cases reported and principles settled in each country are quoted as authority in the courts of the other. American lawyers have found it not difficult to become great in the English forum, and English, Scotch and Irish lawyers have been successful at the American Bar. We speak the same language, we read the same Bible, and the interests over which we clash are always susceptible of judicial construction and adjudication upon principles which we mutually understand. It is possible for these two great countries, out of this present difficulty, to evolve a tribunal of international law and justice which shall be in perpetual session, whose members shall be selected with such care, whose dignity shall receive such recognition, and whose reputation shall be so great, that each nation can submit to it any question in dispute and bow to its decision with safety and honor.

We, the lawyers of the United States, and our brethren the lawyers of Great Britain, faithful to the traditions of our profession and the high calling of our order, can agitate and educate for the creation of this great court. We recall that even in the days of almost universal assent to the divine authority of kings, Justice Coke could boldly challenge and check the autocratic

Charles with the judgment that the law was superior to the will of the sovereign. Christian teachings and evolution of two thousand years, and the slow and laborious development of the principles of justice and judgment by proof, demand this crowning triumph of ages of sacrifice and struggle. The closing of the nineteenth, the most beneficent and progressive of centuries, would be made glorious by giving to the twentieth this rich lesson and guide for the growth of its humanities and the preservation and perpetuity of civilization and liberty.

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

SPEECH BEFORE THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
AT SYRACUSE, OCTOBER 16, 1890.

GENTLEMEN: It will not be expected that in the brief and busy interval since my return from Europe I have had the opportunity to prepare an elaborate and exhaustive oration, but the invitation of the New York State Agricultural Society to be present at the dedication of its permanent home and the celebration of its semi-centennial was too attractive to resist. It does not need any profound study to discover subjects of the greatest interest connected with the agriculture of the United States. Admitting our marvelous progress in manufactures and the arts, the prosperity, prominence, and power of the Republic rest upon the farm. Of the seventeen millions of bread-winners in the land, including the professions and those engaged in commercial pursuits, ten million six hundred thousand are farmers, and of the thirteen millions whose labor creates our productive wealth all may be assigned to agriculture except two million and a half.

The progress of the United States during the fifty years covered by your existence in the inventions, the improved conditions and opportunities of its people, the emancipation of labor and the universality and the liberality of its culture, including our phenomenal material growth, may well make every American repeat for himself the remark of Mr. Gladstone, that if he had been presented the opportunity to select any half-century of recorded time in which to live and work, he would have chosen the last fifty years of his own life. It is not so very long ago when it would have been impossible for the annual address before the New York State Agricultural Society to be delivered by the President of the New York Central Railroad. He would even have been a most unwelcome visitor upon the ground. But it is one of the sources of the progress and power of the American people that they are burdened neither by traditions nor inherited prejudices. In older communities

the vendetta of blood and opinions passes down through succeeding generations. The enmities, the politics, and the religion of the father are those of the son. Daniel Webster, when reproached for advocating a policy diametrically opposed to that which he had favored twenty years before, remarked that it was the privilege of great minds to change their opinions. In this respect all Americans possess Websterian intellects. We have learned the important lesson of development, which is adaptation to the conditions of the hour. The necessities and competitions of to-day are too exacting to give us the opportunity to waste our time over back numbers, and the rapidity of our pace and the fulfillment of our whole duty do not permit us to build bridges over dry streams. It has been our experience as a people in every crisis of our history, whether it was economic or financial or patriotic, whether it affected our commerce or our Constitution, or the life of our nation, to be able to meet the emergency and successfully overcome all obstacles.

The railroad first developed the agricultural resources of our country, then threatened their paralysis, and now, under wiser administration on the one hand and a more liberal understanding on the other, the farm and the railroad are seen to be inseparably united as allies and as partners. The blight of the one is the bankruptcy of the other. At the time of the organization of your society, fifty years ago, there were three thousand miles of railway in the United States, and to-day there are one hundred and seventy thousand.

Every mile of new railroad brings into cultivation one hundred thousand fresh acres. By keeping this fact in mind we shall more clearly comprehend the tremendous potentiality of this vast expansion of our railway system. A half-century ago there were four thousand millions of dollars invested in agriculture and now there are eleven thousand millions. There were then one million farms and now there are between four and five millions. Within the last thirty years the acreage devoted to corn has increased from fourteen millions to seventy-eight millions, and the amount produced from five hundred millions to two thousand millions of bushels, while wheat in the same period has expanded its area from eleven millions to thirty-eight millions of acres, and the amount produced from one hundred millions to five hundred millions of bushels. Since 1840 the land improved, and

under cultivation, has grown from one hundred and thirteen millions to three hundred millions of acres. Our population since 1840 has increased from seventeen millions to sixty-five millions.

It was after 1840 that enterprise, capital, and credit discovered the enormous profits, direct and incidental, which could be derived from railroad construction. This led to constant overbuilding largely in excess of present needs, but the confidence of the investing public in the growth and future of the country was so great that there was no limit to the absorption of stocks and bonds in the markets of both the Old World and the New. Railroads were extended through the wilderness and across the prairie for thousands of miles where there was neither a ton of freight nor a carload of passengers, but energy and business capacity peculiarly American were equal to the emergency. A canvass, original in its inception and unequaled in the intelligent activity of its execution, was inaugurated among the populations of Europe for settlers along these ghostly lines.

The railway managers rightly argued that with population upon the rich lands of the West would speedily come a large and profitable business, and the rapid growth of towns, villages, and cities. The eloquent agent of the railroad, armed with maps and pictures, entered the Irishman's cot, the German village, and penetrated the mountains and the valleys of Scandinavia. He presented to a down-trodden and hopeless people who had no opportunities for knowing anything of the continent beyond the sea, glowing descriptions of the promised land. There the farms were free; there was independence, liberty, and citizenship. There were fortunes and the highest honors of the State for their children. He facilitated, with cheap transportation and instruction as to travel, their progress to their new homes. Of the fourteen million three hundred thousand of immigrants who came to the country after 1820, thirteen million five hundred thousand were brought here after the commencement of this railroad development. But the northwestern lines did not rest their prosperity alone upon the European harvest. They persuaded the farmer of New England to send his boys to Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, the farmer of Illinois to send his boys to Kansas, and the farmer of Kansas to send his sons to Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Washington.

It is always painful to disturb the illusions or shatter the

sentiment which furnishes the poetry or the eloquence of a people, but modern research is busy destroying all the treasures of our childhood and all the rhetorical opportunities of the platform. Pocahontas has been mercilessly sacrificed, the tradition of Joan of Arc has been hopelessly impaired, and this summer, upon the edict of the Swiss Canton, William Tell has been effaced. The staple, never failing, and always fresh figure for the art and eloquence of the Fourth of July orator was the down-trodden and oppressed millions who fled from tyranny to seek liberty upon our shores. While thousands of them undoubtedly did, we are compelled as candid students of the economic forces which have caused our present conditions, to bring this vast army of contributors to our wealth under the business relations which led them to emigrate, and destroy the poetry which so often adorns the essay of the college commencement and the patriotic anniversary. The results of this vast expansion of population have been to absorb nearly the whole of our public domain, and produce an enormous surplus of agricultural products. This great army, spreading over the fertile acres of the West and Northwest and receiving from the Government free farms, introduced no variety in their agriculture, but entered without exception into the planting and harvesting of the same cereals. As a consequence we have become not only the largest agricultural nation in the world, but we dominate the prices of the products of the farm in all the markets of civilization. Our productivity under these settlements, thus made at a pace unknown to natural laws, and under such tropical conditions, made the output of the farm thirty per cent. greater than the absorbing power of the country. We produced thirty per cent. of the food of the world, and not only easily commanded the countries which are compelled to buy from abroad, but so lowered the price of wheat and corn and live stock that we paralyzed the prosperity of agriculture all over the world.

With the reduction in prices the farmers found the railway rates an insuperable obstacle to the continuance of their business. Out of the fire and smoke of one of the fiercest, and what threatened to be one of the most disastrous controversies of our time, was evolved one of the most beneficent and far-reaching principles of the century, a principle which has always been and still is denied by the railway managers of Europe. It was that enor-

mous volume of traffic, economically handled in the largest possible cars and drawn by the most powerful possible engines, would so reduce the cost of transportation as to enable the railway to carry it at rates unheard of before and still make a reasonable return upon the investment. Under the operation of this rule railway rates in the last twenty years have gone down over one hundred per cent., while the products of the farm have fallen about thirty per cent. The rates of 1870 applied to the tonnage of 1889 would have yielded for the year one thousand millions of dollars more than the gross revenue of the railways of the United States, a sum larger than their total freight and passenger receipts, almost equal to our present national debt, and the same as the war indemnity paid by France to Germany. But this tremendous concession of a thousand millions of dollars a year to the commerce of this country has also stimulated that commerce to an extent almost beyond the realm of imagination, and in return given to the railways a business which is fairly remunerative.

But at the time when by this union of the railroad and the farm the British market was entirely in possession of the American farmer for his wheat, when his corn, manufactured into the hog, was feeding Continental Europe, when the despair of the foreign agriculturists was leading them to so change their products as to still further enlarge our opportunities, there was perpetrated a crime against the prosperity of the United States unequaled in its far-reaching results by any war, pestilence, or famine of ancient or modern times. The speculative activity and capital which had been successful in the stock market and produce exchanges combined to corner the food supplies of Europe derived from America. The theory was that Great Britain and the Continent might be made to pay a tribute for bread and meat, which would return to a syndicate of American gamblers sums surpassing the spoils wrung by the Roman emperors from the conquests of the world. It alarmed alike capitalists and cabinets; it stirred up the dormant energies of older peoples and conservative governments; it stimulated railway construction in India and Russia; it made the fellah of the Nile, the ryot of India, and peasant of Russia the competitors of the American farmer and his necessities for the amenities and luxuries of the highest civilization; it so alarmed the governments of England,

France, and Germany that they put fatal restrictions upon the importation of our live stock and our pork. But while our foreign markets have thus been in a large measure lost, our production of the same cereals and of live stock has gone on constantly increasing.

In view of the depression brought about by these causes it becomes the highest duty of the American statesman and the American farmer to look about for remedies. The first act of the farmers of the United States should be intelligently to organize. In the present condition of the world organization is the necessity of existence. Capital organizes in corporations, labor organizes in trade unions, manufacturers organize for protection. Farmers alone have failed to unite in any efficient and practical way. Their agricultural societies are purely educational, their alliances are largely the opportunity of the village lawyer to exploit crude ideas upon corporations and capital as the first round of the ladder upon which he hopes to climb to the Legislature or to Congress. But the farmers should be so banded together that they can impress upon the Government with commanding voice their needs, that they can so educate each other in the rotation and subdivision of crops as to relieve a surplus of any one product, that they can escape the middleman who is now sapping the life of their business. The most advanced free-trader, while claiming that the manufacturers of the country no longer need protection, admits that the fostering of our infant industries and the development of our natural resources have led to our present commanding position as a manufacturing country.

The farmers have always sustained the principle of protection for manufacturers, believing that their growth would create home markets of far more value than any foreign possibilities. There are now imported into this country yearly articles worth over three hundred millions of dollars, the direct product of the farm. If by intelligent legislation this money could find its way to the agriculture of our own land the benefits would be incalculable. The farmers' organization should inscribe upon its banner the "three R's," Reciprocity, Retaliation, and Revenue. We have made remarkable strides within the last year in the direction of the practical application of the idea of "America for the Americans." We have been brought into closer relations and

have better understandings with the other countries upon the North and South American continents. By a wise and judicious application of the principle of barter and exchange broad avenues can be opened for our products into hitherto unknown markets. By these methods each of the countries participating can be mutually benefited and enriched. So long as we maintain the protective policy we cannot object to any tariff which may be imposed equally and impartially by other governments, but when Great Britain pretends to discover pleuro-pneumonia in our cattle, when France and Germany claim that there is trichinosis in our pork, and by these subterfuges keep out our live stock and provisions while they freely admit those of other countries, the duty becomes imperative for us to show them the application of the familiar rule, "one good turn deserves another."

It is as easy for us to declare that the wines of Champagne, Burgundy, and the Rhine are adulterated and the metals of Great Britain and Germany alloyed. Let us establish a rigid governmental inspection at our own ports upon our own exports and then say to Great Britain, to France, to Germany, to Belgium, to Holland: "It is either the acceptance of our official certificate or tit for tat." But before and beyond the slow processes of governmental assistance there must always be the immediate application of the beneficent rule of self-help. The iron, the wool, and the cotton manufacturers combine and have each their own stores and depots. There is only a minimum of difference between the price of manufactured steel, cotton, or wool at the mill and in the market, but the unorganized farmers are plundered beyond all rhyme or reason. The combination of middlemen keep lowering the prices for him; lower them for the transportation companies and maintain them for the consumers. Milk, which has fallen from five or six to two or three cents per quart at the country station, and one hundred per cent. on the railway tariff, is still eight cents per quart to the city family. The powerful combinations for the slaughtering and selling of cattle, sheep, and hogs, fix on the one hand the profit to the farmer, and on the other hand the cost to the consumer. The output of the fields presents a difference so wide that it is absurd between the amount received at the barn and in the store.

In the experience of modern competition the rule of the thumb has seen its day. Success is impossible in any vocation

without the severest and most methodical training. The technical school has made impossible the engineer or the mechanic of the olden time. Agricultural education has been the salvation of the German farmer. A military system which conscripts every youth into the army for three years, but credits two of them to a liberal education in any department of learning, has led the sons of the German farmers to graduate in that branch at the universities, and thus limited army service to one year.

This education, brought to bear upon the depression produced by the enormous surplus from America of wheat and corn, and their incidents, has largely counteracted the evil effects by an intelligent diversification of the crops and products of the German farm. Our farmers should so intelligently know the condition of markets and the character of their soils and their proper treatment, that when they find they have been raising that with which the market is already overstocked, they can change to those articles which are in greater and more profitable demand. This is to-day the most important lesson in the practical duties of the American farmer. There must also be a more universal knowledge of the breeds of live stock which yield the best returns. The distinction between science and chance in this matter is the difference between competence and poverty.

In my judgment, we are near the bottom of the grade of agricultural depression, and will soon begin to climb up the other side.

I belong to a farmers' club of New York who are derisively said to practice agriculture and till the soil on Fifth Avenue. I must confess that the one creature they most fear in this world is the man in charge of their farms. They stand helpless in the presence of his superior knowledge. But, though we may be in the condition of Senator Evarts when he said to his guests on his Windsor farm, "You may take either milk or champagne; they cost me just the same," yet the experiments of the fancy farmer are adding at his cost valuable contributions to agricultural science. At the time of the organization of this society there was but one agricultural newspaper in the United States. To-day there are two hundred. Agriculture was then taught nowhere, even in its most elementary branches. To-day it finds a department in fifty of our colleges and high schools. Mr. Hayseed and Mr. Wayback of the caricaturist and of the stage are characters of the past. Formerly the resident of the town, with

his larger opportunities, possessed the wider range and the more accurate information, but to-day competition is so sharp and the condition of life so hard and exacting in the cities that their people read and know little beyond their own pursuits; but the farmer in the long winter evenings and the other opportunities which come to him reads with care his agricultural journal, his religious weekly, and his party paper. In these there is presented before each succeeding Sunday a complete and comprehensive review of the history of the world and the conditions of current discussion and opinion upon all living questions, so that now the country and the city, except in fashionable clothing, have changed places. Mr. Curbstone finds himself helpless in a discussion upon politics, religion, or finance with the thoroughly informed and intelligent Mr. Hayseed.

We must take into account always in our country, in calculating the operation of economic forces, the swing of the pendulum. It swung toward State's Rights and brought on the Civil War; it swung back to Nationality and saved the Republic; it swung to fiat money and brought on the panic; it swung back to honest currency and restored national and individual credit.

For the first three-quarters of our century the tendency of our population was to farms. With the enormous activities and splendid opportunities which invention and discovery have given to enterprise in industrial centers, the rush is now to the village and the city. The farmers' boys no longer stay upon the farm but go out to seek their fortunes in the crowded mart. This result is going on not only in this country but also in Europe. London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome are increasing almost as rapidly in population as New York or Chicago. The percentage of increase during the last ten years in our American cities has been beyond all precedent, and yet we are none of us satisfied but all want a recount. During this period the country has remained stationary, or actually fallen off in population.

Thus the ranks of the consumers are being enormously recruited, and out of all proportion to those of the producers. It is the inevitable result that within a brief period the farmers of the country will again find within our own borders, and about their own homes, a profitable market for all their products.

The English farmer first pays the landlord, then the parson, then the Government, before there is any left for himself, but

three-quarters of the American farmers own their own land and most of the remainder farm upon shares, which is better than ownership, because, in my experience, it gives them all the profits and imposes upon them none of the burdens.

With agricultural prosperity before us, so certain and so full of promise, the country can be confident of its growth in wealth and happiness.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

ADDRESS BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1885.

GENTLEMEN: It used to be charged that the young Christians in these Associations were all over fifty years of age and bald-headed. I am glad to see by the young men in the galleries that this is no longer true, except on this platform. Nevertheless, I feel embarrassed in speaking to you upon topics so much better understood by the clergy. Their daily thought, study, and conversation make them ready at all times to discuss acceptably the questions pertinent to this anniversary; yet there is much encouragement in the fact that this is peculiarly the mission and the work of the laity. But for the Church this organization would not exist, and yet its purposes are beyond the reach of the Church. Within the pale of all sects, but attached to none, in the broadest and most liberal spirit it is a Christian democracy, ever strengthening itself by the fervid zeal with which it gathers those who need its influences within the enjoyment of its equal privileges. It is the best illustration of the liberal tendencies of all evangelical bodies. It enforces the lesson that, however they may differ in creeds, all churches can unite in a work whose common purpose is to benefit and elevate mankind. This would have been impossible a century ago, and it is the most hopeful and encouraging of the many elements of our progress to-day. The great scientist Professor Huxley, though a freethinker, told a friend of mine who met him at dinner at Edinburgh, that the one man who had done most for mankind in the last two centuries was Wesley. The professor stated a great truth. Wesley discovered the power of the people, and their ability to govern themselves in matters ecclesiastical. He created the laity, and it became the mightiest, the freest, and the most elastic of propagandas. Wandering through Westminster Abbey, and passing the splendid tombs of kings and warriors, the statues of statemen, the busts of poets, men of letters and men of genius, I stood before the simple slab which bears the features of Wesley, and under it read the inscription

which was the secret of his success: "I look upon all the world as my parish."

It is a terrible thought that the very splendor of our civilization is the danger of our times. In the multiplication of the sources of wealth and prosperity, in the utilization of all the agencies of nature to do the service of man in mechanical, industrial, and intellectual development, this century is unparalleled. And yet every element of progress carries with it the agencies of destruction, the greatest benefits find the most dangerous evils marching along at equal pace. As dynamite has made possible the tunnelling of the Alps and the Sierras, the piercing of isthmuses by great ship canals, and the illimitable expansion of the world's commerce, and at the same time threatens, both in the old countries and the new, the very foundations of society, so the necessities of the highest civilization and development fulfill the prophecy of the romancer of the Arabian Nights, and let loose a genius with equal and unequaled capacity for both mischief and beneficence. The attendants and disturbers of our splendid conditions are the socialist, the communist, and the anarchist. In the simpler and more primitive days, cities grew slowly by healthful and natural increase, and the country was the conservative power in the State. Business was so limited that it was capable of management by small capital, and the masses of the population were independent and self-reliant. A multitude of men were the masters of their own pursuits, with the attendant safety which comes from responsibility and the protection of one's own property and business. But the telegraph, the railway, and the steamship have brought all nations into such close communion that trade and manufactures now require enormous capital. It is only by the aggregation of the money of many in corporations that these means of communication can be built and maintained, and they have created competition so severe that the small dealer is disappearing to become an employee in the great factory or store.

The requirement of crowds of workers at common centers to carry on these enterprises is concentrating populations and activities of all kinds, both good and evil, in great cities. To meet capital upon safer grounds and for self-protection against injustice or wrong, this countless army of the employed combined in societies, brotherhoods, and unions under different names. Thus,

outside the farmer and the professions, these two mighty forces of capital and labor, each unable to live without the other, stand at best in relations which are merely a compromise, subject to constant breaches. A conflict involves the overthrow of law and order, and the reign of anarchy and chaos. The conserving influences, which will ward off disaster and make all forces work together for the common good and better condition of everyone, are to be found only in the development of character and conduct along with intelligence. It is at this point that the State utterly fails. It provides the common school, and not only gives, but enforces universal education. But after the young man has been launched into the world to win his way as best he may, the State takes no further care than to furnish a policeman to arrest him in case he goes astray. It either directly licenses or indirectly tolerates the saloon, the pool room, the concert hall, the gambling den, and resorts of every kind, but its only effort to keep or rescue the young man from any or all of these influences is the policeman. I cannot see why the common school system might not be so extended in large cities as to provide public libraries, reading rooms, courses of lectures, and other methods, of cheerful and homeful refuge for the stranger and the homeless. But so long as the State cannot and will not furnish this insurance for the future by the proper care of young men, each community, for its own safety and in its own best interest, must by individual effort perform the work.

And just here the Young Men's Christian Association fills the grandest of missions. The Church by itself, as at present organized, cannot do this work. I speak in the profoundest reverence and devotion, but the churches are necessarily, in a city like ours, in the best sense, religious societies. They are for the spiritual welfare and education of residents who have a place and are known in the community. For them and for their children the churches live and thrive. In their practical workings it has been found impossible to hurl into their midst, associating, as must needs be, in pew and social gatherings, crowds of men whose characters, habits, and homes are wholly unknown. Much as this is to be regretted, and greatly as it differs from the spirit of the early Church, yet it is, nevertheless, true of most of the largest, strongest, and best churches in all our large cities. Young men of spirit will not force themselves where every pew

is rented, and they will not go to the missions, for that offends their pride. But the Association says, "Come here," and it gives them instruction, religious, secular, and physical, cheerful surroundings and elevating companionship; and in time, with characters formed, with homes secured, with reputations established, they bring new recruits into their places in the Association, and become themselves pillars in the churches.

From all over the land, by thousands and hundreds of thousands the young recruits are marching to these working camps, the cities. The father says "Good-by, my boy, be a man"; the mother gives him all she has to bestow—her prayers and her tears; the last sight which fills his eyes and lingers forever in his memory, as the turn in the road hides the old house, is her waving farewell, and he never knows again what home is, until he has created one for himself.

We are a home-loving people, and all our virtues are fostered by the fireside. As the recognition of the political equality of the individual is the basis of our liberty, and the township is at the foundation of our Government, so the home nurtures and protects the character which saves the community from ruin and from rot. No man who has never tried it, or come into intimate contact with those who have, can know the perils begotten of loneliness which surround the young stranger in the metropolis. The whirl and rush of the great city sweep past him, and take no note of his existence. Man is a social animal and the creature of his associations. It is a rare organization which can resist or rise above them. The young stranger knew everybody in the country—here, nobody. After the office, counting room, or workshop is closed, what then? He cannot stay in his room. Full of life and human sympathy, beasts of prey, in alluring form, lie in wait for him at every street corner. Does he strive for clean manliness? They taunt him with assertions hardest for a sensitive boy to bear, that hayseeds and clover blossoms still adorn his coat and mark his rusticity. Does he say, "I am a Christian"? They sneer at his superstition, and invite him to that broader freedom which breaks loose from servile creeds into the largest liberty of thought and action. He learns, often too late, that liberty with his friends means only license, and indulgence ruin; that his boasted freedom is only to burst the restraints

of the Ten Commandments, of the Golden Rule, and the teachings of home.

At this point he is bound either to become a dangerous force in society, threatening all security for life and property, or to enlist on the side of all that we cherish as sacred and precious. The recruiting officer of the Young Men's Christian Association slaps him on the back and calls him "brother." He invites him to a reading room where newspapers and magazines keep him abreast with the religious, social, scientific, and political thought of the hour; to the lecture hall, where the leaders in every department of intellectual activity give him the results of their studies and researches; to the gymnasium, where he prepares a healthy body for a healthy soul, and to the religious gathering, where he recalls the weekly prayer-meeting in his village church. When his next letter reaches his distant home on the mountain or in the valley, his mother on bended knee offers the most grateful prayer of her life for the Providence which has assured the safety and future of her son, and at the same time the State has secured a soldier who will die, if need be, in the defense of its laws, and who is in a fair way to become one of its most useful and successful citizens.

I have had the opportunity to become personally familiar with the workings of the Railroad Branch of this Association. The results can hardly be overstated. On the lines with which I am connected one hundred thousand men are employed, and they represent over a half-million people in their families. The effect of the establishment of one of these societies at a railroad center is marked and immediate. The character of the service begins to improve. Salaries and wages, which had been worse than wasted, are spent upon the wives and children, and the surplus finds its way into the savings-bank, and from there into a home-stead. In the streets and in the houses intelligent thrift and happy and sober lives take the place of slovenliness and carelessness. To many of these men are intrusted the lives of the hundred million passengers who annually travel over the railways of the country. The demand for speed constantly increases the dangers of carriage. The steady hand and clear brain of the locomotive engineer, of the switchman at the crossing, of the flag-man at the curve, of the signal man at the telegraph, alone prevent unutterable horrors, and this Association does more in

fitting men to fulfill these duties for the safety of the public, than all the patent appliances of the age.

Individual benevolence and public spirit have done much for our city. But Peter Cooper's Union, grand as are its purposes, can reach but few. The Astor Library, broad as is its foundation and beneficent its mission, is intended for students and the higher scholarship, and to throw it open to indiscriminate and universal use would defeat the object of its creation and the most admirable work it accomplishes. The Lenox Library is hedged about with so many restrictions¹ that I have never been able to climb in; but then I have been a permanent resident of the city only fifteen years. But while through a great popular public library one of the crying needs of New York can be met, yet here and now and every day by enlarging the facilities and the usefulness of this organization, which supplements intellectual food with all the attractions and influences of companionship, amusement, and home, can the liberal and the philanthropical, in largely benefiting others, secure an equal measure of good for their city, their country, and themselves.

¹These restrictions were removed after the consolidation, in 1895, of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations to form the Public Library in Bryant Park.—*Ed.*

DINNER TO WHITELAW REID

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO HON. WHITELAW REID BY THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1905.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is a happy illustration of the versatility of our guest and of the many fields in which he has won distinction that so many organizations insist upon claiming him as their own and giving him farewell banquets. The Associated Press, through whose wires all the world is in communication, naturally claimed one of their managers for all the compliments they could give. But their hail and farewell were more than a good time and good-bye. So highly did they value the association and judgment of their colleague that though he was to be absent for four years they refused unanimously to accept his resignation. This tribute came from these representative journalists of all parties, and with as much enthusiasm from Democratic opponents as from Republican friends. I am not sure but that, as in all the affairs of life, there may have been a bit of personal and selfish interest. There is no doubt but that they wanted to keep Mr. Reid's place for Mr. Reid, and to welcome him back to it whenever he chose to return. But it may also have occurred to them that it would not be a bad thing at the club or in the family circle or at the church anniversary or prayer meeting, to bring the conversation deftly around to "as was remarked by my associate in the Associated Press, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain."

Of course the Lotos Club, which is the Savage Club of the United States, greeted the gentleman who for more than a third of its existence had been its president. They recalled that many of the most memorable nights of the Lotos had been under his authority and direction. It was a notable gathering of journalists, authors, politicians, theologians, lawyers, statesmen and bohemians, all cordial and enthusiastic in recognition of one of the fittest appointments which have been made to public office.

But the Ambassador could not very well depart from us without meeting and greeting and receiving the hail and farewell of

his associates of the Republican Party, especially this, the aggressive and fighting Republican organization of our State and destined to be of our country.

A man might possess genius of every kind for every department in life, for every function of government, and except for four short years of the last forty-four, unless he was a Republican, he could not have been ambassador to England. Eminently qualified as was Mr. Reid, it was absolutely essential to success that he should be as distinguished a Republican as he was eminent in other things. So we greet him here to-night as a Republican among Republicans, as a fighter in the front rank for more than a third of a century for Republican principles, Republican measures and Republican success; as the editor of one of the most influential Republican journals of the country, and as a contributor not only to Republican literature but to the building of Republican platforms and the conversion of the enemy. I wonder what would have happened if Whitelaw Reid had been a Democrat during all this time! He would have won distinction, but of a different kind. The old *Tribune* for the last thirty years would have been a far different paper. He might have been led away possibly in his youth by the fascinating theories of free trade. He might in his unique and vigorous way have presented those doctrines so as to have endangered Republican policies. But with the experience derived as a war correspondent in contact with the best minds of the Army and in civil life during that period, with the hard sense of his Scottish ancestors, when it came to Bryan and free silver in 1896, he would have bolted. In 1900 he would have still been a gold Democrat, and with Roosevelt in 1904. The statesmanship of Esopus would not have presented grounds solid enough for his rich gift of common sense. So I am not sure but that even if Reid had been a Democrat, we might not be here to-night welcoming him as the ambassador to England.

We are proud and somewhat boastful that within the last five years we have become a world power. The situation is new and we have not got beyond frequently proclaiming the fact that we sit among the family of nations, meaning the great powers. That family, whether at peace or discord, has existed for centuries. We are the new member. We must not expect to be able to change the manners or the customs of the family. When

Uncle Reuben comes to town for the first time to visit his daughter and to meet her friends of the world, he finds that he is being apologized for because he is not equal to the demands of society. When he comes again his chin whiskers have been clipped and he has bought a dress suit, and the family do not have either to explain or apologize. Now being near the head of the table among the nations, if we are to have the influence which we ought and our ambassadors are to accomplish the results which we expect, they must be persona grata to the powers to which they are accredited. We are the richest nation in the world and the most liberal, but we have not yet grasped the necessities of diplomacy. We have been magnificently represented, and our diplomacy stands deservedly high, but it has been at a cost and sacrifice to our representatives which they ought not to be called upon to bear. We should not have a situation where these honors cannot go, and be carried off satisfactorily to himself or the country, to the poor man, no matter how superbly he may be equipped. I know personally of two American representatives abroad who, too proud to resign and too poor to stay, in order to meet in the most modest way all that is expected in their position, spend the small fortunes which they had accumulated in a lifetime for the support of their families. The United States Government ought not to expect that.

We see in this morning's paper that the British Ambassador at Washington, in addition to his splendid house which is both home and a chancellery of the embassy, has had \$4,500 added to his salary of \$32,500, because of the enhanced cost of living. Ambassadors are necessary or they are not. There has been an impression in the country that the office is a decoration and the business could be just as well carried on between the two capitals by cable. Nothing could be more fallacious than this idea. The Nation's business, agricultural and manufacturing, as well as the Government, must be in touch through the Ambassador not only with the ruler, but with the Foreign Office and the Government of the country to which he is accredited. In these days of reciprocity and retaliation, it depends largely upon him which it shall be. He must be in such touch, official and social, with the Cabinet and parliamentary leaders, that he can keep the Secretary of State informed of the currents of opinion upon questions which affect us, that the doors are open to him where his influence can

be exerted, and then he can be of incalculable service, not only for peace between his country and the one to which he is accredited, but to every commercial interest of his country. Now this cannot be done if our representative lives in an apartment and so drops out of social life, or has an office on such a limited scale that he cannot receive properly his official callers. The American visiting great capitals finds that Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Spain have ambassadorial residences which fitly house their ambassador and his family, with offices competent for business for himself and staff. Our ambassador in order to maintain a position anything like his competitors and rivals, cannot get along on a penny less than four times his salary. A distinguished United States Senator, no longer a member but who had been many years in the Senate, said, when this question came up in one of my committees, "I will never vote to give anybody for any position at home or abroad, who is to be confirmed by my vote, a higher salary than I receive myself." That Senator's conception of the position, power, and influence of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, or to France, or Germany, or Italy, or Russia in competition for the favor of the Foreign Office and of that social circle always so powerful, was that the Ambassador should live as he did in an apartment of two rooms in the outskirts. It is said that Mr. Choate while standing on a street corner in London was ordered by the policeman to move on and go home. "I have no home," replied Mr. Choate, "I am the American Ambassador."

Well, happily we have been able to get gentlemen who have made their stake in life by their ability, to represent us at their own expense and to represent us in a distinguished manner. Happily, in the present instance, we select for our ambassador a type of our successful citizenship whose career has been most brilliant in intellectual pursuits and wise in business, who as a great journalist and author, a man of wide and diversified travel and acquaintance, a minister, a commissioner in the settlement of the disputes of a great war and an ambassador on picturesque occasions, is so equipped that he will so delightfully represent us socially, and with such ability diplomatically, that we can say, as Republicans, we congratulate the country, the President and the party upon the appointment of Whitelaw Reid as ambassador to Great Britain.

DINNER TO JOSEPH H. CHOATE

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE BY THE
UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1905.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: While on the pier the other day waiting for some friends on a big liner, a passenger stepped on the dock and his wife, who was waiting for him, threw her arms around his neck and shouted with an emotion which touched everybody, "So glad to get you back." With our fellow member these many years, our president for many terms, we of the Union League echo the sentiment of the wife, "So glad to get you back."

Our guest was the recipient of hospitality and cordiality among the English seldom accorded to a foreigner, but after all there is no place like home. The relations of ambassadors to the governments to which they are accredited are about the same for those of all countries, except for the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is not the personality of the ambassador which counts, but whom he represents. In the Old World idea, in the absence of a sovereign the ambassador stands in the sovereign's shoes and receives the same honors and precedence. On this account ambassadors are little in touch with the social or public life of the countries where they reside. At dinners and country houses there is a better time if there is no royal representative like an ambassador. There is only one exception in the world, and he is the American Ambassador to Great Britain. Other ambassadors come and go without notice from the public and recognition only from the Court and Foreign Office, but when the American Ambassador arrives in England it is an international event. His personality, his mission and achievements are matters of universal comment in the press; the authorities at Southampton or London or Liverpool or Plymouth receive him by deputation and address. The sentiment of kin across the sea is eloquently repeated and elaborated, and the ambassador's response is a message of fraternal good will. Unless under such circumstances the American Ambassador is a gentleman of

unusual versatility he will have an unhappy time. Fortunately for our country we have been represented at St. James by a succession of extraordinarily brilliant and accomplished men. If the new ambassador has written anything, the volumes are reprinted and universally read; if he has not written, the files of the newspapers are searched for whatever he has said. When Lowell was minister the Bigelow papers were on the table of every drawing-room in London and in every country house. Mr. Lowell told me that this special volume became so popular that many people believed that he was Hosea Bigelow, and a great lady asked him at a drawing room why Mrs. Bigelow was not with him. I remember at a dinner where many famous Englishmen were present the conversation turned into a criticism of American slang and its injurious effects upon the language. Mr. Lowell proved, to the astonishment of everybody, that American slang was the common language of the counties of England from which the Puritans came at the time they emigrated. The first thing that greeted Mr. Choate was a book of Choate's Jokes. An industrious compiler had gone through the delightful speeches of the ambassador, which are embalmed in the annual reports of the New England Society and of the Harvard Alumni, and the result was this charming volume.

In England a bright thing said in Parliament or at the huskings, a mot or repartee, is in everybody's mouth the next day and repeated over and over again at the clubs and country houses. Soon after Mr. Choate's arrival the company was convulsed by a lady saying to the week-end party, "The new American Ambassador is splendid; at breakfast the other morning at our house Lady So-and-so, who sat beside him, in cracking the egg let it fall and said, 'Oh, Mr. Choate, I have dropped my egg; what shall I do?' To which he gravely answered, 'cackle, madam, cackle.' "

Our English friends take very seriously the sentiment of common language, literature, blood, and ancestry. One of our ministers was censured by a vote of the House of Representatives for being too profuse and enthusiastic in this line. I heard one of our ministers at least a half a dozen times make the same speech, and a very ardent one, with this sentiment, and each time its reception was warmer than the last. It is absolutely necessary for the American Ambassador on almost every occasion to ex-

press his ardent adherence to this idea. Mr. Choate never better displayed the qualities of the brilliant advocate which have given him international fame than in putting better than anyone had before the ties of blood which bind the two peoples and countries, and then saving the situation among the Americans at home and abroad by claiming that the stock had improved by being transplanted in a new country.

Success in diplomacy for centuries has been ascribed to skilful lying. The great masters of the art of diplomacy, Metternich and Talleyrand, enforced this lesson upon the profession. It is still the scheme of the schools and the practice of the chancellories. I was present one day in our State Department when Mr. Hay told me of an ambassador who had just left. The ambassador laid down the dispatch from his Government. After the Secretary had read it the ambassador said, "So much for our Foreign Minister; now hear me," and stated the reverse, all of which meant that the dispatch from the Foreign Office was a record, the statement of the ambassador was a verbal communication on the lines that our Government wanted, but could be repudiated by both the ambassador and his government, if it became necessary, by the ambassador lying out of it. Now we have for our own country the most successful diplomacy in the world, because it is the diplomacy of truth. Roosevelt, Hay, and Choate are its brilliant representatives. It has no concealment and no subterfuges. Happily, at last it is understood. There has been no mystery in Mr. Choate's conversations or speeches or communications to the British Government. He was not afraid to talk openly anywhere as to our position, opinions, and purposes. The poet says "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." Truth has been buried in cabinets and in chancelleries of foreign embassies for hundreds of years, but when Choate was ambassador she came forth into his office, risen again as fresh as a daisy and beautiful as an angel, carrying the American flag and accompanying him on every official visiti.

In no country in the world have the Bench and the Bar so much power and consideration as in Great Britain. Our literary ambassadors, like Motley and Lowell, had received great attention and applause, but when great lawyers like Phelps and Choate came they received peculiar and gratifying recognition from their brethren of the law. The old Middle Temple has existed for

many centuries as a school of law and a gathering place for judges and lawyers. In its great halls have dined and consulted the fathers of the common law and numberless generations of leaders of the Bar. A hundred and seventy-five years ago some of the members of the Middle Temple came to America to practice their profession. A century and three-quarters passed by; the children across the seas, gathering strength from all nationalities, grew to be one of the great powers of the world, deriving its law and the procedure of its courts from the Mother Country. It lived to see its more liberal laws on the liberty of the press and other vital questions re-enacted in the Old Country. In time the volumes of its reported decisions became part of the law libraries of England and received recognition and respect from the highest English tribunals. During all this long period America has had no representation in this venerable home of the law from which came her first lawyers. But at the end of a hundred and seventy-five years the leader of the American Bar, and of pure English descent from the earliest settlers in our country, becomes our ambassador to Great Britain. He is more than an ambassador; he represents the people of the United States. He embodies in his life and labors the best of culture, thought and action of American citizenship. The training and ability that placed him at the head of the Bar of the United States wins the admiration and respect of the Bench and Bar of Great Britain. He receives at the close of his mission the unusual and most significant compliment of the election to a membership of the Middle Temple. After her century and three-quarters of absence, the American Bar is again in this venerable home of the common law: a new tie is found binding kindred peoples and inspiring them in a kindred mission for the best interests of peace, humanity and civilization.

DINNER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE¹

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE, BY THE PILGRIMS SOCIETY, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1908.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I regret that another engagement caused my arrival here too late to hear the speeches, except part of Mr. Brisbane's. I judge from the remarks of the brilliant editor of the *Evening Journal* that there has been a discussion among the distinguished journalists here as to who contributed most to the election of Mr. Taft. Evidently Colonel Harvey, the able editor of *Harper's* and the *North American Review*, has claimed superior influence for the solid and sedate publications for which he is responsible over the more widely circulated and sensational newspapers which are conducted under the authority of Mr. Hearst. We, the hosts here to-night, are pilgrims, but our guests are journalists, and the guest of honor, Lord Northcliffe, one of the most eminent among them. Evidently his American contemporaries have been endeavoring to give him points which may be useful in the fifty publications for which he stands sponsor, but more especially for the new administration which is to wake up one of the oldest and the most famous newspapers in the world, the *London Times*. As to who elected Taft, my impression from the overwhelming returns is that the people rule.

While a law student in the then sleepy village in which I was born, Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, I was contributor to and part editor of the better thought of the place. Since then my experience with newspaper men has been varied. I do not mean as individuals, but in their professional work. They are human and have their friends, their enemies, and their fads. I sometimes wonder whether it is good journalism to insist on the same thing day after day, month after month, and year after year. For forty-odd years I received almost universal praise and for two years unlimited and indiscriminate abuse. I have many life-long friends among editors and reporters, but there were two who did not add to the torrent and nobly and magnanimously

¹Alfred Charles Harmsworth, principal proprietor of the London *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, and many other journals, was created a Baronet in 1904 and raised to the Peerage in 1905 as Lord Northcliffe.

attempted to stem it, Colonel Butler, of the *Buffalo News*, one of the most broad-minded and generous of men and loyal of friends, and Henry Watterson, my life-long opponent in politics, unsurpassed in his brilliancy as an editor, having few peers as an orator, and ranking with the knights of old in chivalry to his foes. No man is free from suffering under newspaper criticism and attack, but after a while, as in the old torture chambers, the victim becomes an observer and critic. Some assailants say practically the same thing every day. Others mix truth and the misrepresentation of it so deftly that you seem to be a hideous moral and intellectual monster. The most successful in causing pain are the few eminent surgeons with the pen, who use language so choice that it pleases your literary taste, and handle the knife so skilfully that you are lost in admiration at their art. They know how to touch the most sensitive places and to flay a man so deftly that he is hardly aware of the operation until his hide is on the fence. But the larger class strike heavy blows with a bludgeon, always in the same way and on the same place. They remind me of the torturers of Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV of France. You remember they built an iron frame to which Ravaillac was chained and then each day would try their skill on him. The third day he laughed merrily. The astounded, angry, and mortified inquisitors said, "What are you laughing at?" "Why," he said, "you broke my leg yesterday above where you are working now and all sensation is gone. The joke is on you."

But, gentlemen, our theme to-night, and a most grateful one, is the distinguished gentleman who has honored us with his presence. He meets, as few from other countries who have visited us ever have, that bright ideal for which all Americans struggle, "Success early in life." I understand that he began with practically no capital and before he was forty was the most successful publisher of newspapers and magazines that Great Britain had ever known, was a power to be reckoned with in his papers and magazines, and had accomplished what to English people is little short of a miracle, the securing of the ownership of the *London Times*. Then he receives that highest reward which his grateful country can offer, especially when it desires to place the recipient where his countrymen can have peace and repose, a seat in the House of Lords. I do not believe that becoming a peer will

chloroform Mr. Harmsworth. They have admitted to that venerable and exclusive chamber great bankers, but that did not disturb its dignity and calm, brewers and distillers, but beer and whiskey are understood to be prominent among the props of the British constitution; but when, as old Simon Cameron, when Secretary of War in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, said, "One of them damned literary fellers," and especially a literary fellow representing every kind of revolution and reform of antiquated ideas and newspaper management, was admitted, then the House of Lords for the first time in centuries had a sensation. Peers who had not been in their seats for years were there to watch the radical. The report recently made by that most brilliant, eloquent, and versatile of British statesmen for a reform of the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery, and the advent of the editor of the *Daily Mail*, have so rattled the dry bones that they are taking on nerves.

It has been the pleasure of the American people to welcome many distinguished Englishmen. I remember coming down from the country to hear Dickens in old Steinway Hall. The characters in his novels were the intimate friends of every household in the United States. But when the great wizard reproduced them, enthused as I was over his books, I became wild with delight when the incarnated characters one after another appeared upon the stage as I had imagined them.

I remember the dinner given to Dickens at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. When Horace Greeley, who presided, arose, he was so perfect a representation of Cruikshank's picture that the whole audience shouted, "Pickwick, Pickwick."

I remember when Thackeray was with us he had smaller audiences than Dickens, but a more select and intellectual one. His massive figure and great head were mightily impressive. At the Century Club he first became acquainted with the American oyster. Wishing to do in Rome as the Romans do, he was persuaded to swallow one about as big as the palm of his hand, and when he had recovered from the contortions of what seemed a reversal of child-delivery he said, "I feel as if I had swallowed an American baby."

Most of the irritation which accentuated for so many years our difficulties upon the Bering Sea, the fisheries, and about Venezuela came from the swarm of English lecturers who invaded us. Happily, that is no longer an international trouble

and peace reigns between these two great English-speaking people with a cordiality never before known.

The changes which have come over the English newspaper by its adaptation, largely through Lord Northcliffe, to modern conditions, are astonishing. The first years I visited England I would receive a polite note from the manager of one of the dailies asking an appointment for a representative of the paper. Then the interview would be written out, submitted and O.K.'d and finally published. Now the reporters meet you at Southampton, Plymouth, Liverpool, and Queenstown on the tender and send off an interview before you have landed. The reporter of the *Daily Mail* came to me and I gave him what he desired. He wanted much, but when printed it stopped at the bottom of the column. On asking why, I was informed that out of consideration for its readers the *Daily Mail* never printed anything more than a column in length. On another occasion, in an interview desired for one of Lord Northcliffe's evening papers, I again found how American and English conditions are much alike. I did not discover my contribution, and upon asking the reporter when he came again he said, "Oh! the reason is that it was only in our thirteenth edition."

Sam Ward, the most delightful of hosts and raconteurs, used to tell a story of a visit he had from the son and heir of one of the great titles in England. At that time American fresh corn was wholly unknown as an article of human food anywhere in Europe. The young lord enjoyed to the limit Sam's viands, and especially his rare and priceless wines. On the way home, under this inspiration, he passed by a cable office and it suddenly occurred to him that he had not sent word to his father about his arrival. The next day Ward received a cable message from the Duke saying, "Please look after George. He is certainly crazy. He has telegraphed me, 'When you eat corn never cut it off, always eat it on the cob.'"

It was a happy inspiration which led to the formation of the Society of the Pilgrims. There are between nations so many causes for friction which may lead to hostilities that this organization has a distinct mission. The English Society makes a visiting American feel at home, and the American Society does its best to impress upon the English visitor the unity of our race and the friendly purposes of our two governments. It is a re-

cognition of the impossibility of war between our countries that the English authorities, in maintaining the two-power standard of naval armament, did not include in the estimate the Navy of the United States.

I have been present on many delightful occasions of international hospitality. I never saw such a spontaneous, cordial, and appreciative welcome as was given by the Pilgrims to Mark Twain last summer. The speech of the presiding officer, Mr. Birrell, was a gem of discriminating and yet most gratifying laudation.

Lord Northcliffe appeals especially to everything American. In no country has the press such power as in the United States. While it is often criticized, and with some justice, for its excesses and abuse of public men, yet when we consider that we have practically no libel laws which can be enforced against a newspaper, we can remark with Lord Clyde that we wonder at their moderation. Greeley, Weed, Bennett, Raymond, and Dana were for a generation the moulders of public opinion and in a large sense creators of policies and directors of party measures. In an old country accustomed to the ablest and most brilliant of journalism it is an achievement of national and international interest for a man to win the foremost place in his profession at any time, but especially while in his early prime.

It is fortunate for the continuance of the fraternal sentiments which now so happily exist among the "kin across the sea" that this eminent exponent of English thought and opinion should be here to study us at first hand. Roosevelt and Root meeting British statesmen half way have either settled or referred to arbitration every cause of difference which at present exists. Any trouble which may arise in the future will be solely from a misunderstanding and misapprehension of the attitude of the people of our two countries toward each other. But a master mind and an open one, with a trained power of observation and absorption of a veteran journalist, will carry back to his own country and reflect through the great newspapers under his management an understanding of American opinion and American public men most useful in his own country, and flashed back and reproduced here most useful in ours. The present King of Great Britain, whose tact amounts to genius and whose diplomacy has placed him in the front ranks among diplomats, has always been most

cordial toward the United States. The American visiting London, if he has any acquaintances, finds its hospitality so attractive that he lingers until his vacation is over in what is practically the capital of the Old World. We are glad that Lord Northcliffe has stayed so long with us, and hope that from this cosmopolitan city he will carry back the same impressions in regard to the capital of the New World.

GATHERING OF MASONS

SPEECH AT A GATHERING OF MASONS AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB
OF NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE GRAND MASTER OF THE
GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18,
1908.

WORSHIPFUL MASTER AND BRETHREN: I have been thinking while sitting here that this room should be called an annex to the Grand Lodge. For more than a quarter of a century I have been attending within these walls complimentary banquets given to the incoming Grand Master and his associates. The gatherings are never large, but Masonically most select. I doubt if there is another room in the United States in which there has been continuously for more than a third of a century a repetition of these delightful fellowships. If the story of this room could be written it would make an interesting chapter in that best part of history, the things that are not recorded. I have met here with recently elected Presidents and Vice-presidents of the United States, Governors of the State of New York and Mayors of the city, and distinguished diplomats on the eve of their departure to their posts. The occasions have always been pleasure without a pang and congratulations without reservation. The guest, either by popular vote or presidential appointment, has received a great honor and is entering upon the duties of a lofty position. The men about the board are all his enthusiastic supporters, who are as happy in his success as if it had come to themselves. The speeches are the best in the line of affectionate and enthusiastic eulogy of the guest. Perhaps, in the case of an incoming President, those who know the speaker may have found in his remarks a suggestion to the Chief Magistrate of his own fitness for an appointment which we all know he desires. That, however, is the exception. I have no doubt that Presidents have made better executives, Vice-presidents better presiding officers, Governors have been more highly appreciative of the honor and the importance of their duties and ministers and ambassadors have more

positively felt that the peace of the world depended upon what they did, from the flowers of rhetoric which have been here entwined about their brows.

I recall one occasion giving a send-off to a statesman who had just received one of the great missions abroad. While I was firing at him, for I was exceedingly fond and proud of him, the hottest tokens of appreciation, there was a sudden explosion in the electric lights in the ceiling, the room was plunged into darkness and the flames began to spread between the ceiling and the floor above. Chemical engines were rushed in, the fire alarm turned on and energy and skill saved the building. Then candles were placed upon the table and the succeeding oratory was less inflammable. It has always been a doubt whether it was my speech or short-circuiting that blew out the fuse and nearly destroyed this historic home of the Union League Club. However, that was many years ago. While I have the feeling, I no longer have the fire of youth, so, my friends, you are in no danger.

In a year and a half I will have rounded out my fiftieth year as a Mason. When I was initiated in the little village where I lived the lodge was not opulent. It had fitted up its rooms on the top floor of a building whose other floors were devoted to hardware. One must have passed his youth in the country to know what the top floor means in summer time. The sun beating down upon the roof and the limited ventilation heated the air to a temperature which can be found nowhere else. The thermometer rises above a hundred and feels at home between 125 and 140 degrees. I was initiated in July and have never forgotten the warmth of my reception into the bosom of our fraternity. The older I grow the more I love things that are old. No man can be a good Mason unless he loves venerable age. Our traditions of thousands of years with their accumulated wisdom, their lessons of charity and love, are the inspiration of present membership and will be until the end of time. I love to go to the old village, every foot of which is endeared by some precious memory. My grandfather's orchard, in which I could eat a hatful of apples and then get outside of a satisfactory supper, the pond upon which I skated with the other boys and girls, the river in which I swam and rowed, the woods in which I gathered chestnuts, of which the public say the supply has never failed, and the old churchyard where the loved ones are laid away, are scenes

not of depression but of inspiration. I think there is no one living in the lodge who was there when I was initiated, but the lodge is there doing the same glorious work, having the same associations, teaching the same lessons as every other lodge all over the world has been and will be. Even the old lady who was my first admiration, after a little talk upon people and events of our youth, changes the thin, gray hair for the auburn curls, the spectacle for the sparkling and merry eye, the wrinkles for the blooming cheek and the voice of age for the merry laugh of the fascinating girl of long, long ago.

I think our annalists are in error when they fix the period of the origin of Masonry at the time of the building of Solomon's temple. I am sure that Damon and Pythias were Masons, and it is equally certain that the spirit displayed in that ever touching story of David and Jonathan demonstrates that they belonged to our order in their day.

Mistakes are made in the election of Governors and Mayors. The million or more of voters cannot have personal contact with the candidate and must get their estimate from the statements of his friends and enemies. But the Grand Lodge never makes a mistake in the election of its Grand Master. The method is the perfection of the representative system upon which our political institutions are based. The lodges send their delegates to the Grand Lodge with instructions to select the best man. These delegates in the Grand Lodge know personally the character, equipment and services of the man for whom they vote, so that the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge is the one best fitted for the place. It is that thought which makes supreme the compliment of the evening, and with that thought expressed by everyone here present, our Grand Master ought to go home the best Mason and the most cheerful man in the State of New York.

DINNER TO THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

SPEECH AT THE DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI, AT
HOTEL BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22,
1909.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Your Society of the Cincinnati enjoys the unique distinction of being the first of the patriotic organizations now so numerous. It is an illustration of the change in public sentiment that while the later societies are hailed as doing excellent service in preserving the memories of the events and the actors in our Revolutionary drama and enforcing the lessons which they teach, the Society of the Cincinnati encountered opposition, jealousy and indignation at the beginning. After seven years of war people of the Revolutionary period looked with distrust upon any organization which was not open and free to all. They had an intense fear of an hereditary aristocracy. While the society was formed by the officers of the Continental Army in the most fraternal spirit, yet its basis, that the membership should be transmitted only through the eldest son, aroused all the animosities which the long struggle against caste and privilege had engendered. So great was this that the early members found it a handicap to their political aspirations. But time at last makes all things right if they are right, and to-day the Society of the Cincinnati, with its venerable years and its record of generations of distinguished membership, like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest. We have now, and I cannot remember them all, the Society of Colonial Wars, of Founders and Patriots, of the Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution, of Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution. I am either a member or entitled to membership in all of these, except the Cincinnati, the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution. The bar which keeps me out of the Cincinnati is descent from a younger son of Revolutionary ancestry, and obvious reasons prohibit my becoming a Dame or a Daughter. I cannot claim as Edwards Pierpont did when he was United States Minister to England. The Duke of

Rutland, whose family name was Pierpont, the proudest of British peers, said by way of condescending compliment to the Minister: "Mr. Pierpont, we are of the same family." "Yes," said Pierpont, "but you are of the younger branch."

The majority of the people of our country came over later than our ancestors, and so cannot join these patriotic societies, but there are thirty millions descended from Colonial and Revolutionary stock. They are intermarrying with the newer comers and in a few generations, through the children and grandchildren of these unions, our entire population can claim Colonial and Revolutionary blood.

As I left the Senate to-day it had finished listening to the reading of Washington's farewell address. Like the Constitution of the United States, that wonderful message from the Father of his Country to his people has in it wisdom and direction for every period and all emergencies. The more one studies the remarkable works and utterances of the Revolutionary Fathers, the more one wonders at their genius, statesmanship, and foresight. Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Jay still teach us constitutional law and federative government through the pages of the *Federalist*. In the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson succinctly condensed the wisdom of the ages for personal liberty and the rights of the individual, while Hamilton imbedded into the Constitution of the United States the vitalizing principle of eternal life in our Republic by the powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States. Washington stands foremost among the great of all times as a leader of people to self-government and constructor upon impregnable foundations of equal laws of the institutions of his country. Thrice he saved our Republic in its initial struggles. First, in war. We recognize now that there was none other among the soldiers of the Revolution who could have won in that prolonged struggle. Second, when at Newburgh the Continental Army, ragged and footsore, facing the possibility of returning to impoverished homes and themselves poverty-stricken, with two years of pay in arrears, offered to him the dictatorship. His heart was bleeding for their necessities, and in the jealousies of the colonies endangering the success in the formation of a union he might have accepted, but he sternly pushed aside the temptation and taught the soldiers at the same time a lesson of patriotism and sacrifice.

which, if it had come from a lesser man, would have simply angered them to select instead of Washington a weaker and more ambitious subject whom they could follow and place in supreme power. The third crisis came in the adoption of the Constitution. It was Washington who brought to the signature of that instrument eleven of the colonies, and then in accepting the Presidency added the other two and the union of the States was formed.

Within a few days we have celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. As time eliminates the celebrities of each period, five hundred years from now there will stand out two great figures typical of the story of the United States. Washington the founder and Lincoln the savior. There is at present a studied effort to adopt methods to eliminate leadership. We are groping for systems which will in some way enable the collective wisdom of the mass to be substituted for the character who in all ages and all great crises has been gifted by God with the genius to organize the mass and lead them to victory. But it is the lesson of history that efforts religious, political, ethical, or for human freedom fight and fail until in the Lord's due time the appointed leader arises and the victory is won. Washington and Lincoln were neither of them accidents. Both had the best preparation of any for the burdens imposed upon them. Washington was the only one of the regular or volunteer officers who came off with credit and reputation from Braddock's bloody field. His military training was under veterans of many European battlefields. His career met with two perils in his earlier life. He went to Boston to present on behalf of the officers of the colonial volunteers a petition that they should have equal rank and consideration in the regular army of Great Britain. If that petition had been accepted Washington's love of military life might have soon drafted him into the British Army to serve in distant parts of the world. The second siren beckoning him to a sidepath was the beautiful Miss Phillips, of New York, with whom he had fallen madly in love. She rejected his suit, but if she had accepted, it is hardly possible that she would have consented to have lived the plantation life of that period. Her father was one of the great patroons whose estate extended for thirty miles along the Hudson. The family were leaders in the refined society of New York. The allure-

ment of the luxuries of country and city life with a beautiful wife a dominant social factor might have seduced the soldier from the stern paths of preparation which made him the unanimous choice of the Continental Congress for Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the young Republic. When he took command he was the best equipped and trained soldier in the colonies, and he knew the country, from having tramped and traveled over it, better than any other man of the time. Under the very best conditions he had been for more than twenty-five years training for the place which won for him immortal fame and for his country independence. So with Lincoln. The great task of Lincoln was to keep the Northern people, with their divided sentiments upon slavery and their enormous pecuniary interest in the Southern market, up to the point of making the sacrifices necessary to put down the Rebellion. It was the life in the backwoods and on the frontier, it was the contact of the country lawyer and the country politician with the plain people, which taught him how the average man and woman of the country could be appealed to, what argument would move them, what appeals would stir them, what call would draw them to volunteer their lives to save the Union. He had more than a quarter of a century of this preparation before he was elected President of the United States.

Well, gentlemen, your society recalls the time when three millions of people scattered in a fringe of settlements along the Atlantic Coast fought for independence, liberty and union. To-day nearly ninety millions of people are enjoying the fruits of their efforts in a larger measure of national power and individual prosperity than ever occurred to the fathers in their wildest dreams and most ardent hopes of the future. Our progress, except in the Civil War, where the issue was fought out at terrible loss of life and treasure, has been one of wise compromises. Radical reformers blaze the way in arousing the public sentiment, and fail because the country is never ready to immediately adopt new propositions. The fathers believed that there should be ample time for reason and experiment before any theories are put into practice. They placed in the path of progress first the States, with their Executive, Legislatures, and Judiciary and reserved powers; next the Federal Government, with its three independent branches, the Executive, the Congress, and that

august and mighty tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States, whose interpretations upon the Constitution are the law of the land. "Make haste slowly" was their belief, and "Make haste slowly" has been our salvation. Many is the time when an idea if put in practice at once would have led to revolution, but iteration and reiteration, a step made one year, another made another year, possibly after a long interval, because of its trial in part and by trial the elimination of many of its features, the people are satisfied to adopt modified measures. In a word, our successful progress has been one of compromises. The compromise of Clay saved the Union and the compromise of Lincoln postponed—until the country was ready to accept it—the Proclamation of Emancipation. I remember one of Lincoln's famous stories which he told to illustrate the virtues of delay. He said a farmer came to him for a divorce. He strongly advised the farmer against breaking up his family. He said: "My friend, all things should be yielded that are possible before man and wife separate, and why can't you compromise your difficulties?" "Well," said the farmer, "Mr. Lincoln, it is just this way. We got along very well until we paid for the farm. Then we became prosperous, tore down the log house and built a frame one. The question immediately arose about painting it. I wanted it painted white like our neighbor's, but my wife said brown. I told her that would make us peculiar, talked about, controversy would get into the church and we would be subject to gossip and strangers would stop driving along to inquire what was the matter with that house. Then she gets mad, throws the teacups at my head, and pours hot tea down my back, and I want a divorce." Mr. Lincoln said: "Now, my friend, go home, keep your temper; you could not have lived all these years together without knowing each other well enough to find some basis of agreement, and don't return for a month." At the end of the month the farmer came in and said: "Mr. Lincoln, you need not go on with that divorce suit. My wife and I have compromised." "What is the compromise?" "We are going to paint the house brown." In domestic affairs the house is always painted brown, but in our National family we have agreed often as a compromise upon some other of the suggestions in color of the rainbow of hope, and the house was painted and preserved.

What would Washington or Lincoln do if alive and in power

in our time? There are only nine days left of the seven years of Theodore Roosevelt's administration. It has passed into history. It is no longer a subject for controversy, though opinions may widely differ as to the good or ill which has been gained by Roosevelt's policies and measures. I think, therefore, I am standing rather as a historian looking at the past than in any sense a controversialist, to utter my individual opinion that if Washington or Lincoln had lived in our time either of them in the great industrial crisis which was upon us would have acted much as did Roosevelt. The wonderful development, the unequaled progress and the enormous accumulation of wealth in our country had caused widespread alarm and discontent. Masterful men in every branch of production and transportation were rapidly organizing for the concentration into a few controlling corporations the transportation facilities, the food and mineral products, and the manufactures of the country. I feel that if this process had gone on unchecked its evils would have been enormously exaggerated. The basis for appeals to popular passion would have been beyond all precedents and Congress and the State Legislatures would have been moved to such drastic and ill-considered measures that in the effort to save the country from the abuses of corporate control panic would have followed panic, and there would have been a long interval of financial and industrial distress. But Roosevelt struck the keynote, and struck it as only such a strong and original man can, of National and State control and regulation. Repudiating, on the one hand, Government going into every kind of a business, repudiating, on the other, all socialistic attempts to destroy property, he took a medium course by making great commissions, like that of Interstate Commerce, semi-judicial, to which the people could appeal and before which the corporations could be heard, and whose decisions would be the results not of passion but of testimony. So also at this critical time when invention and discovery have so increased the power and the processes of destruction that our natural resources are threatened with exhaustion in a generation, he has again sought in the Federal and State Governments and by international agreement with the world to bring about the conservation and preservation of natural resources, to be so used that the people can have the benefit of them from generation to generation for all time to come.

DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SPERRY

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SPERRY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND THE FLAG OFFICERS AND CAPTAINS OF THE BATTLESHIP FLEET, AT THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON, D.C., FEBRUARY 28, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I do not know why I have been selected to speak to-night for the Navy and to the Navy, but I consider it a great privilege. My sea-going, except as a passenger, has been mainly upon the waters of the Hudson River, where in my youth I was an expert navigator. General Grant used to tell with great satisfaction the story of a classmate of his, now living, a retired officer in the Army. He said this gentleman received an appointment both for West Point and Annapolis. He selected the Army because he was always sick at sea. After graduation he was directed to join his regiment, then stationed at Portland, Oregon. He had to go around Cape Horn on a sailing vessel and suffered agonies for three months. When he arrived he found that the regiment had been ordered to Fort Mackinaw, on the Canadian border, and he repeated his experience for three months more. After a little the regiment was ordered to California and then back again. In this various experience he was at sea nearly two years and on shore only about a month and ill all the time. He remarked to Grant that if he had known officers of the Army had to spend all their time at sea he would have gone to Annapolis, because Navy officers have shore leave.

The history of the American Navy is full of glory and inspiration, but it has been full of vicissitudes, owing to lack of appreciation during most of its life. It has always had to struggle against two diverse conditions, one the apparent impossibility of Congressmen from the interior and mountain States to appreciate its necessity, and the other cheese-paring economists who felt that when none of the other appropriations could be reduced it was safe to cut deep into the Navy appropriation. This singular feeling of indifference to the value of this great arm of Na-

tional defence was illustrated at a meeting in New York at the beginning of the Spanish-American War. It was known that the harbor was practically without defence, either in forts, guns, or submarines. There was considerable alarm for fear the Spanish fleet might succeed in entering the harbor and inflicting upon the city incalculable damage. At this meeting an ex-Governor of a Western State, in the course of a long and eloquent speech, rebuked his audience for their apprehensions. He said, "If the Spanish ironclads should ever approach your city three millions of Western men would march here and drive them out to sea."

The Navy was at the high tide of popularity after the victories of Paul Jones in the *Bon Homme Richard*. They kept at home a large part of the English Navy for the protection of their coasts, for he spread alarm all around the islands. It was this service which enabled De Grasse with the French fleet to pass the capes and enter the Chesapeake and keep reinforcements away from Cornwallis, and compel the surrender at Yorktown which brought about peace and the recognition of the American Republic. We owe much to Ambassador Porter for finding the resting-place of this father of the American Navy and bringing his remains to Annapolis to remain there forever to be the inspiration of our future naval officers. But we find the same neglect in Congress in the refusal to make an appropriation for a memorial chapel and crypt. The tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides and of Nelson in St. Paul's keep alive in the one case the military ardor and in the other the naval spirit which are the defence of France and the protection of Great Britain, but the condition in which the remains of Paul Jones are left at Annapolis is a disgrace and will remain so until the minds of the future officers of the Navy are concentrated, not upon the present neglect of the father of their arm of the service, but upon his glory and achievements.

After the Revolution came a period of neglect until enthusiasm was again aroused in 1812 by the achievements of the old frigate *Constitution* and the splendid work of Commodores Decatur, Bainbridge, and others. Then, again there was a long period of neglect until the Civil War found us with three thousand miles of coast to blockade and scarcely the semblance of a Navy to do it. After the Civil War the country entered upon a marvelous career of progress and development. All the talent,

resourcefulness, inventive genius, and indomitable energies of the people were concentrated upon exploitation and money-making. The trend of population, enterprise, and migration was "Westward, and ever westward, for new settlements, additional commonwealths and other stars to our flag." Happily, we had for Secretary of the Navy from 1884 to 1888 William C. Whitney, a man of great talent, born and brought up on the seacoast and familiar with the tremendous expansion of the navies of the European countries and the necessity for our improving this arm if we were to take our proper position on the Atlantic and Pacific. With the impetus given by the victories of the Spanish-American War we have advanced by leaps and bounds to the second place among the navies of the world.

There is no part of American history which so interests and enthuses the boys of the country as the story of the old frigate *Constitution*, of Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," and those marvelous victories, unequaled in naval warfare, at Manila and Santiago Bay. It was my privilege to be one of the committee of escort for Admiral Dewey in his triumphant tour through the States and the city of New York and at Norwich University now at Northfield, Vermont, from which he graduated before entering Annapolis, and where a memorial hall was to be erected to his memory, and to deliver the address on the laying of the corner-stone. This brings to mind an incident where I was a victim of the acute controversy which at one time became not only personal, but political, in reference to the claims of Admirals Sampson and Schley for the victory at Santiago. Within an hour after Mr. Bryan, then a candidate for the Presidency, had left a town I arrived to address the same crowd. It was an intensely hostile one, and their yells, shouts, and cheers for Mr. Bryan completely drowned my voice. In an interval of exhaustion of the crowd I shouted, "You are trying to suppress free speech with the weapon with which Samson slew the Philistines." A fine old mossback, shaking his fist, yelled at me, "That is another Republican lie. It was not Sampson; it was Schley."

Well, gentlemen, when the battleship fleet was ordered to make this trip around the world the adverse criticism of the press was stronger than the approval. Within a few hours the term of President Roosevelt will end. He has already passed

into history, and the acts of his administration are to be judged from the historical standpoint. Without partisanship or excuse for party feeling, we can now calmly and dispassionately express our praise or criticism. I am sure there are none in this audience who are here to greet and do honor to the commanders of the battleships who have made this record voyage who will disagree with my statement that one of the wisest, most far-reaching and beneficent acts of President Roosevelt was the ordering of this cruise. The people of the world are and always will be children. Pictured conditions with object lessons are more impressive than the lecture. Isolated as we are, three thousand miles from Europe over the Atlantic, from three to five thousand from the South American republics, and six thousand from the Orient, it is impossible for the statesman or the citizens of those countries to apprehend the strength of our Republic and its resources for defence at home and the protection of its interests abroad. We know, and it has been our misfortune that we thought all the world must know, our power, population, intelligence, and wealth. We know of the equipment of the officers who have been trained at our Naval Academy. We know of the marvels they have accomplished in our few wars, with wholly inadequate resources. We know that during the Civil War they took charge of any craft, steamboat, ferryboat, barge, flatboat, sailing vessel, or steam vessel that could float and not go to pieces at the discharge of a gun, and with these mongrel squadrons won mighty victories on the rivers and on the seas.

Your comrade, Captain Mahan, has reflected in another department imperishable honor on his and your Alma Mater, the Annapolis Academy. His book on the "Sea Power" led to an agitation in Great Britain and almost re-created the Royal Navy, and only posterity can know the influence of his books upon our naval programme and advancing rank among naval powers.

From what the officers have told us this evening, we gather that their reception everywhere, while most cordial, was one of amazement. To statesmen who are friendly and with difficulty control hostile peoples, the voyage was a most efficient help.

In the South American republics there has developed a feeling of jealousy amounting almost to hostility against the United States. Their people have been encouraged to believe that our enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine was a cloak for establish-

ing a protectorate over them. The visit and speeches of Secretary of State Root did much to overcome this impression and to convince them that our only object was their independence to work out in their own way their destiny and unity for common defense. The battleship fleet, following the timely trip of our Secretary of State, enforced the lesson of friendship and the power to protect and defend a principle more important to them than to us should the occasion arise. This object lesson of invincibility in war has done more than all conventions and treaties for the maintenance of peace. It has done more than all negotiations and treaties for the protection of our Pacific Coast and our hereafter-to-be undisputed position upon the Pacific Ocean, for the safety of our island possessions and our proper place in the affairs of the Orient.

There have been occasions when a small number of the American people were privileged to see and feel only in a little larger way what was visible to the imagination and stirred the hearts of our entire population. Few, comparatively, were present, but from every household in the country was seen the march of Grant's and Sherman's Army past the President, and the superb and unequaled spectacle of two millions of veteran soldiers when the war was over returning to their homes and pursuits in civil life. The members of every family stood with uncovered heads and equal emotions at the burial of Lincoln. The same was true in the triumphal procession of Dewey. When the battleship fleet had completed its forty-six thousand miles around the globe, sailing into the harbors of every country, welcomed in every country and under every flag, with naught but the highest credit due everywhere on sea and on shore to its officers and men, and entered Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, from which it had sailed, on the birthday of Washington a hundred thousand lined the shore to greet you with their cheers and their tears of joy, but they were only the representatives of eighty millions seeing with the mind's eye the spectacle and feeling with equal emotion, pride and welcome in your voyage and return. I am sure that Washington, on this his birthday, noting from the spiritland its celebration everywhere, and the growth and progress of the country fulfilling his predictions and his hopes, and recalling Paul Jones's achievements in his one little ship, felt his greatest satisfaction in the parade before his successor of the battleship fleet.

RECEPTION TO ELIHU ROOT

SPEECH AT THE RECEPTION TO SENATOR ELIHU ROOT BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The very delightful commission has often been given to me during my active life to fresco a friend at some public gathering, but never have I done it when the occasion afforded me more gratification than this. I think I have made more nominating speeches in local, State, and National Conventions, taking them all together, than anybody living. But my especial pleasure has been to attend banquets like this given in honor of a gentleman of distinction. When the Union League Club of New York pays this tribute it primarily does honor to one of its members; in this case to a gentleman who was once its president, and second, especially in this, it speaks the sentiment of the whole party.

I remember Mr. Root when he first came to New York as a young lawyer, nearly forty years ago. It was my privilege to be present at his wedding, to have joy in the successes of his children and to find when I congratulated him upon being a grandfather that he was the most youthful member of the family. The good Lord gifted him with that best of possessions for happiness and longevity, love of companionship with youth, enjoyment of a joke and a laugh, and to preserve amidst the greatest cares and responsibilities the faculty of "frivoling." The ponderous, platitudinous and borish statesman who frowns when others smile is appropriately at home under an imposing shaft in the graveyard.

Mr. Root began life as a teacher. His father was a distinguished professor in Hamilton College. He was on the highway to a college presidency and the immortality of educational achievements, but he elected to change to the law and has become the leader of the American Bar and reached the foremost rank in American statesmanship. For a young man from the country, without acquaintances or backing, to commence the practice of

law in the city of New York is most discouraging. Mr. Evarts said to me once: "There are a thousand lawyers in this city as able as I am who are almost starving." This, of course, was an exaggeration, but it forcibly impressed the fact that of the four thousand lawyers in this great city those at the top with great incomes can be counted on the fingers of one's hands, and it further illustrates the singular concentration of many superior qualities that enable a lawyer in this terrific competition to forge to the front. Long before Cicero wrote his charming essays other philosophers talked wisely of the pleasures of friendship and the occupations of age. Men passing the meridian form few new attachments, but those which began early and have survived the years are precious beyond words. To me one of my choicest assets is the fact that in the close association and sometimes acute differences of politics I have had an evergrowing love and admiration for Elihu Root.

I recall to-night that wonderful coterie of good fellows, the Arthur crowd—Arthur afterward President, Root, Surrogate Rollins, Police Commissioner French, the brilliant George Bliss, about a dozen of the most capable and cultured, dare I whisper it, machine leaders who ever worked in harmony. President Arthur loved a story but was not himself a story teller. He had but one which he told frequently: That these friends had been spending the night with him at the White House when the then Speaker called to pay his respects after the adjournment of Congress. Arthur's love of a joke led him to introduce these associates as eminent members of the Society of Ananias and Sapphira. The Speaker, an able man who never joked, said with great impressiveness: "Gentlemen, I am glad to meet you. I have no sympathy with the present hostility to corporations. While some may be bad, they are as a whole accomplishing results for progress and prosperity which could not be done by individual efforts." Arthur, alarmed for fear the Speaker might discover his pleasantry and be offended, said: "Mr. Speaker, I do not think you correctly understood me. What I remarked was that these gentlemen are the officers and most distinguished members of the Society of Ananias and Sapphira." "Then," said the Speaker, "I am doubly glad to meet them. I remember that I was once elected an honorary member of a society by that name, and while I did not fairly understand its purpose, from the names

that were given me I esteemed it a very great honor." I congratulate our guest that in the real Society of Ananias and Sapphira, organized during the late administration, he failed to be admitted.

Human nature and individual characteristics have never been more diversely represented than in our President of the United States. The contrast between McKinley and Roosevelt was most marked. McKinley not only accepted but eagerly sought advice. Before arriving at a decision he would thrash the question out with his Cabinet and then consult the Senators and members of Congress. The distinction of being his confidant because of these conferences was widely distributed. Roosevelt, on the other hand, self-centered, self-reliant to a degree, and grasping readily and intuitively current questions, frequently acted upon his own initiative. I know of no greater tribute to the ability, equipment, tact and diplomacy of a Cabinet minister than that he should have been foremost among the Cabinet counselors of these two Presidents. That distinction belongs to Senator Root.

I had an urgent matter to present to Mr. Roosevelt and went over to the executive offices on Cabinet day. I was surrounded as usual with those argus-eyed gatherers of news, the reporters, and asked them if the Cabinet had adjourned. One of them said: "Yes and no. The official Cabinet has adjourned. The session of the real Cabinet has just begun, and will last, as usual, about three hours." I said: "What is the real Cabinet?" to which the intelligent journalist responded, "The President and Root."

Senator Knox tells a delightful story of President Roosevelt's consultation with many members of his Cabinet. Responding to a call Knox went over to the Executive offices. The President said: "Knox, you are better acquainted than anyone I know with the qualifications of members of your profession for office. What would you think of my appointing Mr. So-and-so to this position?" which was a most important one. Knox said: "Mr. President, have you appointed him?" The President said: "Yes." "Then," said Knox, "up at Valley Forge where I have my summer home is a shrewd and popular saloonkeeper. While he was resting in the rear room the barkeeper called out, 'Boss, is O'Brien good for a drink?' 'Has he had it?' 'He has.' 'Then he is.' "

I have participated in the election of United States Senators from New York for over half a century. In most instances the

victory has been the result of a fair, open, and honorable contest. In few cases it has come with unanimity and without a struggle, but the canvass which resulted in the selection of Mr. Root is without a parallel. There were many aspirants who had done much preliminary work and secured many pledges. Mr. Root, when asked by friends if he would serve, answered: "I would esteem it a great honor, but I will not seek the place, go to Albany, make a canvass, or solicit the vote of any member of either House." Under ordinary, or I might say extraordinary, conditions that expression would have been fatal against active competitors, but the people of the State without regard to party demanded of the Legislature the election of Mr. Root, and the Legislature, as always, responded to the popular demand.

This is no place for controversial discussion, nor do I provoke it in a recital of recent history. It is a great misfortune to the question of primary nominations that a mere matter of procedure by an amendment to a system already in existence, where no moral principle is involved, should have dragged into it as a matter of friendship or enmity the personality of our distinguished Governor. There is no more reason why a man who differs in opinion with Mr. Hughes on this subject should be classed his enemy than that he should be thought hostile to him because he happens to belong to some other religious denomination than the Baptist. I think our friend, Senator Root, carried into his speech at Albany lessons of diplomacy from the office of Secretary of State when he perfectly satisfied by his suggestions Governor Hughes, Mr. Woodruff, and Mr. Barnes, and then gave them the sound advice: "Get together." In Oregon, under the new system, the Legislature, which had seventeen Democrats and all the rest Republicans, some three-fourths, elected a Democrat instead of Senator Fulton, one of the ablest men in the upper House of Congress. In New Hampshire, under the old system, they returned for the fourth time Gallinger, one of the most valuable Senators in this or any other Congress. In Illinois, after a prolonged and disastrously expensive contest among all the candidates in the primary, Senator Hopkins, who has demonstrated great ability during his term, was fifty thousand ahead of his next competitor. The Legislature, itself elected by the primary, refuses to obey the instruction and has been voting without result all winter. In Wisconsin, the expenses of the

primary canvass were as follows, according to the sworn returns: McGovern, eleven thousand dollars, Hatton thirty thousand, Cook forty-two thousand, and Stephenson one hundred and eight thousand. The votes at the primary were in proportion to the money spent, and on the third of March, after balloting for two months, the Legislature in joint session elected Stephenson. In New York, under our present system, Elihu Root received the unanimous vote of his party at the first session of the Legislature without the disbursement of a postage stamp.

We always need in the Senate a Constitutional lawyer of the first class. There is still a sharp line drawn in Federal legislation between the ideas of Jefferson and those of Hamilton. When the Southern States find their Senator able, they elect him term after term. A career in the Senate is much like a university course, the longer it is pursued the better equipped the student, and these able and experienced Southern Senators are formidable advocates of a strict construction of the Constitution and the reserved rights of the States. Railway rate bills, pure food laws, and constantly recurring necessities for the exercise of Federal power, meet with either their opposition or critical scrutiny and curtailment. The idea advanced by Senator Root in one of his able speeches that if the States neglected their duties the Federal Government must perform them, is abhorrent to these statesmen. During my term in the Senate we had a great debater as well as a great lawyer in Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin. His aid was invaluable in the advocacy and defence of legislation which is required to be done by the Federal Government, owing to the conditions arising out of our industrial development and accumulated wealth. He was succeeded by another great lawyer in Senator Knox, and now that Knox retires from the Senate to become Secretary of State, it is most fortunate for sound legislation along broad, Constitutional lines that the Republican ranks have added to their number not only the leader of the American Bar, but a statesman who in the Cabinet of two Presidents has been brought into intimate contact with Federal questions which will arise and which must be decided in the years to come.

But, gentlemen, this is an occasion which must necessarily crystallize achievements as the basis of our compliment and the distinction of our guest. Dining the other night with the officers of the battleship fleet who have completed the unequalled voyage

of peace around the world, Admiral Sperry said to me that everywhere in South America they felt in the cordiality of their welcome and the appreciation of their mission the beneficent influence of the visit of Secretary of State Root. The Monroe Doctrine has always been in danger of becoming ridiculous because of conditions in the Central and South American republics, with their incessant revolutions, dictatorships, and internecine wars. It was the dream of Henry Clay, and it was the tentative agreement, which he did not live to carry out, of James G. Blaine, to bring about relations between the United States and all these republics which would lead to a Pan-American cordial understanding and sentimental alliance. The visit of Mr. Root to these South American capitals and the speeches that he made dispelled the jealousies and the fears of the dominance of the United States, which had before made this beneficent result impossible. The arrangement which he secured with Mexico to keep the Central American republics from perpetually flying at each other's throats is the greatest advance of the century for peace upon the Isthmus. The treaties which he concluded, some of which have been adopted and the others are not far away from passage by the Senate, with Great Britain have permanently settled the century-old irritations between our Canadian neighbors and ourselves, while the peace of the world is promoted and conserved and our situation in the Pacific made secure by the gentleman's agreement between the United States and Japan.

In bidding farewell to one of the greatest of our Secretaries of State, we are hailing the advent of a great Senator.

DINNER TO ANDREW CARNEGIE

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO ANDREW CARNEGIE BY THE LOTOS CLUB, NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: This old club during the thirty-odd years of my membership has paid tribute to and met in honor of men distinguished in more departments of human endeavor and activity than any other institution in the world. Its broad hospitality welcomes genius and achievement in letters, science, religion, politics, journalism, industries, the Army and the Navy. In politics I include statesmen because we all agree with Tom Reed's definition that a statesman is a politician who has died.

The numerous activities of our guest of to-night make it difficult to class him. He stands in the foremost rank as a captain of industry. Probably only one man in the world excels him as a multimillionaire. He has written books on travel, on the triumphs of democracy, on sociological subjects and the gospel of wealth. He has played golf and smashed the tariff. We are not on a plane with him in many of these fields. I cannot agree with him in some of his views, but, as his elder by a year, I have hope of his conversion. A veteran standpatter like myself thinks that those who, supplementing the tariff with extraordinary ability for business, have accumulated large fortunes should leave to the other fellow, now poor, who may have ability, like tariff opportunities. But whether we look upon our friend in his industrial, capitalistic, philanthropic, literary, or sporting efforts, after an association of a third of a century I am fond of and admire the entity labeled "Andrew Carnegie."

There is a wonderful charm to the American in the word "Success." In older countries masses of people are born and pass their lives in the same groove in which their ancestors lived, moved and died. They have never felt the motive power which is ever present in the American boy and concentrated in the word "Success." Institutions in all countries and in all ages have been founded upon classes, except ours. Ours are built up on the in-

dividual. Life with us is a Marathon race. The lists are free and open. Everyone hopes to attain some goal with a reward even if he does not win the crown at the finish. So we have among our people a marvelous proportion of successful men. But what is success? In the colonial period it was eminence in the ministry. To win distinction in the pulpit was the height of human ambition and effort. In the early days of the Republic it was politics and law. To reach a high place in public life or to be a leader at the Bar or an eminent judge filled to the full the aspirations of the capable and ambitious. Then came an era of original, constructive, and brainy editors whose ideas became the opinions of the people and who did the thinking for the masses and dictated to Legislatures and Congresses measures and policies. With material success, development of resources, and great opportunities for talents in invention, manufacturers, mining and transportation, the end sought and struggled for was wealth. That continues to an inordinate degree up to the present time. Every man who is known to be very rich, or who has close connection professionally or in a business way with those who are, finds in his mail large numbers of letters whose inquiry is, "How to make money." Commodore Vanderbilt once remarked to me that any fool could make money but it took a wise man to keep it. I never saw such eagerness for a book as when Mr. Carnegie published his "Gospel of Wealth." Everybody thought the great master had revealed the secret. The whole country is now reading with absorbing interest the autobiography, as it comes out month by month, of John D. Rockefeller. They think he will tell them. I doubt if any great millionaire can explain to others who are not equally gifted how to get there. The only lessons they teach are how to save, and then when you have a surplus how to discreetly invest. It is men of genius who never made a dollar beyond the bare necessities of life and never accumulated anything who have given the ideas upon which other people have accumulated fortunes. Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" created modern Great Britain, but Adam Smith was a poor Scotch professor. Henry Cary, an apostle of protection, did more than all other men to create public sentiment and permanent policies in the line of a protective tariff which has gained more general wealth and distributed more prosperous living than all other legislative acts of the country combined. And yet

Henry Cary lived and died in very modest circumstances. A friend of mine of great ideas and little practical talent started many a capable youth upon a successful career by his lectures on "How to make money."

We have lived since 1897 under the Dingley tariff. Every man of great wealth and of moderate wealth, and almost every man in prosperous circumstances in the country, owes his success to the marvelous development, progress and productiveness of the last eleven years. Dingley was riding up one day in the trolley car from the Capitol, with Mark Hanna. He said: "Mark, you are many years younger than I am and you have made millions. I never have been able to get ahead of the game in life, and yet my legislation has made rich men richer and poor men rich. Now, how do they do it?" Hanna said: "Dingley, I can tell you right off how to make twenty-five per cent. on your investment." Dingley turned eagerly to his supposed benefactor and said: "For heaven's sake, Mark, how?" "Why," said Hanna, "these five-cent tickets upon which we ride are sold by the railroad company in a bunch at twenty-five per cent. discount. There is your fortune if you invest enough."

Gentlemen, a new development has come with large fortunes in our country which is the peculiar characteristic of the last decade. It is the giving of money—the modern gospel of wealth. It was the old, hard doctrine of the early preachers that the Lord helps only those who help themselves. The gospel of wealth is to put men and women in the way of helping themselves. The Carnegie library has been the source of more wit and humor than any other benefaction, and yet the Carnegie idea penetrates towns where the economy of the taxpayer would never otherwise furnish these free schools of learning. Millions of girls and boys who in the hard struggles of life have not the money to buy even a paper-covered book there become familiar and in easy companionship with the gifted of every age and their contributions to the uplift which comes from great ideas grandly expressed. Many a mind which would have remained a clod has been spiritualized and energized into the larger life of endeavor, activity and accomplishment by a chance book read at an odd hour taken from hard work in the village or city library. It is due to these benefactions of wealth that science is making progress and discoveries which surpass those of all the ages behind us. The physician

and surgeon are learning how to save and prolong life. The secret of the cycles, "How to have longevity with health," has been wrung from unwilling nature. It is singular that with the enormous accumulation of wealth, sometimes from heredity and sometimes from colonial opportunity, and invention in the Old World, the gospel of wealth is an American idea. The two noblest foundations of liberal learning known to the English tongue, Oxford and Cambridge, need five millions of dollars each to enable them to enlarge their curriculums to meet the demands of our period in practical life. These appeals have been made for almost a decade, but yet with only partial success. But with us, within the last ten years, by less than a half-dozen men hundreds of millions of dollars have been contributed as a permanent endowment, the income to be devoted to securing the latest and most beneficent additions to the education of those upon whom is to devolve the future of our country. These figures are almost beyond comprehension. We talk in millions as our fathers did in thousands. When I was a boy the highest ambition was, so far as money is concerned, to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. Now there is no limit.

The paramount desire of all right-minded men and women is happiness. "How to be happy" is a far cry or a near one, depending upon him who prays. It is not a matter of environment but of disposition. I have seen miserable rich men and miserable poor ones, the misery of the one is not because of his riches nor of the other because of his poverty. I knew a man whose income was a million a year and he spent a hundred and fifty dollars a month. I said to him, "What is your happiness?" His answer was, "Seeing the snowball grow." I knew another with an income equally large who was a guinea-pig. He lived upon the fees which he received as a director in many corporations. He was persuaded late in life to visit Europe and there came across an old associate who had become happy, after retiring from a hard business life, by studying art and accumulating the treasures which he understood. He took his visitor to see a painting at the Salon which was interesting all Europe. While explaining its beauties with rare enthusiasm he turned to see his friend busy writing upon a pad. He said angrily: "What are you doing? Are you trying to copy this picture?" "No," said his friend, "I

am reckoning how much money in director's fees I am losing while here."

The happiest man I ever knew was a pedler and a Methodist exhorter. He cheered the sorrowful, uplifted the sick, carried joy into houses of mourning, added gayety in life to gatherings of the young and consolation and merriment to the old by carrying out to the full the Scriptural motto, "Be diligent in business while serving the Lord." The amount of pleasure that there is in this world from making other people happy can never be measured. The larger the field which money or talent enables a man to cover, the greater the joy. The philosophy of life is reciprocity, and a man gets what he gives. So to-night, while we greet this captain of industry, author, lecturer, Doctor of Laws from four great universities, for all he has achieved, we welcome him as a philanthropist, in the broadest sense of that word, for what he has done, is doing, and is going to do.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK

SPEECH AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PAT-
RICK, AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN OF THE ST. PATRICK SOCIETY: I feel that one who speaks after the Irish epic to which we have just listened must strike a discordant note. The eloquence of the Archbishop is full of the spirit of Ireland's great poet of the classic days, Ossian. In speaking of other days he dreams of an ideal life which is to come to the Irish race. I have been a dreamer all my life. That has enabled me to come within three weeks, as I am to-night, of that landmark known as seventy-five, and then I shall commence dreaming of my centenary. No one can help being a dreamer who sits with this agreeable collection of Irishmen who honor our country to-night.

Nearly a hundred years ago we had in our city of New York an Attorney-general who shed lustre upon the office. He came fresh from sacrifices for liberty in his native land, and honored both the soil of his birth and adoption by his achievements there and here. His son is our presiding officer this evening. Now, revolving cycles bring to the same great office another distinguished Irishman, distinguished as a legislator and as a lawyer, Attorney-general O'Malley. The attraction of office for the Irish and of the Irish for office gives little opportunity for success except for the Irish when the competitor is an American born, a German, a Frenchman, or an Italian.

I left Washington yesterday to be present at this celebration, after listening in the Senate to a message from President Taft of three hundred words, which was read in three minutes. The last message I listened to in that august assemblage, from the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, Mr. Roosevelt, contained thirty thousand words and was read in three hours. A distinguished statesman from a Southern State told me that an audience in his commonwealth would be insulted if he spoke less than three

hours, and that they expected him to talk at least half a day. With us forty minutes is the limit, and fifteen appreciated. Everything depends upon the point of view. Some people like allopathic doses, some homeopathic, and some spiritualistic suggestions.

My first speech before this Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick was made forty years ago, and for twenty-five years afterward I spoke annually. Then you elected me an honorary member as the only way to shut me up. Of all the distinctions which have come to me in life none have been more cherished than the fact that I should have for so many years been an honorary member of this venerable organization which celebrates to-night its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary.

There is much loose talk about restricting the privileges of immigrants who have come here, and depriving those who arrive later of the same opportunities which belong by law and right to the Yankee whose ancestor was more fortunate or more enterprising, and so migrated a hundred or two hundred years before. But that comment would be singularly out of place before this organization which is one hundred and twenty-five years old this day, and, I think, ranks in age among the eldest of the charitable and patriotic National societies now so numerous among us.

I love processions. A band of music and a marching troop have always captured me, and are as fascinating to-day as when I was a country lad. It is with the utmost effort that I can keep myself from taking the step and marching on with the boys. I remember as if it were yesterday the march past the President and Cabinet at Washington, immediately after the Civil War, of the veteran soldiers of the Republic whose sacrifices had cemented our Union and placed it upon foundations which can never be disturbed. Then I remember that this same Army accomplished a feat never witnessed before, when two millions of veterans returned to civil life and took up again the occupations which they had abandoned to fight for their country. You all remember that procession which marched through our streets when Admiral Dewey after the Spanish War had such a remarkable reception, as he passed from Washington through New York to his old home in Vermont. I was his escort on that occasion, and therefore felt under most favorable circumstances the depth, the intensity, and the inspiration of an American crowd joyfully

acclaiming an American hero. So to-day, unofficially and a self-appointed member of the sidewalk committee of unnumbered thousands, I viewed the hosts of Ireland with their banners and their decorations of green marching by. It was a procession which I have looked upon with the same emotions annually for at least seventy years. The first of these processions was celebrating the preservation of the Union; the second, the driving of the last vestige of European tyranny from the Western Hemisphere, and the last of to-day, a continuation of a march passing from father to son which has been carrying the banner and fighting the civic battles for liberty for Ireland for hundreds of years.

As I review the forty years during which I have had the honor of meeting the Friendly Sons at their annual banquet, I cannot help recalling how much has been accomplished in that period for Ireland. I recall a remark which I have quoted before, made to me by the best friend of an alien race which Ireland ever had, Mr. Gladstone. He said if he had to choose from all the centuries of recorded time the one in which to live it would have been the half century covered by his own activities, because it was a half century of emancipation. The story so eloquently told here to-night by His Grace is an illuminating discussion of the steps of that emancipation, and it brings to mind what was accomplished by Parnell and is being accomplished by Redmond and his associates, and the efforts of a hundred years receive their highest reward in the fact that more than one-half of Ireland is to-day owned by her own people.

I could not be with you this evening and look over the faces of these six hundred guests, the older ones being so familiar to me, though I have not grown up to the younger ones, without recalling orators I have listened to here. To hear Judge Brady tell a story was worth a trip from Washington. To listen to the eloquence of that wittiest and most inspiring of speakers, James T. Brady, was worth a trip around the world. But it was a most delightful experience to those who were privileged, and now a charming reminiscence to have heard Richard O'Gorman. The English language was never more beautifully phrased, nor contained more exquisite sentiments, nor presented more brilliant imagery than when used and enriched with the delightful brogue of this accomplished orator.

My friend President Eliot, of Harvard, commands as few men have ever done the respect and admiration of the American people. He retires from a duty conspicuously and brilliantly performed as a foremost citizen of his country. His speeches are usually models of educational value and of common sense. President Eliot is reported in a recent speech to have spoken against the mixing of races which constitutes our cosmopolitan Americanism; and to have claimed that the population of the world would have been more forceful and useful if the Irish had married only Irish girls, the Germans, German girls, and other nationalities the girls of their own race. That touched me, though, of course, I was not in the mind of the distinguished president, as a personal remark. My Irish ancestor, on my mother's side, came over here one hundred and sixty years ago and married a Miss Ogden, of purely English descent. My French ancestor, on my father's side, who passed through Holland on his way to New York, fell in love with and married a Dutch girl, and the result is that these descending strains in my blood which make up my mentality and anatomy, live in an agreeable harmony which promises well for the dream of our day, the ultimate peace of the world. The mixture of races on this continent has created a new type of citizenship and is gradually making our whole population related to the original stock which settled the country. There are fourteen millions of the descendants of the Pilgrims and of the settlers at Jamestown, and in the course of another generation, by reason of intermarriages, the descendants of the immigrants of to-day will be able to point to ancestors who came over on the *Mayflower*. Why, Mr. President, under the rule of Mr. Eliot this Society would have no existence! For the one hundred and twenty-five years since your charter no Irishman has been able to resist the girls of other nationalities with his temperament. French blood gives imagination and vivacity, the Dutch stolidity and solidness, the English obstinacy and dogged stick-to-it-iveness, which accounts for the initial difficulty of comprehending a joke. I met last year, a distinguished English author who said to me: "I see one of your clubs has been celebrating your birthday, the twenty-third of April." I said: "Yes, Shakespeare, St. George and I were born on the twenty-third of April, but, poor fellows, they are both dead." "Yes," he answered, "I know that." But when the qualities of the Irishman, Frenchman, Dutchman, and the Englishman

are mingled in one blood, the possessor, if normal, will have temperament, ambition, acquisitiveness, imagination, and settled purposes in life. He will not only be able to quickly grasp the point of a joke, but to crack one. On occasion he can tell a story with a point to it, and if he tells it long enough he will believe it himself. Sometimes the older jokes are the best ones, and above all such a man will possess that devil-may-care spirit, if the clergy will pardon me for using the expression, which laughs at the bad luck of to-day, believing it will be better to-morrow. So, my friends, we of St. Patrick's Society can celebrate, I think, more than any of the other National societies a composite which makes us proud to be called American citizens. It is an interesting question which shall be the dominant blood in those in whom these various races mingle. Sometimes it is the one and sometimes it is the other, depending upon the strength of the ancestor of a particular race. Those who are descended from different nationalities in our country generally in the third generation, and most of them in the second, and some in the first, have no love for the land or the institutions from which they came. They have no loyalty of the Fatherland, because of the reasons which compelled their ancestors to leave, but where there is a drop of Irish blood there are the songs and the sentiment of Ireland, there is the poetry of Moore, there is the eloquence of O'Connell, and Curran, and Grattan and Emmet; there is love for the land which follows the Irishman and his descendants into all countries and climes. A drop of Irish blood inspires enthusiasm, ardent admiration and the most hopeful aspirations for the Emerald Isle.

DINNER AT THE CALUMET CLUB

SPEECH AT A DINNER AT THE CALUMET CLUB, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It always gives me great pleasure to meet with clubmen in their homes. A club member is in a sense the survival of the fittest. He has to find a proposer and a seconder who themselves have passed the ordeal, then to pass the scrutiny of a committee on admissions and then the vote of the governing body or of the whole club membership. It is no wonder under such conditions that so many are rejected and that the waiting list is usually so long. But when a man has once met all these requirements successfully, his certificate of membership means a factor which is not abundant but very valuable. It does not mean the power to make money, nor the ability to run machines, nor the talent to successfully edit, nor the genius to write a poem or a book, but it means good fellowship—that good fellowship which makes men think better of themselves and of the world—that good fellowship which contributes so much as it receives in general joy and happiness—that good fellowship whose companionship blunts the edge of care, helps for contentment and peace and promotes desirable longevity.

For one reason and another in the many lines of my activities I have become a member of about thirty clubs, and, yet, on account of social, political, business and professional exactions, I can rarely visit any of them except upon stated occasions. Soon after I came to New York from the country, I joined the Union League Club. At that time Horace Greeley was the most distinguished member. When he became a candidate for the Presidency, the Union League Club passed resolutions against him, whereupon he wrote in the *Tribune* one of those slashing editorials which only he could indict and addressed it to the idiots of the Union League Club. If Greeley's definition is correct, and he made it very sweeping, then as a member of thirty clubs, I am thirty times an idiot. This is almost enough to make a man a genius. In earlier years it was different, and while I was

President for seven years of one and for two years of another club the reports of the House Committee taught me lessons in human nature which could have been derived from no other source. Notwithstanding the conditions of admission, undesirable persons do get in, though very few, and some from misfortunes or troubles or the crankiness of age become undesirable. I remember the effort of the House Committee to circumvent the ingenuity of five gentlemen whose finances had become depleted in Wall Street and who could so combine their order as to get a good dinner of several courses at much less than its actual cost to the club. There is no way of getting rid of the man whose friends have died and dropped out in one way or another while his misfortune was growing who has become phenomenally mean, avaricious and miserly, whose only morning and evening paper is at the club where he absorbs it so long that others cannot even look at the foreign cables, the stock markets or domestic news, and holds on to the magazine which has an article that everyone wants to read until he has read that and all the rest, including the advertisements, or who becomes a general critic upon his fellows and upon the world in general, which is against all good fellowship, or who has a hobby which he rides on you and over you and through you until life becomes a burden.

We have had an election for the Government of New York City. It is my fifty-fourth, and the most stupid and uninspiring of them all. The meanest, the most demoralizing and the most degrading of campaigns are those whose principal characteristics are defamation of character and the circulation of slander. Every campaign ought to add something in the way of humor which would increase the gayety of nations. But this municipal campaign was lamentably lacking in this respect. The one suggestion, and that was a private one, which relieved the situation was made to me by an old-time machine politician, a brilliant lawyer, who thought that Gaynor's speeches were likely to defeat him. He said: "If any man should offer me a volume of Epictetus, bound in embossed levant, hand-made and invaluable on account of its binding and its paper, I should tell him to go to the Devil, because when Governor Hughes spends a night with Epictetus he starts one of his crusades the next day which I detest, and Judge Gaynor said that before each one of his singular campaign speeches he spent a couple of hours with Epictetus."

And, yet, notwithstanding the fears of my friend of this philosopher of three thousand years ago, if his disciples make as good a Governor as Hughes or as good a Mayor as I have no doubt Judge Gaynor will, Epictetus is not a bad guide.

I have visited the clubs of Great Britain and the continent of Europe. There is little of genuine club life on the continent because of the gambling which is the main feature of all these organizations. But in England the club has reached perfection. For the retired officers of the army and navy and the civil service who have lived abroad most of their lives until they have lost connection with affairs in the old country the club furnishes a delightful home, and to the bachelor it gives at little cost a house and room and appointments which make matrimony impossible unless it brings in a large income from a rich wife or he makes a lucky strike. From the club house Great Britain is governed. The Carlton controls the policy of one party and the National Liberal another. It is easy to know what will be done in Parliament if the sentiment of these clubs can be accurately discovered. Club life in New York has reached its perfection on the same lines for the same people, except that though we have political clubs in both parties we have none sufficiently influential to control the policy of either. While the American club is very hospitable to strangers, especially foreigners, the members being introduced and greeting them cordially, it is difficult to receive the privileges of a London club. If you do, there are no introductions, and those sitting around glance at you over the top of their *Times* with an expression which plainly says: "Who are you, and how did you get in?"

The question naturally arises why belong to so many clubs as most Americans do? It is because we as a people like variety. At our political club we meet with party leaders and find people congenial with us in opinion, at the theatrical clubs we rub elbows with the artist of the dramatic and the lyric stage and hear the best current stories of the day, at the literary club the college-bred man finds an atmosphere of books and their makers which is most congenial and delightful, while the purely social club will often radiate with sunshine an appalling gloom which has rested for one reason and another upon one's spirits.

The Superintendent of the Woodlawn Cemetery said to a widow who was there every day with a watering pot sprinkling

the grave of her husband: "This attention is the most persistent, delicate and pathetic I have ever met, but why come every day?" to which the widow answered, "I promised John I would not marry again until the grass upon his grave was green."

You see we inherit love of change. I do not mean that the divorce courts prove it, but certainly if one looks over the membership of Congress, or the State Legislature, or the Judicial Bench, or the Governors, he will find that characteristic of our people. It is that beyond all other things which makes us universal travelers and globe trotters, it is that which makes the locality where we were born or where we made our success in life have so few ties which bind us, and it is that which drives such a disproportionate number to the stock market, the wheat pit and the cotton exchange. But every true American is faithful to certain ideals. One is his home, though he go far and be absent long seeking a fortune; another is the church with which are connected precious memories; another, as a rule, is the political party to which he belongs, and another a patriotic devotion to the flag of his country which carried every man capable of bearing arms in the South into the Confederate Army to fight for what he had been educated to believe was right and two millions of the best of the youth of the country to fight and die for the old flag at the call of Abraham Lincoln to save the Union.







